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OF THE
Royal Asiatic Society.
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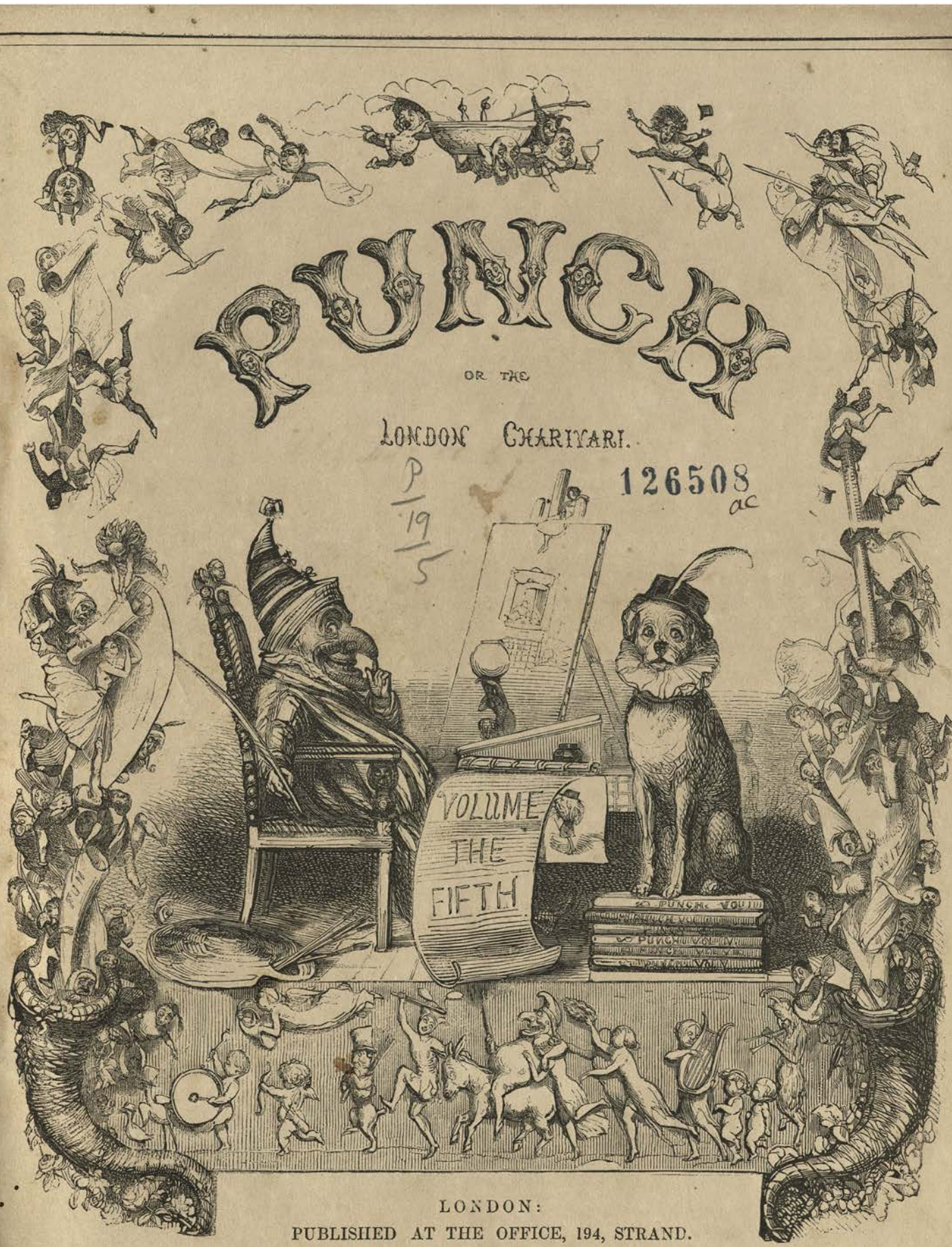

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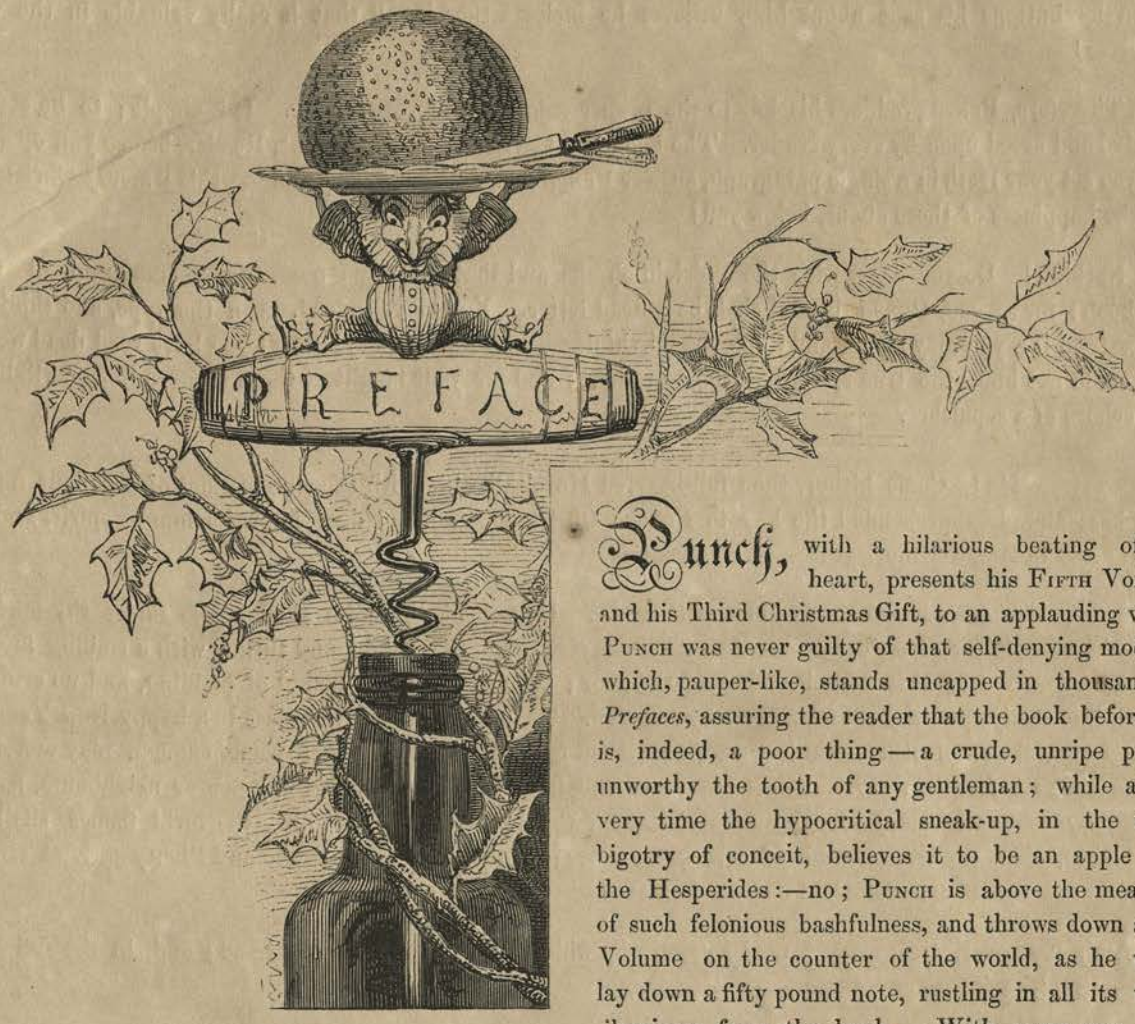

Punch, with a hilarious beating of the heart, presents his Fifth Volume, and his Third Christmas Gift, to an applauding world. Punch was never guilty of that self-denying modesty, which, pauper-like, stands uncapped in thousands of *Prefaces*, assuring the reader that the book before him is, indeed, a poor thing—a crude, unripe pippin, unworthy the tooth of any gentleman; while at the very time the hypocritical sneak-up, in the sweet bigotry of conceit, believes it to be an apple from the Hesperides:—no; Punch is above the meanness of such felonious bashfulness, and throws down a new Volume on the counter of the world, as he would lay down a fifty pound note, rustling in all its virgin silveriness from the bank. With every new *tome*, Punch feels that he presents a new pleasure to mankind; and therefore, with a pardonable gesture of triumph, twitches his waistband, and looks smilingly about him with the sparkling eye of a benefactor!

The present Volume is Punch's Christmas Gift. There are certain authors whose books require a key for the necessary understanding thereof. Punch will, for once, condescend to imitation; and, in few words, produce a key by means of which his present Book for Christmas may be the better digested and enjoyed.

Laughter is a divine faculty. It is one of the few, nay, the only one redeeming grace in that thunder-cased, profligate old scoundrel Jupiter, that he sometimes laughs: he is saved from the disgust of all respectable people by the amenity of a broad grin. It is a prerogative, conceded to Punch, to awaken laughter; and when he thinks of the national blood he has quickened—when, every night, falling off into the Elysium of sweet dreams, he reflects upon the increased circulation of John Bull, *and himself*, he cannot——but no; he will not boast: he will cultivate humility, though like asparagus, at this festive season, he is obliged to force it.

That the present Volume may be perused in a proper spirit—that laughter, free and silvery from the heart, may escape the reader, doing rightful honour to Punch, and bestowing cheerfulness and health upon the laugher, it is—Punch repeats—necessary to read his book after certain self-preparation. Otherwise, Punch refuses the homage of merriment; would sooner listen to pebbles rattling in a tin-pot than the broad grin of

the selfish; would as lieve peep into the *fauces Averni*, as behold the open jaws of the mere man of pocket, who, when he buttons his coat about him, believes he incloses therein all that is really valuable in the whole universe!

Therefore, PUNCH produces his key to the proper enjoyment of this volume. It is simple; to be comprehended and acted upon by every reader. The book is a Christmas pleasure; but, Reader, before you open it—ere you set your teeth in a single paragraph, answer PUNCH truly: What have you done, this "merry Christmas," for the happiness of those about, below you?

Nothing? Do you dare, with those sirloin cheeks and that port-wine nose, to answer—Nothing? Close the book: for to you, PUNCH is and shall be a dead letter. You may, indeed, scan the type, and think you understand it; you may laugh, and think the mirthfulness a pleasant reality. Alas! you have read dead words; you could not know the true spirit enshrined in them; and for your laughter, there is more human vitality in the echoes of a sepulchre.

——— Ha! Come hither, thou full-hearted Hospitality! With the fine instinct of a gallant nature, thou hast already apprehended the key to PUNCH's Christmas Volume; dost know its inmost spirit, and wilt laugh peals of laughter musical as marriage-bells.

Thy Christmas board shall smoke with plenty. Household cherubim shall nestle midst thy misletoe. And wherefore? THOU HAST GIVEN—GIVEN. Thou mayest carve thy sirloin and turkey with a smiling face, for thou hast made beef a visitor at the tables of the poor; thou mayest eat a pound of pudding, and no crumb of it shall lie heavily upon thy conscience or thy stomach. Thou mayest quaff thy glass to a happy New Year, nor in thy forgetfulness of others blush to hope it; thou mayest, for thou art yet young enough, play merrily at blindman's-buff, for thou art a true almoner to the hoodwinked goddess. Thy poorer neighbours, fed and solaced by thee, thou mayest eat snap-dragon with thy little ones; and whilst the lurid flames shall rise about thee, thou needst not think of Dives in the fire; for thou—and may Peace and Plenty garland still thy door-posts——thou hast comforted many a Lazarus!

And, moreover, thou mayest read PUNCH, who will—per printer—kiss thy hand; and, in the fullness of a sincere soul, wish thee and thine——

A Happy, Happy Christmas——and a Merry, Merry New Year!

PROLOGUE.

According to the Eastern fable
A dancing Dervise most devout
Perceived how many were unable
Like him to "turn and wheel about;"
(For by such whisky-frisky motion
He symbolised his deep devotion,
As many holding place and station
Evince their interest for our nation
By some such singular gyration);
And fearing from this want of capers
All Mussulmen would have the vapours,
Entreated Allah's aid to wake 'em,
And, like himself, all dancers make 'em.

Forth to the fields the spirit led
The worthy Dervise on the morrow,
Where six white cows were pastured,
That groan'd
And moan'd
As tho' from calves they'd browsed on sorrow;
Till one, a matriarchal cow
Perceived a berry-laden bough,
And having sniff'd and conn'd it over,
Munch'd the rich fruit, and lo! she trod
Like some young roe the verdant sod,
And leap'd about 'midst grass and clover.
The Dervise took the hint and fill'd
His wallet from the mirth-fraught bough,
And for the mournful soon distill'd
The enlivening draught called COFFEE NOW.

Thus Momus, just two years ago
When visiting this "world of woe,"
Saw with regret in ev'ry face
That mirth had fled the human race.
The statesman's brow was lined and leaden
By reading corn-law leaders daily;
The student's eyes were blear'd and deaden
By poring over Locke and Paley;
Poor Beauty look'd just like a ghost
From Jenkins' twaddle in the Post,
Whilst in full many a face was seen
The work of ———'s Magazine.

Perceiving things were grown so bad,
Momus was for a moment sad;
But soon his wit a plan devised
To scatter endless mirth around,
And on one morn the world surprised
By PUNCH, the witty, wise, profound!
Who still to keep mankind alive
Will (tho' the Queen WANTS AN ADVISER)
Indite (great boon!) this Volume Five,
And make you all grow fatter—wiser.

A COMMISSION OF INQUIRY

INTO THE STATE OF THE ARISTOCRACY.

THE same four gentlemen who have lately been employed for *twenty* days in learning the exact condition of all the women and children employed in agriculture throughout England, we are glad to announce, have just concluded a much more useful inquiry into the moral condition and employment of the female portion of the higher classes in London.

Subjoined are the documents connected with this valuable statistical investigation :—

TO THE RIGHT HON. SIR J. GRAHAM, &C. &C.

Poor Law Commission Office, Midnight, May 14, 1843.

SIR,—After the House adjourned last night, we received your instructions to appoint, under the power contained in the Poor Law Act, four assistant commissioners to make a special inquiry into the moral condition and employment of women in what is called society. In obedience to these instructions, we appointed four barristers-at-law for the purpose named, and we assigned to them respectively the following districts,—viz. : to Mr. ———, Belgrave, Eaton, and the adjoining squares ; to Mr. ———, Grosvenor and Berkeley ; to Mr. ———, Portman and Manchester ; and to Sir —— ———, St. James's-square and neighbourhood. The assistant commissioners were appointed at nine this morning. We have just received their reports. We will merely remark, that they appear to us to contain as complete a view of the material facts belonging to the subject as any inquiry, within so limited a period, can be expected to present.

Your over-worked and under-paid servants,

G. NICHOLLS,
G. LEWIS,
E. HEAD.

(CIRCULAR INSTRUCTIONS.)

Poor Law Office, Somerset House.

SIR,—The Poor Law Commissioners having appointed you on the proposed inquiry, request that you will proceed at once to the district assigned to you in the margin, and examine into the sorts of labour at which the ladies in such district are respectively employed, the hours of work, and any similar facts tending to throw light upon their moral and physical condition.

Your obedient servant,

E. CHADWICK, *Secretary.*

MR. ——, ON THE BELGRAVE DISTRICT.

TO THE POOR LAW COMMISSIONERS.

GENTLEMEN, — As the direction of the Commission was limited to a single day, it occurred to me that a minute inquiry into the occupations of the first two or three ladies in this district whom I might find in town and at home, would be preferable to a more relaxed inquiry on a general scale. Entering Belgrave-square, and without the help of even a Court Guide, I demanded admittance at the first house, on the public service, without asking the name of the proprietor. I particularly enjoined the servants to abstain, until after my inquiries terminated, from mentioning the name of their mistress. Before requesting the honour of a personal interview, I subjected the servants to a rigid examination.

It appears that Lady ——'s life is anything but a sinecure. Her labours are manifold, and of a very arduous kind. She had once been a beauty, and it is of course necessary to preserve her own looks as long as possible. The baronet had, in by-gone days, been a man of fortune, and it behoves her to ward off the semblance of poverty. She has several ugly and unmarried daughters, and it was desirable to see them settled in life. Here were labours calculated to scare the stoutest heart. Her ladyship surmounts them nobly. To meet the third difficulty, she never allows the world to see more than one daughter at a time. With the reputation of an only child, she gets Miss off her hands, and then another and another still succeeds. The family estate, *quoad* the life interest, has long since passed into the hands of the Jews ; and therefore the very house which the world fondly imagines an appropriate appendage to the baronet's fortune, is the sole source of their income. Let for the season at a very high rent, it enables the ingenious lady to retire from the excessive heat of London to what Jack Brag would have called her villa on the Thames. She entertains her company with strawberries and creams ; and as she contrives, by the most industrious exertions, that the music shall cost her nothing, it is always, if not so palatable, infinitely more abundant than the fruit. Upon these days of entertainment her ladyship is always provided, for the private ear of the more select among her guests, with various tales of the most amusing scandal. It is impossible to estimate too highly the untiring assiduity with which she collects these little histories ; and her disinterestedness is above all praise, in gladly sacrificing her own guests and cherished friends when they happen to be the objects of her slander.

The little time that can be spared from these industrious pursuits is humanely occupied in guarding her female acquaintances against the false friendship of each other, by repeating the unkind things she has just heard A say of B, and B of C.

At the next house, which by hazard I visited in this district, I found Lady —— at home, employed in diligently preparing, with her own practised hands (for she had been originally an Irish milliner) a most inscrutable *tocque* for a party she was about to give in the evening, and, as may be surmised, I was invited. This lady leads a life of peculiar industry. Born in the lowest sphere, she has worked her way into what is termed good London society, notwithstanding her extreme vulgarity, and the prejudices that beset her Irish origin. Her income, derived from various sources, public and private, is extremely limited.

DIET.

The food of these classes is of a light though most unwholesome kind. Economy forbids the consumption of plain solid meat, and their efforts are directed to the semblance (for they cannot afford the reality) of "La Cuisine Française." My time was too limited to allow of my sitting down at more than one table, but I have reason to believe that Lady ——'s is a fair sample of the whole class. The soup, which was literally hot water, with pepper and salt, and the white ends of asparagus, her ladyship called "*potage printonnière.*" A mackerel, in order to compensate for its want of freshness, was covered with a sauce *à-la-Hollandaise.* The soup was removed by a *fricassée* of the most uninviting kind, and the whole wound up with the *remanets* of asparagus, and an indigestible *fondu.* I certainly quitted the establishment with a feeling of commiseration for the inmates, who are thus obliged to pinch themselves in the very necessaries of life,

THE LADY IN THE LOBSTER.

in order to maintain a false position in fashionable society. If I, for a single day, felt the hardship of such a repast, what must be the daily sufferings of this unhappy family ?

CLOTHING.

Having taken the Belgrave Square dinner as a model, I thought I might visit the neighbouring street, where the *Parvenue* had a party, for a specimen of the general costume worn by women of this class. I regret to report the lamentable insufficiency of clothing. It does not appear that these women have better gowns for Sundays and holidays than for week days. Indeed, their religious education seems to be so defective that they act as if unaware of any distinction.

HEALTH.

Although most of these ladies are overworked by violent dancing in heated rooms, I have not been able to trace to this cause any bad effects upon their health.

Unhappily, the moral consequences are more discernible. The mixed employment of both sexes in these frivolous pursuits obviously tends to immorality.

We shall give the continuation of this report in time to allow Ministers to frame a measure founded upon its suggestions before the end of the Session.

To the Common Council.

Mr. Punch begs to inform the members of the Common Council that he has now ready a large collection of Shakspeare's Autographs, which boy Dick, who has had six lessons, has prepared in such a manner that there can be "no question of the identity." They will be sold for as little under £145 as the purchaser may choose to give. *Mr. Punch* also assures the citizens he is happy to find that anyhow they have attached importance to the writing of Shakspeare, which does not appear to be the case further west.

N.B. Autographs of every style and date constantly on sale, upon giving a short notice.

A PRESENT FROM 'PETER'.—Why would Lavater have made a good soldier ? ——Because he was a capital fellow to "*write about face.*"

The Prince of Wales's Tutor.

THIS very responsible office has, we hear, been at length conferred upon the Venerable Samuel Wilberforce, whose connexions seem to lie all on the other side of the water, for he is Archdeacon of Surrey, and Chaplain of Victoria. His instructions are to apply Mrs. Blair *ad libitum*, and Mavor at discretion. His system of teaching French is mild, but will be eventually effectual. He purposes to introduce it to his illustrious pupil, in the first instance, through the medium of a French Roll. It is supposed that the name of the tutor has had something to do with the appointment, for it is calculated to let the royal student know that if his instructor cannot prevail by persuasion, he *Will-by-force* (Oh !)

We have been given to understand that his Royal Highness has already

STRUGGLING WITH HIS LOT.

mastered the difficulties of ab, eb, ib, ob, ub, under the salutary jurisdiction of the Dowager Duchess of Littleton. The attempt to introduce the infant Prince to the higher mysteries of "Miss Cox had a doll's house," led to the discovery that something stronger than a female arm was required, and he has consequently been transferred to the Venerable Archdeacon.

THE MAGAZIN BOTANIQUE OF MONSIEUR JULLIEN.

OR the West-end idlers this interesting museum is most conveniently situated, being on the south side of Maddox-street, but a few doors from a fashionable thoroughfare which forms one of their most favourite promenades. It is open from eight in the morning until sunset; but the time best calculated to see it to perfection is after three o'clock P.M.

Like the celebrated Jardin des Plantes, at Paris, before spoken of, which is gratuitously open for the exhibition of flowers and monkeys at the same time, so we may take a double sight at the *Magazin Botanique*; inasmuch as, besides the *bouquet*, the proprietor liberally allows himself to be looked at for nothing. Once he formed an exhibition by himself, which people paid a shilling to witness; his performances upon a chair, in the manner of posture-masters and attitudinarians, being accompanied by very appropriate music: but now, actuated really by an innate love of the beautiful, he kindly permits himself to be regarded by vulgar eyes, presiding like a male Flora in mustachios, amidst the most fragrant exotics.

The *Magazin Botanique* of Jullien is, like all truly great things, modest and unpretending, of two stories high and one window broad. The traveller obtains the first glimpse of it upon emerging from Hanover-square, with its floral, or rather its first-flooral, balcony slightly overhanging the pavement. It is here that Monsieur Jullien has put forth the greatest triumph of his horticultural experience. The successful manner in which he has at length accomplished the experiment of grafting oranges upon English shrubs, must be seen to be appreciated: a greater feat never drew a fashionable crowd to Chiswick upon the middle fête day at "the Gardens."

On the ground floor, between the entrance and the party-wall of Viner's Depôt, next door, is seen the shop window, filled with rare exotics and *bouquets* of matchless elegance, from five shillings to five guineas. We recommend the latter price to the casual purchaser as money remarkably well laid out—especially if it is for his sister. Should the window be over supplied with flowers, you cannot see Monsieur Jullien very well: it is then advisable to go to the door, which, if open, allows a very fair view of the interior; and there, behind a rustic table, in all probability is the great, or rather the little man himself.

As Monsieur Jullien could make up anything into quadrilles and waltzes when he was a conductor—a prime conductor, to speak electrically—so he can now form anything into a *bouquet*, from buttercups to camellias; some of them being so novel in design, as almost to lead the spectator to suppose that they were imported from China by the same gentleman—a Lieutenant Thompson, we believe, it was not stated of what regiment—who kindly favoured M. Jullien with the Chinese melodies for his quadrilles; to which the Pekin banjos, strung with packthread from the collection at Hyde Park Corner, made so appropriate an accompaniment in the high style of music—only exceeded by the *bouquets* of feathers and ferret-bells at the back of the orchestra.

There is something very interesting in seeing a great mind like M. Jullien's, lending itself alike to the cultivation of musical taste and floral smell in promenade concerts, and fancy nosegays. How gratifying it would be to find Meyerbeer and Rossini following this example, the one selling small salad, and the other retailing herbs and daisy roots in our thoroughfares! Why should not our composers strive to delight the nose as well as the ear, by each starting a flower-shop like M. Jullien? It would be only transferring their power of pleasing to a different sense. Or they might combine the two, and give promenade concerts in Covent Garden Market instead of at the neighbouring theatres.

Monsieur Jullien is a model of a man—that is, if we take the word "model" to signify popularly the representation of anything in little. We can almost picture him, like Ariel resting under the blossom that hangs on the bough of one of his own geraniums in his *Magazin Botanique*. He is himself a tender exotic—he may be termed a plant—a Doo-drop. We can see him with his piccolo, perched upon the branches of a myrtle, and carolling like a bird, whilst the pliant stem scarcely bends with his weight.

The *Magazin Botanique* cannot fail to be regarded as a valuable addition to the institutions of our metropolis. Before this we had only common flower-markets—the shops of Covent Garden and conservatory of the Pantheon. The latter place, to be sure, had cockatoos and gold-fish in addition; but M. Jullien is a greater object than any of these, and as such he carries away the attraction. At present, cunning workmen are painting the exterior of the establishment; when they have finished, it will be better worth looking at than ever—an illustrated magazine of the first class, filled, like other magazines, at certain periods of the day, with leaves and pages—the proprietor himself forming the principal embellishment.

Encouragement of the English Opera.

A SOLO ON THE HORN.

OUR readers will doubtless be much gratified to hear that the Queen, with her usual good taste and unceasing patronage of art, has engaged—a Scotch Piper.

Royal Pensioners.

IT was remarked that on Saturday last there were two kings in London, both of them the sovereigns of foreign countries. When it is remembered that both receive very large pensions from England, and that Saturday last was quarter-day, there is no difficulty in guessing the object of their visit.

The Markets.

OUR Covent Garden correspondent has sent us potatoes up to Saturday week. Peas have not improved: they were hard at the opening, and threaten to continue so.

Foreign Intelligence.

DURING the last month there have been some severe frosts in Berne, but the heat in Chili has been intense.

MARRIAGE OF THE PRINCESS AUGUSTA.

Wednesday the 28th of June will be a remarkable day in the annals of this country. Victoria—Heaven bless her—was crowned on it in 1838, and the Princess Augusta of Cambridge was married on it in 1843. On the latter auspicious morning everything was gay; and "all nature," so pathetically alluded to in the English version of La Somnambula, was astir at a very early hour. The sun, who always keeps his time, got out of his water bed at exactly forty-six minutes past three; and the Thames was even more active, for we find that it was high water at London Bridge so early as thirteen minutes after two in the morning.

The hereditary Duke of Mecklenberg Strelitz, who was on this occasion the happy man, is heir to the House of Mecklenberg, whose chief is one of the band of royal pensioners whom England has the honour to support. Strelitz is an independent dukedom, with a dependent duke. Its resources are public alms and private benevolence; its territory extends over a tract which in size and in bad roads may be compared to Rutland; its population is about twice as large but not half so respectable as that of Mecklenberg Square; its chief produce consists in nothing particular; its revenue is purely nominal; its army is divided into a cavalry about half as numerous as Batty's Stud, and an infantry comprising about as many as were used in the astounding procession of the Jewess at Drury Lane Theatre. On extraordinary occasions, such as reviews, supernumeraries are hired at half a thaler for the rehearsals and a thaler for the performance; but in the present state of the Strelitzian coffers such an extravagance is not often resorted to.

It is gratifying at least to know that the Princess Augusta of Cambridge can have had no mercenary motives in accepting the hand—a thoroughly empty one—of the illustrious scion of the House of Mecklenberg. His royal highness "gives her all he can, he can no more," though it must be allowed that the "offering" is as "poor," in a pecuniary sense, as any that the poet could have imagined.

In conformity with the old doctrine, that affection cannot masticate hollyhocks and digest dahlias, or in other words, that "love cannot live on flowers," the English Parliament has kindly condescended "to gild the refined gold" of the Princess Augusta's affection with an annuity of three thousand a year, so soon as her excellent father shall retire from those hooks which we sincerely hope he is not destined for many years to pop off from.

We must, however, describe the wedding. We have already said that the sun rose from his water bed at an early hour, an example which was followed by the bridegroom, who prepared to dress for the wedding. His master of the wardrobe, who is also comptroller of the leather portmanteau and groom of the hat-box, was in attendance with the insignia of his various offices. The Hereditary Duke having tried Rowland's Macassar, and had an audience of himself in the glass of the Mechian dressing-case, repaired to Buckingham Palace, which had been the spot fixed for the wedding.

The preparations were, of course, on the grandest scale, and Queen Victoria had spared no expense to do honour to her cousin Augusta's nuptials. The reigning Duke of Mecklenberg was fortunately enabled to visit this country. He wore the white seam of the German order of princes, and was looking remarkably well—as all annuitants on this country generally contrive to look. The Duke of Cambridge was in high glee upon this occasion, and joked Strelitz senior on the portion brought by Strelitz junior.

The ceremony was performed in the usual style of royalty. And when the prelate who performed the office came to the words "With all my worldly goods I thee endow," the Duke of Cambridge, who always thinks out loud, kept up a running accompaniment of "Well, that's capital! worldly goods, indeed! I should like to see some of 'em," and other pleasant observations; which, as Strelitz senior, and Mecklenberg junior neither of them understand English very well, were supposed by the father and son to be a gush of fervent ejaculations from the father of the bride, invoking happiness on the heads of the newly married couple. At the end of the ceremony the happy pair set out for Kew to spend the honeymoon. The bride's wardrobe had been conveyed there already, and young Strelitz had arranged to have his carpet bag left at Kew Bridge, where it was met by his Royal Highness's Lord of the Luggage, who carried it to the palace. The village of Kew was of course a scene of great festivity. Triumphal arches of evergreens had been erected at the cost of the inhabitants. One tasteful design to do honour to the happy pair, particularly struck us. It consisted of an arch of twine carried across the road of the main street of Kew, by means of nails fixed into the walls of the houses on either side of it. In the centre of the string there was tied a moss rose and a lily, intended to be emblematical of union; but the twine had cut off the top of the lily, and there was only a stalk remaining.

The Duke of Cambridge behaved very liberally to the poor in the neighbourhood; and Strelitz senior gave away on the occasion—his eldest son—a piece of munificence in every way worthy of Mecklenberg.

MORALITY AT THE OPERA.

Should Diana ever be missing from Olympus, she will be found to have taken refuge behind the scenes of the Italian Opera (with Jenkins, doubtless, in her train to attend to her puppy stag-hounds). Late events display, even to the satisfaction of a saint, the rigid chastity holding cant at Her Majesty's Theatre. One Donna Lola Montez lately appeared, and won vast applause by her execution of some Spanish dances. Suddenly she disappeared, whereupon all sorts of inquiries were made, and mysterious, evasive answers given. At last, it came out that the dancer had falsely passed herself off as a Spaniard; whereas she was an Englishwoman, and, moreover, little better than one of the wicked. Of course, such a person could not be suffered to respire the chaste atmosphere of the Opera. Madame Grisi for one, we are informed, resolved to give up her engagement if the false Donna were retained: and this virtuous resolution was observed by other matrons, equally irreproachable as the *prima donna*. Mr. Lumley could not struggle against such chaste indignation; for we understand that, in addition to the verbal remonstrance of the ladies about him, he received a letter from Fanny Ellsler strongly protesting against the engagement of the false Spaniard. Whereupon Donna Montez, who has been proved a Spaniard after all, was cashiered, and virtue was triumphant. Meanwhile, the Donna has laid her case before counsel, and threatens an action for defamation. Be the result of the action what it may, it is delicious to contemplate this new-born morality in the green-room of Her Majesty's Theatre!

Comfortable "Preparations."

Jenkins hath the following in *The Post*:—

"The Opera may now be compared to the well known tree in the Premier's garden at Whitehall—which, whilst all its neighbours for many a mile down the river are blighted by an evil influence, *thrives in the dark atmosphere*, and bears a *rich crop of fruit*. The same good fortune attends the Opera. Whilst the majority of the great and the opulent appear only to have come to town to show *how* they pay the income-tax—whilst tradesmen *prepare for bankruptcy, mechanics to starve*, and the great patent theatres close in premature ruin—Her Majesty's Theatre holds on a most prosperous course."

The "bankruptcy" and the "starvation" of the vulgar tradesmen and the rascal mechanics, are, as Jenkins would say, the *sauce piquante* to the *ballerine ed i virtuosi!* The Opera, which, like the premier's tree, "thrives in a dark atmosphere," is made doubly delicious by the tradesmen breaking about it, and the weavers famishing to the soft music of their wives and children, in the distance!

The criticisms in the *Spectator* are very like muskets, for they all end with a heavy "*but*."

REBECCA AND HER DAUGHTERS.

Tollaker . . Sir R. P—l *Irish Rebecca* . D——l O'C——l. *Rebecca's Daughters* by Members of the Repeal Ass——n.

ON THE COCKNEY PRONUNCIATION.

ARTICLE No. 2.—V *versus* W.

RIMM, in his correspondence, says, "*Regnard et la plupart des poëtes comiques étaient gens bilieux et mélancoliques. C'est que celui que rit et celui qui fait rire sont deux hommes fort différens.*" True as Euclid! Your *laughers* are a set of merry crimson-cheeked rogues, with infallible livers; whereas, the *laughees* are yellow and long-visaged martyrs to dyspepsia and blue devils. Bad digestions *make* jokes; good digestions *take* them. The true time for joking is after dinner, when the bile is on the flow; verily jests are secreted in the gall-bladder. Such are the articles of my belief. Accordingly, MR. PUNCH, I have deferred continuing my vindication of the Cockney Orthoepy until such time as a hyper-hypochondriacal bilious attack should grant me the proper jocular inspiration. Thanks to Providence and a crab-supper, it has come at last. I have, at the present writing, a tongue as yellow as a Margate slipper, and eyes like a brace of bubbles in a horse-pond. I feel as miserable as a repentant sheriff's-officer. Disgusted with the world—perverse—querulous—and malicious—nothing on this dull earth I am satisfied could afford me consolation, save a good, soul-stirring kick at the "reverse" of some nervous Jew-attorney—Soh! the jocular steam is up. I let go the head-rope, and steer due Cockaigne.

In my last article, I said that the friendly interchange of the *v's* and *w's* which so pre-eminently distinguishes the Cockney dialect of the English language from all others, involves a question of history, as well as philology. I will begin with the philological part of the subject. All the Indo-Teutonic languages, as they are called, are descended, it must be borne in mind, from the Sanscrit—which, as I before observed, may be considered as their great grandfather. These languages—or, at least, such as concern my present purpose—are divisible into two grand branches—viz., into those which change the *w* in certain words into *v*, and *vice versâ*, those which change the *v* into *w*. Thus, the following are the several terms in the different tongues above alluded to, for the—

Cockney, Vine	*Latin*, Vinum.	*Anglo-Saxon*, Win.
Middlesex, Winc.	*French*, Vin.	*Icelandic*, Vin.
Welsh, G-wyn.	*Gothic*, Wein.	*Danish*, Viin.

Here it will be perceived that the *Welsh* adopts the *w* (the *g* being but an aspirated prefix to that letter, as the *q* in the Latin *qu*, and the *h* in the Anglo-Saxon *hw*, since converted into the English *wh*—but more of this anon); the *Latin* and *French* change the *w* into *v*; the *Gothic* and *Anglo-Saxon* change the *v* into *w* (the Goth. being merely old and pure Sax.); while the *Icelandic* and *Danish* change the *w* into *v* (the Icel. standing in the same relation to the Dan. as the Goth. to the Sax.) With the exception of these simple and characteristic transitions the word is evidently the same in all the tongues.

Now, how runs the early history of England? According to all accounts, it seems agreed that this "right little, tight little island" was the scene of continual squabbles among the before-mentioned nations—the country having about every four hundred years a different race of men for its rulers, and a different language for its vernacular—or, to speak conformably to the above division of tongues, the *w's* being in the ascendant at one cycle, and the *v's* at another—so that as the dissensions which occurred at a later period between the houses of York and Lancaster, have been styled "the wars of the white and red roses," we may with equal propriety denominate the feuds between the Welsh, the Romans, the Saxons, the Danes, and the Normans, which form the entirety of the primeval history of England,

"THE BATTLES OF THE V'S AND W'S."

To go briefly over the period referred to.—First, we have the *w's* under the *ancien régime* of the Welsh or Britons, constituting the vernacular of the country—then the *v's* get into power under Julius Cæsar, and reign for about four centuries. At the expiration of this time, the *w's* are again brought into fashion by the Anglo-Saxons, and continue "the mode" for a like term of years—whereupon Canute the Dane ascends the throne and the *v's* are once more heard throughout the land. Then the Saxon sway is restored under Edward the Confessor, when everything Danish being woted wulgar, the *w's* are for the third time incorporated with the mother tongue. Finally, William the Norman walks over and takes possession of the country, and lo! the dynasty of the *v's* is incontrovertibly established among us.

Now what, MR. PUNCH, *must* all this prove to a mind in the least sensible to syllogisms? or rather, must not that man be blind as Bedlam to reason, to whom it would not demonstrate that—in a tongue like the English, which is necessarily, from the circumstances above quoted, a hotch-potch of Welsh, Latin, Saxon, Danish, and French—the interchange of the *v's* and *w's* persisted in by the Cockneys, displays a profound intuition respecting the origin, principles, and genius of their native language.

But it may be said I have adduced only one instance of the homogeneity of the letters in question. To smash all scepticism on this point, I add a dozen more—enough surely to dumb-founder Professor Pyrrho himself.

Welsh, G-wynt.	*Welsh*, G-werth.	*Welsh*, G-well.
Latin, Ventus.	*Latin*, Virtus.	*Latin*, Val-idus.
Gothic, Vinds.	*Gothic*, Wairths.	*Gothic*, Wail-a.
Anglo-Saxon, Wind.	*Anglo-Saxon*, Weorth.	*Anglo-Saxon*, Wel.
Icelandic, Vindr.	*Icelandic*, Verd.	*Icelandic*, Vel.
Danish, Vind.	*Danish*, Værd.	*Danish*, Vel.
French, Vent.	*French*, Vertu.	*French*, Val-ide.
Middlesex, Wind—Vent.	*Middlesex*, Virtue—Worth.	*Middlesex*, Well—Valid.
Cockney, Vind—Went.	*Cockney*, Wirtue—Vorth.	*Cockney*, Vell—Walid.
Sanscrit, Wartha.	*Latin*, Vid-ere.	*Latin*, Vell-e.
Latin, Verbum.	*Gothic*, Wit-an.	*Gothic*, Wil-jan.
Gothic, Waurd.	*Anglo-Saxon*, Wit-an.	*Anglo-Saxon*, Wyll-an.
Anglo-Saxon, Word.	*Icelandic*, Vit-a.	*Icelandic*, Vil-ia.
Icelandic, Ord.	*Danish*, Vid-e.	*Danish*, Vill-e.
Danish, Ord.	*French*, Voir.	*French*, Voul-oir.
French, Verbe.	*Middlesex*, Wit, (*as* TO WIT) *and* Vision.	*Middlesex*, Will—Vol-ition.
Middlesex, Word—Verb.	*Cockney*, Vit, (*as* TO VIT) *and* Wision.	*Cockney*, Vill—Wol-ition.
Cockney, Vord—Werb.		
Latin, Vae-illare.	*Latin*, Vic-us.	*Latin*, Vinc-ere-Victum.
Gothic, Wag-an.	*Gothic*, Wik-o.	*Gothic*, Wig-ans.
Anglo-Saxon, Wag-ian.	*Anglo-Saxon*, Wic.	*Anglo-Saxon*, Wigg-an.
Icelandic, Vaga.	*Icelandic*, Vik.	*Icelandic*, Vig-r.
Danish, Be-væge.	*Danish*, Vig.	*Danish*, Wig.
French, Vac-iller.	*French*, Vois-inage.	*French*, Vainc-re—Etre-victorieux.
Middlesex, Vac-illate—Wag.	*Middlesex*, Vic-inity *and* Wick.	*Middlesex*, Vanq-uish—Be vic-torious.
Cockney, Wac-illate—Vag.	*Cockney*, Wic-inity *and* Vick, as Hampton Vick.	*Cockney*, Wank-vish—Be wic-torious.

But my fellow citizens are not only exposed to the contemptuous chuckles of the Middlesexons for denominating her blessed Majesty "Wictoria," but they are treated with equal ridicule for entitling her "the *Kveen*." Oh, the insolence of ignorance! Had the boobies received a grain more education than magpies they would have known that both terms were alike correct, and, moreover, that the latter was especially *classical*. Let them prick up their "ambitious ears," and listen to what Master Scaurus says in p. 2253 of his *Gram. Lat. Auct. Antiqui*. "*Q littera æque retenta est, quia cum illa V littera conspirat, quoties consonantis loco ponitur, id est pro Vau littera—ut Quis Qualis.*" To which Professor Ernest Jäkel, in his *Germanische Ursprung der Lateinischen Sprache und der Romischen Volkes*, adds, "That is to say, we must read no *q* with it, but only pronounce the u as v—viz. vis valis. Surprising indeed," he continues, "does the likeness of a considerable number of Latin words with the Old and New High Dutch words then become! *Quatuor* now becomes (*q*) *Vatuor*; the Teutonic *Fedwor*; the Gothic *Fidwor*; English, *four*. *Quinque* becomes (*q*)*Vin*(*q*)*ve*, the old *fynf*; the German *fünfe*; Anglo-Saxon *Fif*; English *Five*. *Quis* becomes (*q*)*Vis*; the Gothic (*h*)*Was*; Anglo-Saxon (*h*)*Wa*; English *W*(*h*)*o*. And *Quid* = (*q*)*Vid*; Gothic (*h*)*Wata*; Anglo-Saxon (*h*)*Wæt*; English *W*(*h*)*at*." The fact is, the Latin *qu* was equivalent to the Welsh *gw*, and the Gothic and Anglo-Saxon *hw*—the initial consonant acting, as I said before, as a mere aspirated prefix; consequently the Latin *Quid* would become in pronunciation *k-vid*; Anglo-Saxon *h-wæt*—the change of *v* into *w*, and *d* into *t*, being perfectly characteristic of the two languages.

To put the question, however, beyond the possibility of a doubt, I add a leash of flabbergasting examples.

Sanscrit, Chatur.	*Latin*, Qualis *or* Q-valis.	*Latin*, Quare *or* Q-vare.
Welsh, Pedwar.	*Gothic*, Hweileiks.	*Gothic*, Hwar.
Latin, Quatuor *or* Q-vatvor.	*Anglo-Saxon*, Hwyle.	*Anglo-Saxon*, Hwær.
Gothic, Fidwor.	*Icelandic*, Hvilikr.	*Icelandic*, Hvar.
Anglo-Saxon, Feower.	*Danish*, Hvilken.	*Danish*, Hvor.
Icelandic, Fiorir.	*French*, Quel *or* Q-vel.	*French*, Quoi *or* Q-voi.
Danish, Fire.	*Middlesex*, Quality & Which.	*Middlesex*, Where—Wherefore *and* Query.
French, Quatre *or* Q-vatre.	*Cockney*, K-vality & Vhich.	*Cockney*, Vhere—Vhere-fore *and* K-vary.
Middlesex, Four & Quarter.		
Cockney, Four *and* K-varter.		

How do you feel now, Master Middlesex?—rather *k-veer*, I flatter myself.

So much for the V's and W's, MR. PUNCH. When I am next bilious, I purpose treating of the Cockney's use of the aspirate—the terms *hisn*, *yourn*, *hern*, and many like classicalities. For the present you must allow

me to take my leave. The most effective mode of departure upon the stage I find is the vocal one: I will therefore, with your permission, exit, singing.

Anglo-Saxon Wersion of "NIX MY DOLLY PALS," *to be said or sang in all Cockney Taverns.*

Innan boxe stán-ceaces Ic wæs boren,
Hænepenre wuduwan kyð forloren,
Fæce * awæg.
Min nubel fæder, swa Ic hyrrde sæd,
Wæs hæfra cafra mearcere hymod †.
Niks min dol folc thænne fæce awæg,‡
Niks min dol folc thænne fæce awæg.

PUNCH'S FRUIT AND FLOWER-SHOW.

THERE was a fruit and flower-show on Saturday-night last in Lambeth Walk, at which the attendance was very numerous. The stalls were brought forward several feet into the carriage-way, and were brilliantly lighted with a preparation procured from the fat of sheep, which is placed round a species of white material that is grown in America.

Among the fruit, the prize was obtained by an exhibitor whose gooseberries were so fine that a pint and a half went to a quart—which was the result of forcing—that is to say forcing in the bottom and the sides of the measure so as to contract the space in the internal cavity.

The second prize was awarded to a peck of peas; so fine, that though little more than half a peck, they completely filled the measure. This achievement was the result of a peculiar treatment of the peas—a plan in some respects similar to the modern system of agricultural chemistry—for there had been a large application of mint and some other leafy substance, which had the effect of causing the peas to swell out so as to fill the measure.

Among the flowers we observed nothing very remarkable. The finest show was in the window of a chemist, where we observed some camomile flowers in great perfection, and in a considerable quantity.

A DISTINCTION WITHOUT A DIFFERENCE.

SINCE *Punch* announced that the Statistical Society had offered a prize medal for the most accurate account of the number of persons who had *not* got the Cross of the Legion of Honour in France, we find the *Courrier Français* has taken up the difficult subject. Its report proves the proportion to be at present 3 to 1. In process of time the crosses will be so numerous, it will be easy to determine their number by the *census* of the country. It is evident that a new order of merit must then be instituted. As the one likely to confer the greatest honour, *Punch* proposes that the new order consist in allowing the individual who has distinguished himself the privilege of no longer wearing the Cross of the Legion of Honour.

* Fæce, pronounced fake, is the imperative of Fæccean, or Feccan—to fetch, bring to, *draw out, take.*

† This line—however different it may sound to the original, "*Was a famous merchant of capers gay*" is composed entirely of its cognate terms. Thus, the adjective *famous* is directly derived from the Latin *fama*, whose equivalent in Anglo-Saxon is *byme*, gen. *byman*, a trumpet—whence the verb *bymian*, to sound or play on a trumpet, to celebrate. The Greek φημι, to announce, is the same word. (For the change of the Greek and Latin F into the Anglo-Saxon B, *See* Grimm's Canon, discharged in No. 93.) So *mearcere* is from the Anglo-Saxon *mearcian*, to mark, to assign, whence the English *mercer*, an assigner, a merchant. In like manner, *Hæfra*—the gen.-plu. of *Hæfer*, a he-goat—is the equivalent of the Latin *caper*—for, according to Grimm, Ang.-Sax. H=Lat. C, and Ang.-Sax. F=Lat. P. The word *Cafra*, gen.-plu. of *Caf.*—quick, nimble—is upon the same principles the cognate term of the French *Gai*, for Ang.-Saxon C=Lat. G.

‡ *Niks*, is a low Dutch word, signifying naught; from whence we have the slang *Nix*, nothing. The Ang.-Sax. term is *náht*, or *nauht*. *Dol* is a pure Ang.-Sax. word, signifying *dull*, erring—whence the English *Dolly*, any one who has made a *faux pas*.

The slang term *Pal* is directly from the Greek παλλ-ακξ, and παλλ-ηξ, a youth, a maiden, generally a concubine; and this from παλ-αεω, to defile, to contaminate; the Ang.-Sax. equivalent is *folc*, the common people—literally, the unwashed, from *ful*, foul, dirty. The Latin equivalent for the Ang.-Sax. *Folk*, Eng. *Folc*, is *Vulg-us*—by the characteristic change of *F* into *V*, and *C* into *G*.

SONGS OF THE FRUIT SEASON.

THEY may talk as they will of the wit of the wise,
Or the lessons they teach in philosophy's school;
But oh, there is something which learning defies,
And that boys, yes *that*—is the gooseberry fool.
Then hail to the gooseberry—parent of pleasure,
In warm summer's evening 'tis grateful and cool
To sit in the shade—while before us a measure
Is full to o'erflowing with gooseberry fool!

CHORUS.

Fool, fool—gooseberry fool!
Is full to o'erflowing with gooseberry fool!

The Stoics of old, when they emptied their glasses
To fill not a second time made it a rule;
But oh, there 's a stuff their liquor surpasses,
And that is the fool, boys, the gooseberry fool!
The mildness of milk and of sugar the sweetness,
Unite in the bowl—what a glorious pool!
Since life is so short let 's enliven its fleetness
With thundering jorums of gooseberry fool!

CHORUS.

Fool, fool, gooseberry fool,
With thundering jorums of gooseberry fool!

BOB CHERRY.

WHEN the heart is blithe and merry,
When care away we fling,
We tie the luscious cherry
To a piece of common string;
To a beam we then append it,
Or a branch will serve the same,
Then as to and fro we send it,
We begin the merry game.

Now forwards, now retreating,
A moment low, then high,
The cherry to be eating
With eagerness we try;
Thus, one another seeking
Of the rich fruit to rob,
Life—figuratively speaking,
Is—a game at Cherry Bob!

PUNCH'S LABOURS OF HERCULES.

CHAP. VI.—LABOUR SIXTH.—HOW HERCULES DESTROYED THE HARPIES.

THE neighbourhood of the lake Stymphalis, in Arcadia, was infested by certain carnivorous birds whose quarry was the human species. They are said to have resembled cranes or storks; but the crane and stork are not anthropophagous, but fish-eaters, and partial to frogs. The adjutant, or gigantic crane, to be sure, is piscivorous in a wider sense—with it all being fish that comes to net; but it does not catch Sepoys. The Stymphalides most likely were immense vultures—if they were anything at all. Whatever they were, it is recorded in the various Mythologies that Hercules shot them.

Now there was formerly a sort of Stymphalides in England. To what particular class to refer them would puzzle an ornithologist. Their natures and dispositions were a compound of the raven, carrion crow, vulture, kite, and buzzard; they resembled the last two creatures especially in their generous disposition to prey upon the weak and defenceless. They had likewise so much of the heron in them, as a strong appetite for gudgeons; and as the albatross devours its fellow-creatures the gulls, even so did they. They were foul, filthy, cruel, and rapacious. Let us call them HARPIES.

It will have been divined by the reader that these Harpies belonged to the genus, *Homo*. So, apparently they did; though perhaps in reality they were of the class *Diabolus*; for they were decidedly inhuman. But their resemblance to the Harpy was, in the majority of instances, not merely a moral one. By far the greater number of them had that prominent feature of the face, the organ of smell, very like in conformation, to the beak of the harpy. These individuals

were of a certain 'persuasion," though what they were persuaded of except that the grand rule of conduct was to get money, it is not easy to conceive. Besides their nasal peculiarity, they possessed the pleasing personal advantages of thick, pouting, and everted lips; and a lozenge-like eye, of the variety termed goggle, protruding attractively from its socket. Their countenances were radiant with a smirk of complacent baseness and self-applauding cunning. The elder of them were altogether shabby; the younger, dirty and fine. Their names were for the most part those of a certain wise king, of that king's father, and of the head of a particular priesthood; but these names they generally clipped and abbreviated, as if they were ashamed of them; although in truth they were not ashamed of anything.

The rest of the Harpies had the eyes, nose, and mouth of the Christian, and some of them actually pretended to that title; going to chapel on Sundays three times a day, and while there, groaning and looking dismal, and calling themselves miserable sinners; which nobody could deny that they were.

The prey of these Harpies was twofold. One kind corresponded to that most attenuated of quadrupeds, the Church Mouse; the other to that remarkably tender bird, the Green Goose. The Church Mouse was an unfortunate wight who wanted a few pounds on an emergency; the Green Goose a young fool with expectations, who would fain squander his fortune beforehand. Necessity placed the Mouse, Extravagance the Goose, in the power of the harpies.

There is an amusement in which our youth often indulge, denominated the flying of kites. A species of kite-flying was also practised by the youth of our ancestors, and by others of them. There is this difference, however, between the two games; that whereas our boys must first have the wind raised before they can fly their kites, kites were flown formerly to raise the wind. Now the Church Mice and the Green Geese were the chief flyers of kites: and thus it was that they became the prey of the Harpies.

By certain means, which the Legal Hydra, pandering to the voracity of the Harpies afforded, the latter were enabled to despoil the Green Geese and Church Mice even unto nakedness, and plague them afterwards to boot. These means were designated by two cabalistic phrases, FIERI FACIAS, and CAPIAS AD SATISFACIENDUM: and by them were effected Execution and Imprisonment for Debt. By Execution a debtor, with his wife and family, was reduced to destitution and beggary; by Imprisonment the poor wretch was tormented, and all who depended on him starved. Among the various social phenomena occasioned by these processes, the woman about to become a mother turned shivering into the snow; the sick child expiring on the dung-hill; the distracted father blowing his brains out—were matters of frequent occurrence.

These benevolent contrivances for the benefit of the Harpies, were maintained by the British public out of a tender regard on the part of its members for their beloved pockets, and a modest distrust of their own penetration, which led them to take every precaution against the contingency of being cheated; it never occurred to them that it would be sufficient to punish the fraudulent debtor as a rogue.

Hercules, on beholding the ravages of these miscreant Harpies, was moved to an extremity of compassion and wrath. And when he came to scan their hard, pitiless, yellow, ill-omened faces, and to look into their greedy, mean, and cruel eyes, his celestial ichor so boiled with indignant contempt and hatred, that he could have found in his heart literally to dash the whole brood of them to atoms. He reined in, however, the excess of his ire; and, leaving the individual caitiffs, with his malison, to go their own way to Erebus, took measures for exterminating the species.

Having first placarded the town with notices of his intention, he gave a lecture on the law of debtor and creditor at Exeter Hall, where he appeared on the platform in a respectable suit of black and a white neckcloth. He began by complimenting his audience on the singular freedom from hypocrisy which characterised the British nation, and on the conformity of its practice with the code which it professed to follow. The compliment was acknowledged with loud cheers. He then enumerated certain precepts of the code in question, such as those generally recommending justice and benevolence, and particularly that which required the forgiveness of debts, and the surrender of a coat to one who took a cloak; and he demonstrated the beautiful accordance therewith of the law which he had undertaken to handle. He showed that debt, unless a swindling transaction, was a contract entered into with a risk; and, in case of its unavoidable nonfulfilment, how consistent it was with the maxim "Do unto others as you would be done by," to ruin a debtor and consign him to a dungeon. Then he drew so delightfully pathetic a picture of the workings of the law with respect not only to the prisoner, but his wife and children, that all the ladies present cried bitterly. To be sure he was interrupted occasionally by murmurs and cries of "Oh! oh!" but on the whole his discourse produced a serious impression, and the majority of his hearers looked grave and thoughtful, as if really a rather new light had begun to dawn upon their minds. He wound up his speech by a strong panegyric upon the Harpies in general, (whom, however, he did not call "Harpies," but "highly respectable men,") and upon the considerate regard of the legislature for their interests and well-being. Having concluded, he sat down in perfect silence: no one rose to reply to him, and the assembly separated looking extremely foolish.

Very shortly afterwards a grand discovery was made by the sagacious public, namely, that punishment for debt was contrary to the spirit of their religion.

The Harpies now began to yell and scream wondrously, in great trepidation and alarm; the rather that Hercules had begun to discharge against them his inevitable and deadly arrows. The wounds which they therefrom received were so fearfully envenomed, that the wretches swelled up like bloated reptiles; and became, as it were, noisome among men. They were only seen to be execrated; their company was shunned like a pestilence, and to such a pitch had the popular animosity against them arisen, that they stood in bodily fear. And now the Legislature, galled by the stray shafts of the hero, and overawed by the cry of the people for Right and Justice, at once utterly abolished the laws which maintained them in being; and their pernicious and hateful existence was happily terminated for ever.

FLOATING PIER COMPANY.

At a meeting of the Shareholders the Secretary read the following

REPORT.

Your Committee are glad to see you, but they would be gladder if they could offer you a dividend, which they fondly hope they may at some remote period.

Your Committee have laid out all your money, and want some more; which, is at all events, a pledge of their activity.

Your Committee have observed with great satisfaction, that the traffic of the Pier has not diminished, because it was nothing at your last General Meeting.

A RESPECTABLE SURPLUS.

Your Committee are in treaty with a gentleman for the sale of a Piscatorial licence, to permit him to sit on the edge of the Pier, and fish, for which your Pier is excellently adapted, inasmuch as from the shallowness of the water no steamer can approach near enough to disturb it.

Your Committee, observing the general depression, and considering the effect of the Income Tax, are not at all astonished; and, confidently looking for better times, your Committee lay before you the Annual Accounts, which your Committee trust you will approve with your usual readiness to co-operate with your Committee in your Committee's efforts.

Signed for the Committee,

SAMUEL SNIBLINGTON,
Life Chairman and Honorary Shareholder.

The following are the accounts alluded to in the above Report.

EXPENDITURE.	£.	s.	d.
By various sums laid out for various purposes . . .	2000	0	0
To charwoman for flannel, soap, and brushes	0	2	0
To ditto for scouring the Pier	0	2	6
By sum transferred to the rest now in the hands of the banker	0	0	0
General disbursements	1	0	0
Special disbursements	1	0	0
Disbursements not included in the above	1	0	0
Disbursements partly included in the above, but partly not (the proportion not included)	1	0	0
Total of expenditure	2004	4	6
INCOME.			
Toll taken from a boy, who having got into the water at low tide, was unable to return to the shore . .	0	0	1
Other receipts	0	0	0
	0	0	1
Deficiency to be made up by call on Shareholders	2004	4	5
	£2004	4	6

Wonderful Discovery—Important to Bankrupts.

A MARYLAND man has invented a calculating machine by which the

CALCULATING A SUM BY THE RULE OF THREE.

science of Yankee bankruptcy—already thought to be perfection, will be even further improved. By putting falsified bankrupts' books in at one end of this wonderful machine they come out unimpeachable balance-sheets at the other. The repudiating States have granted the inventor a pension for life.

Some wag has been writing over Brougham Hall, "BIRDS STUFFED HERE!"

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

"SCOTT'S LAST LAY."

WE have been much pleased by the perusal of a little work, entitled "Tales of the Heart," by Lord William Lennox; which, from its extreme simplicity, we believe to be the genuine production of his Lordship. The following short extract is all that we can find room for at present:—

"The maiden wept: and I said, 'Why weepest thou, maiden?' She answered not, neither did she speak, but sobbed exceedingly; and I again said, 'Maiden, why weepest thou?' Still she continued; and the third time I raised my voice and said, 'Maiden, why weepest thou?' And she answered and said, 'What's that to you? Mind your own business.'"

The Constitution Overthrown.

IT is a glorious doctrine of the British Constitution, "that every man's house is his castle." There are, however, two very notorious instances in which this splendidly British notion is knocked most awfully on the head. We need scarcely say that we allude to Jack Straw's Castle and the Elephant and Castle. The proprietors of these, instead of feeling that every man's house is his castle, must experience the mortification of

THE RIGHT OF SEARCH.

knowing that their castles are everybody's house, for everybody who can pay for half a pint of porter may walk into them.

Notices of Motion.

R. HUME, for a return of the name of the "one passenger" from the Adelphi Pier to Richmond, on the very wet day in the week before last, together with his reasons for going there in the wet,—the expenses of his trip, an account of its results, and a copy of the check given to him before he disembarked by the captain of the vessel.

MR. BORTHWICK, for leave to bring in all his private bills, and lay them on the table.

Important to Suitors in Chancery.

HAVING occasion the other day to visit the Chancery Offices, we discovered an announcement which we are surprised has not been more generally noticed, and we take no little credit to ourselves for being the first to give extended publicity to the important public directions to the unhappy suitors, who may have been wandering in the Court so many years. The information is contained in the following short announcement —"THE WAY OUT"—which we can assure our readers we have copied from an official notice stuck up in that Court.

FRIGHTFUL ACCIDENT.—Our Massachussets correspondent writes that he has begun to learn the German language; but, frightful to relate, the hard words knocked out the whole of his front teeth.

PUNCH has the benevolence to announce, that in an early Number of the present Volume he will astonish the Parliamentary Committee by the publication of several exquisite designs, to be called

PUNCH'S CARTOONS!

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THE STORY OF A FEATHER.

CHAP. XXIV.—I AM REMOVED TO CRAMP'S HOUSE.—DEATH OF THE OLD CARD-MAKER.

"Now, sir," said Hardmouth, putting his head into the room. "Now, if you please."

"You'll never take her to the round-house," sobbed Mrs. Crumpet, forcing past him. "You hav'n't the heart, I know you hav'n't," and the landlady raised her voice to a scream, and wrung her hands.

"Be patient, good woman," said Lintley. He then turned to the officer. "This mistake will soon be cleared. Let one of your men call a coach; we will go where you please. Come, Patty:" and the apothecary, with a comforting smile, gave his arm to the girl and led her, pale and trembling, from the room. In a few minutes a coach drove to the door, and again whirled away. The neighbours departed, and Mrs. Crumpet was left solitary in her silent house. She came into the room; looked wanderingly about her; cried—"If I should hang her! Oh, I shall never know what sleep is again!" And then she went to bed, and lay till late next morning.

In the afternoon, Becky, Mrs. Cramp's maid, arrived with speed in her looks, and I was taken from the mantel-piece, and placed in a bundle of clothes to be carried from the house. "And the card-maker's very bad this time?" asked Mrs. Crumpet. "Quite in earnest, now," said Becky, "Missus says it's a moral impossible he can live. Well, I say nothing, Mrs. Crumpet, but if she should have a bit of luck, she won't be long a widder." Mrs. Crumpet nodded assent to this belief, and Becky, strengthened in her opinion, departed; the landlady having uttered no syllable bearing upon the events of the past night.

I was soon in the house of the old card-maker; soon heard the chirruping voice of his young wife. "You've got all the things, I hope, Becky?"

"Every thread, me'm, and do you know, me'm, I think we're in luck to get 'em. That's a wicked old woman, that Mrs. Crumpet, me'm," said Becky.

"Perhaps she is, Becky," answered the charitable mistress, "but whilst the world's what it is, wicked people are sometimes useful."

"Pretty goings on in her house, me'm," said Becky with a knowing look; for it seems she had heard a very imaginative version of the affair of the highwayman and Patty, from Mrs. Crumpet's communicative neighbours. "Perhaps, me'm, you didn't know that she lodges highwaymen and their wives, or worse than that, for what I know, me'm?"

"Highwaymen, Becky!" cried Mrs. Cramp, with a shudder, and then she added, with deeper disgust, "and their wives?"

"The man's got off—just like 'em, me'm; and left his wife, or whatever she may be, to be hanged in his place," said Becky. "But that's like the whole *sect*, me'm." The truth is, Becky, in the most unhandsome way, revenged her own inimitable ugliness upon the characters of men generally; they had never said, they never could say, a civil word to her, and it was her especial pleasure to malign them. "Yes, me'm, crept out at the chimney, and left the poor girl, me'm, with the watch under her bolster; such a feller as that, me'm, —why, I'd hang him, me'm, by the toes, me'm."

Mrs. Cramp, with an exquisite sense of thanksgiving, merely observed, "It's a blessing I've got back my satin and this dear feather."

"Quite right, me'm; and as master can't last much longer, why should you go out to dress when you want to go to church or to Ranelagh—when you can make yourself comfortable at home?"

"You're quite right, Becky, I won't be the poor trod-on thing I have been—I'll show a woman's spirit."

"To be sure me'm; and as master has made his will as he ought to do, why, me'm, 'twill be your fault, if you let any other nasty lawyer come near him again, me'm."

It was evident that Mrs. Cramp was suddenly become very independent of the ire of her husband; for in the course of the day she carried her forbidden finery, of which I was no small part, into the sick man's bed-room. The patient was fast asleep. Mrs. Cramp softly approached the bed-side, peeping between the curtains; and thus, as she still held me in her hand, I had a full view of the old cardmaker. His face was sharp and withered; and his night-cap, half removed from his head, showed a few short white hairs, like goose-down. I could see at once that Mrs. Cramp and her mate had been chained by a golden manacle, made at the Mint. The old man's face had in it nothing venerable: it was mere old age—mere decay, without that sweet, serene light, which sometimes gives to years a halo of holiness. The young wife looked at her sleeping mate in silence; and then, a deep deep sigh broke from her almost unconsciously. She retreated from the bed-side, as the man woke.

"Who's there? devils again!" cried the sick man, in a hoarse trembling voice.

The wife made no answer, but laying me and her other treasures upon the table, she walked on tiptoe out of the room.

"Who's there!" again cried the card-maker; and then he mumbled—"Devils—devils—more devils. And I shall go among 'em—I must go among 'em—no help. No help!"

For an hour and more the old man raved, groaned and muttered to himself. He had, as I heard, committed no peculiar wickedness in life; but his imagination had caught a disease from a spiritual counsellor who, in the anxiety of his soul for the dying man, felt it a duty to convince him that that soul must be lost. He had dealt in cards; he had made gold by the devil's tools; and there was no help for him; the devil must have him. This comfortable assurance, Mr. Uriah Cloudy conceived it his Christian duty to pour once a day at least into the ears of the departing tradesman; who had such confidence in the authority of the Muggletonian—for Cloudy was said to be of that enlightened sect—that he gave himself up to inevitable perdition. Hence, to his crazed perceptions, his chamber was beset by devils, male and female; all of them wearing the faces, forms, and habits of the kings, queens, and knaves of cards; all of them, by such masquerade, torturing the remorseful spirit of the dying dealer.

"Oh! Ugh!" he groaned—"and there, peeping between the curtains—there's that cat the queen of diamonds." Then he sat bolt upright in his bed; and throwing his nightcap into the room, he screamed—"Jack of clubs, my time's not up! I defy you."

At this moment, Becky entered the room. "Here's Mr. Cloudy come to see you."

The name seemed to awaken new terror in the card-maker, for he fell back in his bed, and howled like a wolf. In an instant, the Muggletonian was at the bed-side.

"Why, man, that's right: howl, howl; it will do you good—poor doomed wretch, if anything will do you good. Ha! that's sweet music—sweet as the sackbut and timbrel," said the self-complacent Mr. Cloudy, as old Cramp yelled in a higher pitch. This spiritual comforter was a fat, squab man, of great breadth of back, huge legs and arms, and a big head, thatched with short black hair, sunk between his shoulders. He had large, rolling, black eyes, a flattened nose, and wide dropping mouth, with the complexion of antiquarian parchment. "And so you've suffered—poor wretched worm, eh?" asked Mr. Cloudy, comfortably seating himself in an arm-chair by the bed-side.

"Ugh! I *have* suffered!" cried the card-maker.

"It's a blessed thing," said the Muggletonian; "for havn't you lived upon perdition? How many lost sheep have you sent before you?"

"But then, my dear friend, I was card-maker to the Court; and that may go for something, eh? May n't it—may n't it!" exclaimed Cramp, despairingly.

"Don't hope it, quite lost if you hope," answered Cloudy. "Wretched old man, havn't you put snares into the hands of the wicked? Havn't you sold beggary, and robbery, and self-murder?"

"True—true—true," screamed the card-maker—"no hope—no hope!"—and then he fell back and groaned. In a moment, he jumped up again in bed, and with such new terror in his face, that he made his spiritual comforter leap up, too. With an uneasy look, Mr. Cloudy pulled the bell, which was immediately answered by Becky. She no sooner threw a glance at her master, than she hurried down stairs, and almost immediately returned with her mistress. "If you please, me'm," I heard her say upon the stairs, "if you please, me'm, he's going mad again."

Mrs. Cramp entered the room, and to my amazement burst into tears. "Dear Mr. Cloudy," she cried, "is it come so near? Is he really going?"

"I have seen many things of the sort," said the tranquil Cloudy, "and I should say really going."

Mrs. Cramp wiped her eyes, and approaching the bed, asked—"Joseph, don't you know me?"

Old Cramp looked at his pretty young wife, and with a smile of imbecility, answered, "You're the queen of hearts."

"Poor wretch!" groaned Cloudy—"how he's wandering!"

"I'm going,—I'm going—see how they're all about me! Why, the counterpane's all tens of diamonds. And there, there at my bedside—don't you see him?—there's the king of spades digging my grave—digging my grave. And now, now there's two of them on the quilt," and the card-maker roared, and his face became hideously contracted.

"There's nobody on the bed, Joseph; nobody at all, dear," said Mrs. Cramp, feeling that she ought to say something.

"There they are," cried Cramp; "two of 'em. Two upon the quilt—here right upon my knees, playing cribbage for my precious soul! Hush! that's the Jack of clubs; the devil, I know him—can't be mistaken in him! And there, that's the king of hearts—bless his sweet face! that's my good spirit. Ha, ha! he may win—he may win!"

"A dreadful sight, Mrs. Cramp," said Cloudy; "but now he's going. Comfort yourself—he can't last now."

"Hush, hush! They're at it. The king of hearts has first crib. Ha! ha! the devil loses—the devil loses."

For more than an hour Cramp, in his madness, watched the progress of a game of cribbage played by his good and bad angel; and with intense anxiety looked over the cards, talking loudly of the fortune of the game. Now he advised his good angel in the laying out of his crib, and the playing of his cards. Now he rejoiced and chuckled at his successes; and now spat and gnashed his teeth at the prosperity of his devil antagonist. At length the game approached its close, and Cramp sat with his eyes glaring and riveted upon the counterpane, resting his chin upon his hands, and in the agony of his expectation scarcely seeming to breathe.

"Hush!" he cried; "there is but one hole a piece to play; only one hole, and with luck I may be an angel yet. Silence, I say; not a word—not a syllable. Yes, yes, that will do; never mind the crib now," cried Cramp, still counselling the play of his good angel. "You only want one hole, and you must get it—you must get it. Silence; it's you to cut, it's you to—what! the Jack of spades! One for his nob. The devil pegs!"

And with these words the card-maker sank back in his bed and died.

THE PRINCESS AUGUSTA'S WEDDING.

BEG leave, since the papers have given at full length the trousseau of the bride, to furnish what is far more interesting, a list of the trousseau of the bridegroom. That of the Princess Augusta had been laid out at Cambridge House, for the inspection of the bride's friends; but the illustrious bridegroom with more modesty laid out his trousseau on the bed in his private apartment, previous to packing. The following was the

TROUSSEAU OF THE HEREDITARY DUKE OF MECKLENBURG-STRELITZ.

A handsome, beautifully got-up, and admirably finished, light-gray Tweedish wrapper.	A splendid uniform for state occasions, consisting of the superb coat of an officer of the Blues, with Grenadier trowsers, and a Lifeguardsman's helmet.
A fashionable York ditto.	1 pair of dog-skin gloves.
6 summer waistcoats, of various patterns.	2 pair of Berlin ditto.
A pair of stout doeskin trowsers.	1 pair of white kid.
2 pair of unbleached white ditto.	2 pair of straw colour.
4 linen and two long cloth shirts.	2 stocks with long ends.
12 false collars.	3 stocks without ends.
9 pair of cotton socks.	

The Hungerford Suspension Bridge.

OUR remarks on this pile, or rather series of piles, have had the effect of causing the laying on of an extra man, and it is now a positive fact that the structure is several feet out of that mud which the parties concerned appeared at first to be sticking in. On the Middlesex side there is a structure which looks like a turnpike, four or five stories high; and we understand that there is already a resident director, who, by putting his legs on a stool at high water, is able to manage throughout the day without getting his feet wet. On applying the other day, we were told he was "busy with the board," and when we looked through the apertures we saw him eating his dinner, which is the only board he has yet been busy with.

MR. PUNCH,—The Queen held a chapter of the Thistle on Tuesday afternoon at Buckingham Palace.—When can *I* go to receive the royal bounty from the Queen's hand? Yours fraternally,

A. DONKEY.

"THERE'S MANY A SLIP," &c.—Sir Peter Laurie says there is one great recommendation in the wood pavement—economy; which he clearly proves by showing that, if it does not save the horses' shoes, at all events it makes them *slippers*.

THE PICTURE GALLERY AT THE PANTHEON.

THE Refuges for the Destitute in London are the best proofs of the unbounded benevolence of English charity. The Houseless Poor have their shelter; so have the Indigent Blind—Orphans, Foundlings, Magdalens, Adults, and Incurables, have each an hospice. Rejected from one institution, they can fall back upon another, and finally harboured, convert the charity into an asylum for themselves and an exhibition for visitors. We have seen lately, at Hanwell, that some comic lunatics added their attractions to the fancy bazaar held within the walls of the madhouse; and in like manner at the Pantheon, in addition to the useful and ornamental work upon the stalls, a few bewildered artists exhibit their pictorial hallucinations to the public without any charge whatever—free—gratis, for nothing.

The Pantheon Picture Gallery for promoting the sale of unsold pictures—and to which the present Number of PUNCH is intended as a hand-book for the people—is open to the public, and any offer of purchase that may turn up, every day except Sunday. The best entrance is from Oxford Street; but if you have been in that way very often without ever buying anything, and experience any trouble in dodging the doorkeepers, who are men of dull comprehension for jokes, it is advisable to try the portal in Marlborough Street, which embraces also the Conservatory and Zoological Department. These have been previously described in PUNCH. Proceeding along the winding path between the stalls, which are as difficult to traverse as the alleys in the Maze at Hampton Court, you arrive at the front hall of entrance—a depository of fancy flower-pots, unknown busts, and servants in waiting.

It is not advisable to be gaping about you too much as you ascend the staircase, because, if you do, you are liable to run against somebody coming down; nor indeed is there anything remarkable enough to attract your attention. But upon arriving at the large room, seize upon the first chair you can find vacant, and commence your observations, having first ascertained from various notices, that "Applications for the purchase of pictures are to be made to the keeper." This is very important to be understood; as well as the hint, that upon doing so, you would in all probability be immediately hurried off to an asylum for aberrated intellects. We will now notice the principal pictures, not in any particular order, but leaving the ingenious spectator to find them out.

1. "Portrait of Fitzroy Blatchford, Esq."—This fine painting is chiefly remarkable for the name attached to it upon a slip of paper, in which the artist has shown great talent in combining every style of letter from roman to italics ever invented. We cannot pronounce an opinion upon the likeness, because we do not know the original, nor do we know anybody who does, but it is very possible that there may be some resemblance, although, if there is not, it is of no consequence.

2. "Portrait of the Duke of Gloster in the character of Mr. Kean." The malicious expression with which the crook-backed tyrant is looking at a view of Tivoli in the corner of the room is admirably delineated.

AN AWFUL STICK.

3. "The Raft." This is a striking composition. Some individuals in an extreme state of hard-up, are upon a raft, which is being tossed upon what is apparently a very large green model of the Alps. The artist has imitated the very old masters, and introduced two actions in one *tableau*; the fore part of the sky representing noon, and the horizon a crimson sun-set, by which we infer that the events of a whole day are depicted. Nothing can exceed the perfect still life of the raging waves, except the Turnerish effect of the fiery atmosphere introduced in the distance, which, the keeper assured us, has more than once scorched the panels behind.

4. "The Battle of the Nile." Several of the masts are shown in a most amusing stage of intoxication, tumbling all manners of ways at once. Much credit is due to the artist who, in the midst of such scenes of peril,

could calmly sketch the picture. The contest altogether appears going on in a very quiet gentlemanly way, the result proving that one English commander was better than the French three-masters.

5. "Name not known." Mr. O. Smith in an appropriate dress, with somebody else, are represented with tolerable correctness, being all that remains of this unfortunate picture. It is evident that the artist, in the hurry and excitement of painting, upset a pot of neutral tint all over it, with the exception of the space occupied by the two figures. This he afterwards tried to wash out, and in the centre partially succeeded. But the greater part of the catastrophe remains, which with some spectators may be all for the best. For, as everything is left entirely to the imagination, the mysterious void may be filled up with anything that strikes the fancy.

6. "Two young Ladies in fancy Dresses." We here detect the hand of that popular artist, whose productions find so ready a position on the panels of street doors in Rathbone-place and the windows of carvers and gilders in Charlotte-street. We know his beauties of old—their piercing eyes, red lips, plump cheeks, and exuberant contours, have often broken in upon our meditations in the above neighbourhood. He has a healthy tone in his portraits; for they appear bursting with robust life: if we have a preference, we like his Neapolitan Reapers best.

7. "The Attack of the Anti-Corn-Law League upon the New Post-Office." This is the title that we heard assigned to a very large picture at the end of the room, by an elderly country gentleman with a dropsical umbrella, who had asked several times for a catalogue. We have no means of correctly ascertaining whether he was right or not, never having heard of the occurrence; but the picture will, in all probability, remain there sufficiently long, in company with its fellows, to have its right meaning ascertained.

These, with another representing the

INFANT MOSES AND HIS MOTHER,

are the chief *tableaux* worthy of notice. If the others are not remarkable for genius or tint, yet the durability of their colours must demand admiration. They have been there so very long, that, in the common revolution of centuries, we wonder they have not long since faded away. We recommend a "Fine Art Distribution" as the best way to get rid of them, in common with any other stock there may be to dispose of.

Let a large counter be selected in the Bazaar, filled with articles all at sixpence each. Then let a number of tickets be purchased at five shillings a-piece; and when a sufficient sum is collected to cover the real value of the paintings, each drawer shall be entitled to a sixpenny article and take his chance of a prize into the bargain. This is the only way in which we imagine they will ever come down from the walls, unless in future centuries the nails drop out or the red lines that suspend them decay from extreme age. Like all great works, they will doubtless long outlive those who created them, and (unless the Pantheon be blown up or burnt down) in the very same place which they at present occupy.

ANOTHER DRAMATIC PRIZE.

THE manager of the Victoria Theatre begs leave to offer a free admission and other contingencies for the best set of contortions for the Morocco Arabians. The prize will be awarded by a committee of Swiss Brothers, India Rubber Incredibles, Macintosh Unbelievables, Ionian Indissolubles, St. Giles's Unapproachables, and Arabian Untwistables. The Emperor of Morocco is to have the casting vote, and the Prize will be paid directly the members of the committee are every one of the same opinion.

The lessee of the same theatre also offers a reward of one pound for the most absorbing domestic drama. It is indispensable that every piece sent in should contain a dream for the "acknowledged heroine," and a suicide for the "recognised tragedian." All the pieces will be submitted to a committee of servant-girls, ill-used apprentices, and victims of oppression. Every author is expected to send in a mop with his drama, for the purpose of absorbing the tears it is likely to occasion.

JENKINS AT THE ROYAL WEDDING.

THE Prince of MECKLENBURG-STRELITZ has received a wife, and moreover, 3,000*l.* per annum from the pockets of Englishmen. JENKINS was present at the ceremony. He was somehow smuggled into the Royal Chapel, and stood hidden in a corner, hidden by a huge *bouquet*, quite another Cupid among the roses. Let us, however, proceed to give the "feelings" of JENKINS; merely premising that we should very much like to see JENKINS, when he feels "proud, elated, and deeply moved." He says—

"We felt alternately proud, elated, and deeply moved during the ceremony as *in turn* we cast a glance at the illustrious witnesses to the solemnity. There was our gracious Queen, beaming with youth and beauty, *through which is ever discernible the eagle glance* and the imposing air of command so well suited to her high station. Next to the Queen the Royal Consort, one of the handsomest *Princes of the age*, in whom the spirit of youth is so remarkably tempered by the *judgment and wisdom of age*. THE QUEEN ADELAIDE, LIVING MODEL OF EVERY VIRTUE WHICH CAN ADORN A WOMAN, EITHER IN PRIVATE LIFE OR ON A THRONE."

So far *The Morning Post*. What says (perhaps?) an equal authority, *The Times*?

"THE QUEEN DOWAGER WAS PREVENTED BEING PRESENT AT THE CEREMONY IN CONSEQUENCE OF INDISPOSITION."

Ha, JENKINS! This comes of writing copy *before* the event. But JENKINS is the fellow for seeing the "Spanish fleet," even when "'tis not in sight."

But the truth is, the mind of JENKINS, as below he confesses, was so "dazzled" that he knew not what he saw.

"If our eye strayed a moment from this illustrious group, we beheld such a crowd of beauty and rank, of great statesmen and military heroes, *that our mind was dazzled with the sight*. Amongst the latter we could but single the Duke of Wellington, looking once more hale and vigorous—he who in the course of his career has experienced such deep and varied emotions, appeared to betray on this occasion *something like an expression of anxiety*—a sentiment easily explained by the deep devotion he bears the illustrious House of Brunswick."

JENKINS next gives a very good character to Sir ROBERT PEEL; for which, if there be any gratitude in politicians, Sir ROBERT will make JENKINS a tide-waiter at least.

"This statesman, in the midst of the most important and trying of human affairs, has always remained true to domestic affections, a good son, a good husband, and a good father, and *therefore it was*, no doubt, that the ceremony appeared *to recall to him* the day, not remote, when, with tears in his eyes, he gave away his handsome and accomplished daughter—a feeling in which *the all-excellent* Lady Peel, one of the most affectionate of wives and mothers, appeared deeply to participate."

The King of Hanover (excellent, butter-hearted potentate!) next appears:—

"Within the illustrious group, we also beheld the King of Hanover, whom the repose of a kingdom, *ruled with energy*, has allowed to reach, *at last*, our shores and share the happiness of his Royal kindred in *two* of those events that *most* deeply move the feelings of men—a christening and a marriage."

Nay, JENKINS, there is a third. What think you now of a lobster supper, with porter in the pewter? We are now shown the "divided family" of Cambridge:—

"The most interesting groups in the procession were, however, of course, the illustrious family of the bride, who appeared *to be divided* betwixt joy and regret. These feelings were particularly observable in the Royal father, whose heart and mind so readily respond to every high and honest emotion, and thus by

'His good and gracious nature,
Subdues and properties to his love and 'tendance
All sorts of hearts.'

His Royal Highness, with *his high-minded consort, his ever amiable and accomplished daughter*, and *his unaffected, manly, and generous son*, have so won upon the affections of the public, and have so accustomed it to behold them join in all their recreations, that to part with one of this excellent and illustrious family is like separating *with one of one's own kindred.*!"

Ha! Poor JENKINS knows what he suffered when his great-aunt married the butler. But we pass this theme of tears, and next find JENKINS among the bridesmaids.

"As they followed Her Royal Highness Princess Augusta, with downward looks, beaming with beauty and emotion, *they appeared to think that they likewise would soon have to choose lords and masters.*"

Does not the rogue spy into the hearts of virgins, as a jackdaw peeps into the recesses of a marrow-bone? We regret that JENKINS passes the wedding-cake in silence. What a theme would it have been for the Man of the People! How finely would he have discussed it! How very much "too well" he would have written about it! He has also forgotten to speak of the dress of the bride. It was, the *Court Circular* tells us, of magnificent Brussels lace; but then the train was of British manufacture; and so too, will be the pension of 3,000*l.* per annum.

Trade Report.

COFFEE was very brisk, but tea was sloe. Salt was dull, and though there were no buyers there were plenty of cellars. Towards the afternoon there was a stir in sugar, and there was also a demand for mace, in consequence of the Lord Mayor requiring the attendance of the City Chamberlain.

Literary Intelligence.

In consequence of our notice of Lord W. Lennox's very simple work, "The Tales of the Heart," we have been besieged by authors and publishers, soliciting our perusal of their various productions and publications. We will endeavour to meet the views of the deserving, and commence with the subjoined extract, which is from a beautiful little collection of pathetic stories, entitled "Walker's Tales of Sentiment."

"THE SICK ALDERMAN.

"In a deep concavity formed by superincumbent pressure in the yielding substance of a couch of eider down, such as some slumbering giant of the deep might imprint upon his oozy bed, supinely and at full length, lay the massy frame of the sick man. A week's illness had changed him much; yet hardly, perhaps, for the worse. There are some features over which the hand of Disease passes with a mellowing touch, as that of Affliction softens the asperities of the soul. Mr. Lobb had just been shaved, and the dark gray expanse which corresponded to the sweep of the razor, set off to advantage a complexion on which depletion had acted as a Kalydor. Gastritis, though it had slightly dimmed an eye, whose lustre the Autumnal shadows of Time were already overclouding, had swept improvingly over the cheek and brow, toning down the erubescence, and mitigating in particular the nasal flush of sanguine. The abdominal proportions, too, of the Alderman had undergone a beneficial diminution, though they were still sufficiently ample to cause a semicircular elevation of the bed-clothes, on the zenith of which reposed his still plump hand, seemingly, as though by a species of self-mesmerism, imparting a sensation of comfort to the affected region. His gaze, directed a little upwards, appeared fixed upon vacancy, while he yielded up his mind and being to the soothing influence of a female voice. A respectable-looking elderly person who sat beside him in an arm-chair, was beguiling the tediousness of the sick bed by reading aloud. The ministering angel was at once his housekeeper and nurse. The invalid was evidently engrossed by her subject, his countenance, though tinged with melancholy, and characterised by the depression of illness, expressing rapt attention, mingled with that passive placidity which the reader has doubtless remarked as exhibited during their secondary mastication by the ruminantia. For how much are we indebted to thee, O woman, and chiefly when thy tender assiduities alleviate the anguish and smooth the pillow of sickness! In a low soft tone, unbroken but by the orthographical stumbling-blocks which she occasionally encountered, fell the accents of the matron on the ear of the recumbent magistrate. While lapped in sweet forgetfulness of pain, little inarticulate comments bespeaking his inward satisfaction, thus read Mrs. Brown.

"'Mock Brawn.

"'Split and nicely clean a hog's head; take out the brains; cut off the ears, and rub a good deal of salt into the head; let it drain twenty-four hours; then lay upon it two ounces of saltpetre, and the same of common salt; in three days' time lay the head and salt into a pan, with just water to cover it, for two days more.'

"The sufferer faintly smacked his lips. She paused, and for a moment regarded him over her spectacles. His eyes immovably maintained their position, and he gently breathed, 'Go on.'

"Mrs. Brown proceeded. The murmured tones of tranquil pleasure which resounded from the deep chest of the alderman gradually assumed a graver and more measured character; the breathing became regular and stertorous. Mrs. Brown softly closed the volume, and bent her head over the brow of her master. He slept!"

YEOMEN FOR SALE!

The Earl of Ducie is about to bring one of his estates to the hammer. He is also desirous of offering a very tempting lot to the spirited capitalist. He wishes to knock down

"Twelve Hundred Honest Yeomen"

to the highest bidder! In the history of auctions, there was, perhaps, never so much honesty in the market; hence, we fear, that the supply exceeding the demand, the article must necessarily go at an immense sacrifice. Virtue, like hops, must wait the time of the markets, or virtue itself becomes a very drug.

The *Cheltenham Free Press* directs public attention to the labours of Mr. George Robins, who, under the auspices of his Lordship, draws out the tempting advertisement of sale of the Ducie domain. George says, (and the capital letters are all George's own)—

"Connected with it is

"THE ENTIRE VILLAGE OF NYMPHFIELD, wherein are SIXTY-SIX HOUSES, and the DUCIE ARMS, WITH POLITICAL INFLUENCE extending over TWELVE HUNDRED HONEST YEOMEN."

Reader, are you a man of money? If so, here is an investment. Consider; for so many pounds you will be able to carry the souls of twelve hundred yeomen in your pocket. Yes; you will have the entire and unrestrained command of the immortal spirits of twelve hundred men, yoking them for the hustings even as you yoke the oxen of Nymphfield for the plough. Being the happy purchaser, you may rapturously exclaim, with Alexander Selkirk,—

"I 'm monarch of all I have bought—
My right there is none to dispute,
Of cattle, the long-horned and short,—
Of yeomen, debased to the brute!"

To do this is to effect the sweetest triumph of money; to achieve the noblest conquest of Mammon. It was pleasant enough, no doubt, to buy blacks: the purchase gave to the buyer a certain sense of superiority; being the owner of men, he was so much more than man; and thus the vanity of poor human nature became lackered by slave-dealing. Nevertheless, the difference of colour gave to the creature bought a marked inferiority to his purchaser: but here, at Nymphfield, where the article to be purchased is white men—Englishmen

THE IRISH OGRE FATTENING ON THE "FINEST PISANTRY."

—yea, "honest" yeomen,—happy and exalted, indeed, is the man who can command the golden pennyworth.

Again, there is something that whets the curiosity in this promised sale of so much honesty. Hitherto, dull-headed moralists and philosophers have denied that honesty could be sold, and remain honesty. Its essence was too volatile to bear the transit from hand to hand. Good Earl of DUCIE, inform us; how do you propose to give *seisin*, as the lawyers would say, of the article? How is the purchaser to be assured that he has his money's worth? The horses and kine of Nymphfield are tangible enough; nay, the very ducklings swimming in the pond may be numbered; the hogs in the sty; even the muck-heaps in the farm-yard may be tested by the eyes and hands of the dealer—but honesty! Honest Yeomen! How, in the name of stars and garters, will your lordship make this appear to the senses of the purchaser? How much honesty, in the first place, do you allow per head? How much to a single yeoman? Of course, considerably less than goes to the Earl who would sell the commodity in a lump, enriching twelve hundred men. Say that every yeoman has within him a pound of honesty—a peck—a square foot?

Alas! honesty is not ponderable; it cannot be measured by vessel or rule. It is as subtle as the sunbeams; impalpable as the bow of heaven. And yet the Earl of DUCIE would sell it! What knave or fool will buy?

How do we envy the sensations of the Earl of DUCIE when contemplating the beauties of Nymphfield; the beauties of lake and dale, forest and water! What deep feelings of gratefulness must be his towards the good Providence that has made him the master, not only of glebe, and oaks, and houses,—but of the very souls of twelve hundred "honest" yeomen! He is enabled to turn the penny by the sale of God's image—by turning over to the best bidder the immortal privileges of his fellow-man: he can melt down twelve hundred labourers into so much coin, and put their moral essence in his pocket. Happy Earl!

And yet, it is a pity that one thing should be wanting to this bargain. Has the Earl no *droits du seigneur*? It is clear he can sell twelve hundred honest yeomen,—that is plain enough; it is advertised in large, attractive type; nobody can doubt it. Can he not, however, to make the transaction perfect—can he not lump in with the yeomen their wives and daughters? Q.

PARLIAMENTARY COMMISSION OF LUNACY.

PRECISELY at twelve yesterday, the Commissioners assembled at Bellamy's, a writ *de lunatico inquirendo* having been sued out against Mr. FOX LANE, M.P. The room was much crowded by many members of both Houses of Parliament, who appeared to take peculiar interest in the proceedings.

It appeared that Mr. FOX LANE had long been under a delusion, that he was a far-seeing and most able senator; and that, in his delusion, he had used very foul language towards his Holiness the Pope, likening him to a very disreputable female clothed in scarlet: that he had proposed to Mr. O'CONNELL to have a pelting match in the House of Commons—daring him to a contest of unsavoury names; and that, moreover, he had recently written a letter to the *Times*, which letter left no doubt of the sad condition of the unfortunate gentleman's intellect. He had, it was stated, his lucid intervals, which were always known by his absence from the House of Commons.

Sir ROBERT PEEL deposed that he knew Mr. FOX LANE: had often been compelled to listen to him; but, until lately, thought his malady was more ridiculous than dangerous. Mr. LANE was very fond of talking, in the Commons, of the Apocalypse. Remembered his appearing in his place with a family Bible, when he insisted that Napoleon was the seventh head of the beast, and that Mr. Benjamin D'Israeli was a descendant in a right line from King Solomon. He also likened himself, on one occasion, to Balaam's ass; but this, witness thought, must have been in a rational moment. Mr. LANE had, certainly, been a frequent impediment to the business of Parliament; and, in the judgment of witness, was certainly incapable of taking care of his constituents' interests.

Sir JAMES GRAHAM was the next witness. Had unfortunately known Mr. LANE some time. Always thought it extraordinary that he should have been in Parliament, but there he was. He had given notice of a motion to repeal Catholic Emancipation; and had been seen in the vicinity of Smithfield inquiring for the exact spot where "Bloody Mary" had roasted the Protestants, as he intended there to grill Mr. O'CONNELL. He had with this intention, witness understood, given an order to an ironmonger for a bran-new gridiron; and had already laid in a couple of loads of resinous wood. In the opinion of witness, the unhappy gentleman ought certainly to be provided for out of the House of Commons.

Several other witnesses deposed to absurdities which, for obvious reasons, we do not particularise. Nay, all of them, more or less, spoke to the shocking language continually uttered by the unfortunate man against the Pope.

Here a copy of the *Times* newspaper was produced, in which was an epistle, proved to be written by Mr. FOX LANE. It bore the saddest evidence of a most incoherent mind. Among other things the writer said—

"Mr. O'Connell tells the people of Ireland that he is not a fighting man; but I tell you, Sir, for the information of the people of England, that I am a fighting man, and it shall not be long *before I am up to my horse's reins in the blood of infidels*. There are some who will say that such language is not warranted in Scripture; but I say that it is warranted in every page of Scripture."

The poor gentleman continued:—

"I have showed the House of Commons that the elect of Israel, the offspring of those men who first believed the gospel, are planted in this nation, and to them belongs the true interpretation of God's word. There are some *lions' whelps in this nation, tried, proved, and justified, and ready at a moment's warning to spring up ready-made warriors*."

In what follows there is a dim glimmering of consciousness:—

"*I have hitherto been robed in the garb of folly*, and under that disguise have probed the brains of our rulers, and found nothing; I have now done with folly, and am a true witness of what St. Paul says, 'that the foolishness of God is wiser than the wisdom of the world.'"

The concluding paragraph is very melancholy in its proof:—

"You will oblige me by inserting this letter in your much-circulated paper; it will comfort many an honest-meaning heart. Fools may stumble at it, *and let them stumble and be damned*."

Here two or three of the Commissioners intimated that they thought they had heard sufficient to adjudicate upon the poor man's case; but it was ultimately agreed that other witnesses should be called in.

JOHN SMITH examined:—He was butler to Mr. FOX LANE: had for a long time marked great violence of manner, and very great peculiarity in his master. On the 26th ult. remembers that he found Mr. LANE mounted on a rocking-horse: he had stained the bridle with red ink, which he called "the blood of infidels." He kept rocking the horse very violently, at the same time swinging a toasting-fork, which he said was the sword of the avenger.

SAMUEL JONES examined:—He was footman to Mr. LANE: thought him of late very much changed. On the 27th ult. there was a leg of mutton for dinner. Mr. LANE jumped from the table in a violent passion, swearing that the Pope's Eye was looking at him. Desired witness in future to purchase legs of mutton that were blind: called the Pope the son of a naughty woman, and said he would have none of his winking in his house.

ELIZABETH WILLIAMS, housekeeper, examined:—Remembers that on the 28th ult. Mr. LANE sent for her into the drawing-room. He asked how much fire would roast a goose; she told him. He then inquired how much, and what time it would take to roast O'CONNELL, basted with the Rent? She couldn't give a direct answer. He then told her to take away all his Irish shirts, and to make tinder of 'em. After that told her to sift him some fine ashes, and to get him a corazza made of sackcloth. He then talked about the tribe of Israel; said he intended to become immediately one of the tribe; when witness was so alarmed—Mr. LANE having then a knife in his hand—that she ran out of the room.

Mr. CROSS, of the Surrey Zoological Gardens, examined:—Mr. LANE visited the Gardens on the 28th ult. He came to witness, and asked him if he had not some fine lions' whelps? Witness seeing something queer in the gentleman's manner, tried to talk about the giraffes and the real Nubians. Witness then left him. Sometime after, witness found the gentleman with a shilling in his hand, offering it to one of the lions,—and crying—"Will you list? Will you be a soldier? Will you take a shilling, and spring up a ready-made warrior?" Witness fearing the lion would not only take the shilling but the gentleman's arm with it, coaxed him away by telling him that the lion was of no use, being an arrant coward; but that there was a very fine elephant that would enlist immediately. Whereupon, Mr. LANE went to the elephant, and offering the shilling, the animal took it, and showed its sagacity by instantly laying it out in heart-cakes and oranges.

Here Mr. Fox Lane was introduced. One of the Commissioners asked him if he knew what they were assembled for,—when the unhappy man gesticulated violently, and did nothing but exclaim—"Whore of Babylon! Infidels' blood! Fighting lions! Pope—pope—pope!" and then began to whistle *Croppies, lie down.*

Doctors Burrowes and Southey having been examined, the Commissioners returned a verdict that Mr. Lane Fox had been wholly incapable of protecting his constituents' interests from the first moment of his election.

THE UNIVERSAL PEACE CONVENTION.

The members of this excellent institution have been meeting together, but their proceedings have not been correctly reported. The following is a verbatim account of what took place, a few days ago, at one of their assemblies:—

Mr. Palseamhop was unanimously called to the chair. He began by observing on the sacrifices he had personally made for peace and quietness. He had just paid a cabman four times the legal fare, rather than provoke that individual to punch his (the chairman's) head, which had been threatened. (*Hear, hear.*) The great principle of the society was to prevent war; and he was glad to see that the iron railings, which formerly were made in the form of javelins, were no longer manufactured in shapes of such a formidable character. (*Hear.*) At one house he (the chairman) had called and requested the owner to remove some railings in the form of javelins, urging the fact of their giving warlike notions to the neighbouring youth; but the householder replied in an unfriendly tone, and high words ensued, when he (the chairman), received a kick, and finding he was

FOILED IN THE ENCOUNTER,

ran away—in the spirit of the Society. (*Hear, hear, and cheers.*) Still he (the chairman) was not discouraged. (*Applause.*)

Mr. Cutaway was happy to observe that the Duke of Wellington was favourable to peace. It was a wrong notion to suppose that the hero of Waterloo was fond of war, or that he was continually walking about with a foil, pinking his friends and acquaintances. (*Hear.*) The Duke had said that he had rather repose upon his laurels, and he (Mr. C.) was glad to perceive that the laurels in front of Apsley House were looking healthy. (*Question.*)

The Chairman then read the report, from which it appeared that the society's funds had been exhausted in the purchase of old swords from the marine store dealers, and converting the same into ploughshares, of which the society had now such a stock as to be able to supply the whole of the agricultural interest. The committee asked for a further subscription from the members, to enable the society to buy a quantity of bayonets, with the intention of having them made into boot-hooks.

It was proposed to give the thanks of the society to a certain actor, who had greatly advanced the cause of tranquillity and peace by having never "made a hit."

This resolution having been agreed to, the meeting separated.

Presents to the Duchess of Mecklenburg-Strelitz.

The poor are not to be outdone in their good intentions by the rich. The *Morning Post* tells us of presents made by Marchionesses to the Royal Bride of 3,000*l.* per annum; *Punch* has received an account of donations from the colonies—

From Bolton, fifty bread-baskets—(the owners having no further use for them.)

From Paisley, half-a-dozen dinner-plates, gracefully festooned with cobwebs.

Besides these donations, the subscribers will, in the handsomest way, (having no choice of doing otherwise) contribute their mite to the 3,000*l.* per annum of the now Duchess of Mecklenburg-Strelitz.

To be Sold—A Child's Caul.

The principal reason for parting with it is that it has become so exceedingly loud, as considerably to disturb the family. Any retired persons wishing to introduce a little noise into the house, will find this an eligible purchase.

The Report of the Augusta wedding says, "The bridegroom evinced great possession,"—and well he might! 3,000*l.* a year is something worth possessing.

Punch's Court Circular.

Mrs. Smythe Smith Smithie gave a grand parlour in honour of Her Majesty's drawing-room.

The following were present:—

Dukes.—Humphrey, &c.

Barons.—Nathan, &c.

Bishops.—Sharpe, &c.

Honourables.—None.

Dishonourables.—Ditto.

The following were presented:—

Miss Jones, on her having come; Miss E. Jones, on her having accompanied her sister.

LADIES' DRESSES.

Mrs. Smythe Smith Smithie.—Robe of striped muslin over a rich white calico slip, the robe finishing in a hem carried all round, and met at the waist by a body of the same material. Head-dress, goffered net, artificial flowers, tortoise-shell combs, and sarsnet ribbons.

Miss Jones.—Skirt of brown silk, richly watered (by a watering-cart in the road), and trimmed at the bottom with a piece of straw (from the omnibus). Shawl *à la Vandyke* in *satin noir*. Head-dress, *chapeau à la Dunstable.*

Miss E. Jones.—The same, except the watering of the silk and the straw trimming.

METROPOLITAN IMPROVEMENTS.

The formation of the new street from Piccadilly to Long Acre is looked forward to with the most intense interest, inasmuch as the Commissioners of Woods and Forests have determined upon arranging an expedition to the interior of Leicester Square. Many surmises are afloat as to what discoveries will be made in this new world. Its dead seclusion—the centuries it has remained undisturbed—the valuable relics of antiquity with which it doubtless abounds, all conspire to render the undertaking equal in importance to the exhumation of Pompeii and Herculaneum.

As it is supposed that some native tribes abide in the innermost districts, Mr. Hamley, of the Noah's Ark Toy-shop in Holborn, has consequently been applied to for two dozen dolls and some glass beads to propitiate the aborigines: and the Commissioners have also bought up the little mechanical man on horseback who used to ride across the window near Miss Linwood's, for the same purpose. This will account for his disappearance the last week or two. One of our party accompanies the expedition, and the fullest particulars will appear in *Punch* at the earliest opportunity.

PUNCH'S LABOURS OF HERCULES.

LABOUR THE SEVENTH.—HOW HERCULES CAUGHT AND TAMED A PRODIGIOUS WILD BULL, WHICH RAVAGED A CERTAIN ISLAND.

Hercules was a bull-hunter of old. It is on record that he captured a wild and very mischievous bull, which laid waste the island of Crete. The Heraclidæ, or descendants of Hercules, had they flourished at a later epoch, might have taken the name and arms of Turnbull; the Heralds' College, surely, would have had no objection to their doing so. The hero, in his deified state, did likewise catch and tame a notable bull; bull No. 2.

This bull was a bull who made himself very troublesome in an island contiguous unto Great Britain, forming, indeed, a third of the United Kingdom; and so powerful was he that he nearly turned it upside down. In fact, this island was Hibernia; so that the bull was an Irish bull. However, the reader must know that he was positively an Irish bull, in which respect he differed from certain other bulls of that nation.

This bull was a very fat bull. He had no horns (that we know of), so that he did not gore anybody. Still he was very dangerous. He possessed a marvellous gift of bellowing, whereby he was wont to create frequent disturbances in the island, to the perilous excitement of the turbulent part of the population, and the disquiet and alarm of the more peaceable inhabitants. Probably it was on account of this faculty of roaring that he was named the Great O; that letter energetically pronounced being imitative of a roar. The noises which he used to make were so terrible that they shook the whole island like an earthquake, to such an extent as at times to render its utter disjunction from the sister kingdom a thing to be apprehended. Hence it was that he was also denominated Agitator.

He consumed a wonderful amount of provender annually, in the shape of a material which in the language of the country was called Rhint. This provender he obtained by dint of his roaring, which was rather musical to the ears of the majority of the Hibernians, who, to tell the truth, were somewhat of an obstreperous disposition; but who also expected to derive certain advantages from it, hoping that it would terrify the adjoining country into conceding to them certain rights and privileges, which, as they conceived, it had unjustly withheld from them. They therefore, though they could ill afford it, supplied him copiously with the Rhint, to encourage him to bellow and roar.

This bull had a kinsman, whose name was John Bull, who lived over the water, and to whom the hullaballoo which he kept up was extremely annoying. John particularly disapproved of the earthquakes which the Irish bull was occasioning, and looked forward to their possible consequence with much uneasiness. He roared out to him to be quiet; it was of no use. He roared to those who had the common charge of himself and the other bull, to interfere and keep him in order; they could not, they knew not what to do. So at last he roared out for help to Hercules.

Hercules, ever inclined to act as a peacemaker, acceded readily to the roar of John Bull. The hero's intentions becoming known, it was thought by many that he would embark for Hibernia by the first steamer, and instantly proceed to reduce the animal to reason with his club. But upon consideration, he found that whatever induced the Hibernian bull to bellow, there was, as a matter of fact, no little reason in his roar; at least on the part of those who upheld him therein. For they, for the most part, had been reduced to live on potatoes and salt; a diet which he felt would, in his mortal state, have made him cry out, or get anybody he could to cry out for him by proxy. And he put it to John Bull, who was extremely sensitive in his own case to the wrongs of the stomach, and whose appetite was especially remarkable, whether starvation was not a fair excuse for roaring or causing to roar?

It was clear, therefore, to the demigod, that the proper course to pursue in order to tame down this Irish bull would be to relieve, and thereby to pacify, the famishing population of his country. And now how, he came to ask himself, was it that the Hibernians were fain to live upon the root which the swine did eat; that Irish men were reduced to fare like Irish pigs? He saw in a moment that it was from the depressed state of agriculture and commerce; and that this again arose in consequence of the absence from the country of those whose presence was necessary to their promotion; the capitalists and owners of the soil: and here the question naturally suggested itself:—"Was he to break their heads?"

No. It was from fear of having their heads broken that they absented themselves. The country was too hot to hold them; and now came the grand question,—how was this?

There is a certain culinary axiom, analogically applicable to legislation, namely, that "What is sauce for goose is sauce for gander." Now the sister island, conformably to its gender, being representable by gander, and Great Britain, in consideration of its political wisdom, by goose, it was apparent to the mind of Hercules, that, for goose and for gander, very different sauces were provided, and that gander naturally was highly indignant with her cooks. Hence her inflammatory condition, and consequently inconvenient temperature.

Between Hibernia and Britannia there was one especial difference. No man who likes mutton and dislikes beef, will willingly eat beef instead of mutton. Still less willingly will he allow beef to be forced down his throat; and least of all will he willingly pay for the said beef. Now there was, in the times whereof we are writing, a species of theological beef, and a species of theological mutton. In Britannia this diversity of taste was acknowledged and accommodated, insomuch that, in a particular district of the island where veal was preferred,—the other and the larger district being inhabited by beef-eaters, and beef-eating being therein the established system—the use of veal was ratified and sanctioned by law, and men were not obliged to eat beef unless they chose: still less were they obliged to pay for it whether they ate it or not. It had been at one time attempted to enforce beef upon them; but they *covenanted* together against it and kicked it out, and thenceforward they were allowed to eat their veal in quiet. The territory in question was called Scotia—Hibernia had a peculiar appetite for mutton; indeed she could eat nothing else, and as she was obliged to eat something, she chose that and paid for it. Be it observed, we speak of mutton theological; for of veritable mutton poor Hibernia had *little* enough. But Britannia insisted on her feeding on beef, or, at all events, on paying for a supply of it. The pocket is impatient of aggression. Men do not like being taxed, whether directly or indirectly, for what they do not require. Hibernia, therefore, took the demand which was made on her of payment for the beef (which she would much rather have been without) extremely ill. Nor was this all. The purveyors of the popular aliment, mutton, felt themselves exceedingly aggrieved, partly at the abstract wrong of their customers being saddled with the expense of unpalatable beef, partly because their mutton, but for that imposition, would have borne a higher price. They therefore very naturally sided with those who dealt with them, and exhorted them to clamour for "Liberty of Mutton," and "No compulsory Beef:" exciting the bull also to roar to the same tune.

Hercules being acquainted with these circumstances, presented himself with his club before the Legislature of the United Kingdom of Britannia and Hibernia, and said how happy he should be to reduce the Irish bull, in accordance with the wishes of the Bull called John, to a state of harmless domesticity. But he would not budge, he declared, till the homogeneity of the sauce for the gander with the sauce for the goose was established, and especially till the exaction for the repudiated beef was abolished. His declaration was received with much grunting, hooting, and groaning; and an abortive attempt was made to convince him that the so-called gander was no gander, but quite a different bird from the goose. Those who made this assertion knew very well that it was false; and there needed only a very few blows from the hero's club to put them all to silence. But they demurred strongly to the mutton, and insisted on upholding the beef. Mutton, they contended, was unwholesome for the Hibernians. Hercules replied that they would eat nothing else. They urged that beef was the proper thing; that the benighted creatures did not know what was good for themselves. The demigod answered that beef they would not have. Then they began to panegyrise beef; but Hercules lost all patience, and knowing well that the purveyors of beef were at the bottom of all this humbug, he flew into a fit of divine wrath, and laid about him right and left, till he had drubbed common sense and rationality into the assembly, when they at length agreed to be guided by his advice. So the sauce for the gander and the sauce for the goose were identified; the privilege of mutton was conceded to the Hibernians, and beef was left to their option.

And then Hercules went over to Hibernia prepared to take the bull by the horns, and now that he had no further business to roar, to cudgel him soundly should he prove riotous. But the supply of provender, all but an eleemosynary sufficiency, had ceased; the creature was tame as a lamb:

and allowed himself to be quietly conveyed by the hero to Liverpool, and thence to London, where Hercules, to show the docility of his prize, having entwined a garland of mingled rose, shamrock, and thistle around his neck, led him thereby about the principal thoroughfares, and presented him on the first Court day to her Majesty the Queen.

Sale of Miscellaneous Furniture.

MR. GEORGE ROBINS

Has been instructed, by a Gentleman residing in

THE METROPOLIS OF THE WORLD,

To submit to public competition a Quantity of Miscellaneous Property, that was worthy to have formed a part of the

Collection of H.R.H. the Duke of Sussex.

The Property includes—

SEVERAL HUNDRED OUNCES OF PLATES AND DISHES,

In choice patterns, including the Willow; and a complete Dinner Set of the

Arabian Pheasants.

The writer hath some difficulty in doing justice to

The Antique Furniture;

but, as it includes several old turn-up tent and half-tester Bedsteads, he may be justified in using the words of the

IMMORTAL SHAKESPEARE,

whose spirit the writer hath the courage to hope, (though

MR. MACREADY

does not continue the manager of

Drury Lane Theatre,)

is not yet extinct; and in alluding to

"TIRED NATURE'S BEST RESTORER—GENTLE SLEEP"—

Mr. Robins hath in his eye the Bedsteads already hinted at. Among the

OBJECTS OF VERTU,

will be found a Bust, in plaster of Paris, of Buonaparte, which, strangely enough, has been overlooked by the proprietor of the

CELEBRATED NAPOLEON MUSEUM,

which is now dividing the attention of the public with the

Chinese Collection,

and neither of which interfere with the justly-earned popularity of the

FAR-FAMED WAX-WORK OF MADAME TUSSAUD.

The Public will also have an opportunity of bidding for the Lease of the House, which is now in the possession of the

SHERIFF OF MIDDLESEX;

and thus there is a chance for the incoming tenant of forming a connexion with the

FIRST CORPORATION IN THE UNIVERSE.

The House stands entirely

On its own Ground,

and is within three miles of the

Abode of Royalty.

As the Sheriff has in the kindest manner taken away all the old-fashioned Fixtures, there is a

WIDE FIELD

left open for the indulgence of a refined taste in refitting the whole with

Grates of the Costliest description.

The whole of the Furniture will be disposed of in one Lot, and the Lease in one other.

*** Catalogues may be had of Mr. Snooks, official assignee, Basinghall-street; at the Offices of the Sheriff of Middlesex; and of Mr. Robins, Covent-Garden.

Musical Intelligence.

THE CHORAL AND PHILHARMONIC MEETINGS, at the Turnstile end of Lincoln's Inn Fields, continue to be well attended, especially the sixth concert for the week, which took place on Saturday evening. The selection commenced with the favorite song of "Lovely Night," arranged as a trio for the Infant Sapphos, Miss Slagsby and her sisters; followed by a romance on the violin by Mr. Chorks, the favorite pupil of the late William Waters, to whom that great professor bequeathed his sheet-iron fiddle. He has all the rapidity and tone of his master, and equals every other great solo-player of the day, in never knowing when to leave off. The "Battle Symphony" followed, the chief parts being supported by Messrs. Sullivan and Malony; and the first round was brought to a conclusion by the New Police Fugue, arranged by Meddlesome in A 73.

The interval between the parts was agreeably filled up by Mr. Bingo, who sang *buffo* lyric, with great effect. He was unanimously encored, when he introduced his descriptive scene of "Shivery Shakery," with infinite applause. The second part opened with an overture made to "The Ruler of the Spirits" round the corner, that he would stand a drop to the band who were playing in front of his door. Next, we were favoured by Mrs. Brown, who gave, in fine style, "The Deserted Wife to her Husband," in such a manner as to call down general applause. This was succeeded by "The Storm," at the commencement of which the audience began to disperse.

AN OFFICER IN THE BLUES.

Several Quartett Concerts, for four piano-organs, have taken place in Leicester Square during the present month. The instruments are placed at each corner; and the effect of them, when playing together, is exceedingly powerful. The stalls have been well attended; and the boxes—principally Congreve—readily disposed of. Mr. Artful Dodger's Entertainment, illustrating "The Songs and Music of Bloomsbury," has also given great satisfaction.

The Society of Musical Antiquaries have traced the origin of Scottish minstrelsy to Norway; so that it is possible the lays of Burns are remotely connected with the Scandinavian Scalds.—(See *Strutt's Pastimes.*)

The Facility of Forgetting.

THE Tories when out of place opposed Prince Albert's pension, and

ACCUMULATION OF GUILT.

now they are in office grant one to the Princess Augusta. What Napoleon said of the Bourbons when they returned to the throne, may most happily be applied to the Tories, since they have returned to power, viz.: "*Ils n'ont rien appris, et ils n'ont rien oublié.*"

A LIE LIKE TRUTH.—It is not true that Sir Peter Laurie intends to bring an action for libel against the author of "BEN BRADSHAWE, THE MAN WITHOUT A HEAD."

PUNCH'S CARTOONS

Will be ready for exhibition in the next Number.

Printed by Messrs. Bradbury and Evans, Lombard Street, in the precinct of Whitefriars, in the city of London, and published by Joseph Smith, of No. 53, St. John's Wood Terrace, Regent's Park, in the Parish of Marylebone, in the County of Middlesex, at the Office, No. 194, Strand, in the parish of St. Clement Danes, in the county of Middlesex.—SATURDAY, JULY 8, 1843.

THE STORY OF A FEATHER.

CHAPTER XXV.—A HOUSE OF MOURNING.—I AM IN GREAT PERIL.—A MESSAGE FROM THE DEAD.

I was in a house of mourning. That is, the shutters were partly closed; the curtains were drawn; the dressmaker had taken orders for black; and very dear friends were invited to a funeral. Becky, the maid—I honoured her resolution—struggled hard to look lugubrious, not at all comforted by the prospect of a new gown; whilst the fortitude of the bereaved Mrs. Cramp was an example to all newly-delivered widows. I protest I loved the woman for her honesty. The breath being fairly out of the body of her husband, that is, her husband by conjugal law, she neither wept, nor whined, never caught herself in a strangulating sigh; but wiped all defiling grief from her face as she would have wiped fly-spots from china. She looked more than resigned. Ere Cramp was screwed down, I heard her laugh lustily; albeit the practised Becky begged her mistress "not to go on so 'stirically; as shrieks wouldn't bring him back; and why should they—wasn't he in heaven?" Mrs. Cramp declared she could n't help it; and from my heart I believe the woman.

"I was a good wife to him, Becky," said the widow, smiling in the very sweetness of conscience.

"When he was alive, me'm, I always said you was too good for him; but now he 's just gone, it is n't right to say so. Still he *was* old, me'm; that 's on his coffin, so there 's no harm in saying that. Nothing 's wickeder than to abuse the dear dead, me'm. Still he *was* old."

"He was," said the widow, with slight emphasis.

"Never could have been good-looking; but, bless him, dear soul! who 'd blame him for that? Still, he never could have been handsome," sighed Becky.

"I never heard of anybody who said as much. But what 's beauty in a man, Becky? Nothing. Nevertheless, he wasn't handsome, God knows," cried the widow.

"And then we all have our tempers, me'm, to be sure. For all that, me'm, master was a little sour. Sometimes, as one may say, he 'd bile over with vinegar."

"He meant nothing, Becky; nothing at all," said Mrs. Cramp. "It was only in our honeymoon, I remember—Ha, Becky!"—here the widow slightly shuddered—"I shall never forget my honeymoon!"

"Yes, me'm—but you were going to say—what did dear master do then, me'm?"

"Swore like any trooper, Becky. But sickness did him a deal of good," said Mrs. Cramp.

"Quite cured him at last, m'em. And then—but it 's a common fault—he did love money a little, m'em?" and Becky paused.

The widow made no answer, but, glancing at her maid-servant, drew a long sigh.

"And what was the use, me'm! You know he couldn't take it with him?"

Here a burst of light animated the widow's face, and she cried—the monosyllable bubbling from her heart—"No!"

"I wouldn't abuse the dead for the world, me'm; but people called him an Old Jew," said the maid.

"He wasn't that, Becky," answered the widow, in the mildest, sweetest tone of reproof.

"But he did like to drive a bargain. He did love more than his penn'orth," cried Becky.

"He was a man of the world, Becky," said Mrs. Cramp.

"Ha! me'm," cried Becky, hardly knowing the truth she uttered; "if so many folks wasn't what they call themselves, men of the world, the world, me'm, wouldn't be so bad as it is."

"I don't think the poor man left it worse than he found it," observed the man's widow.

"And then—if he wasn't dead I would say it—he used you like any Turk."

"It was his fondness, Becky; at least, I hope it was his fondness."

"Ha, me'm, I've said it agin and agin, you was too good for him!" cried Becky.

My belief at the time was, that Mrs. Cramp had long been of her maid's opinion. However, she merely answered—"That's over now, Becky."

"It *is* over, and a good thing, too; for although nobody should speak ill of the dead—I must say it—a worser man never lived."

"Becky, don't distress me: come here." With this meek reproof, Mrs. Cramp approached where I was lying, followed by her maid. "'Twill be a thousand pities," said the widow, taking me gently in her hand.

"Quite a sin, me'm, to do it," said Becky.

"And yet I must go into weeds," sighed the widow.

"All the better, me'm; you do look so nice in black," cried the maid.

It is clear, I thought, I have been the subject of previous conversation, and mistress and maid are now discussing my fate. What would become of me?

"A thousand pities to dye it," said Mrs. Cramp, still gazing at me.

I trembled at the word through every filament. Dye me! What! was I to forego, and so soon, the snowy purity of my outside? In the very beauty of my whiteness—in my excelling candour—to be dyed pitch-black! for no fault of mine, but at the whim, the tyrannous caprice of another, to be degraded to the negro?

"And yet 'twill wear a long time dyed," mused Mrs. Cramp.

"Doesn't show the dirt, to be sure, me'm," said Becky.

"Still it's a pity. Yet, I must be black for a twelvemonth, Becky," observed the widow.

"You must, to be decent, me'm," answered the maid. Suddenly, however, she thought of a probable escape, and added,—"Unless you marry afore, me'm!"

"Before a twelvemonth! What do you think me, Becky? Well, Becky, we shall see," said Mrs. Cramp, laying me down again, and after a few moments leaving me in solitude.

The last speech of the widow left me in perplexity: for I knew not whether she had deferred the idea of again marrying within the year, or of submitting me to the dyer's mystery: whether she was again to speedily don bridal white, or I was to be immediately doomed to wear enduring darkness. I passed a time of restless misery. I am sure that I felt as a man feels—condemned by inevitable circumstance to be blackened for life, he himself no party to the iniquity. I felt the same anguish at the thought of losing my exterior whiteness; and being after a time used in fifty different offices for the convenient reason, that the dirt I gathered would not show. Can it be thus with men, I pondered? After the first dip and dye in inky guiltiness, do after-spots go with them for nothing? The purity of their white fame once gone, do they show no future dirt? Again I reasoned with myself: What! I asked,—if I am no party to the pollution, shall I therefore despair? Say that to outward look I am made black as pitch,—shall it be to me no consolation that I feel the same inward purity that I am black only to appearance, not black within? Such were then my musings. I have since learned to look on men with all their faults, as sometimes little more than feathers in the hands of the dyer!

About ten days had elapsed from the death of the old card-maker, and I had begun to think myself forgotten by his widow, when she took me from a drawer, and carried me down stairs. I might narrate much gossip of which I was ear-witness, respecting the solemnity of the funeral, with the tea and very hospitable supper given on the lamentable occasion. All this I pass over. Mrs. Cramp—I must own as much—wore her widow's weeds as though she was proud of them; many of her female friends assured her that she never looked better, whilst to one or two she confessed that, to her surprise, she never felt so.

When Mrs. Cramp had descended to the parlour, I trembled, for there was Becky, plainly prepared for some mission. After all, I thought, are they going to dye me?

"And now, Becky, you will take the feather to"—

A peremptory knock at the street-door mutilated Mrs. Cramp's sentence. Becky immediately answered the summons, and as quickly returned:—"Oh, me'm! it 's that monster of a man, Mr.—"

Betty was a quick speaker, but ere she had uttered the word due, Mr. Uriah Cloudy personally introduced himself. Now women have a peculiar dexterity in hiding things; with almost more than feminine rapidity, Mrs. Cramp threw me at the back of her chair, and prepared herself for her visitor.

"Girl, you 're not wanted," said Mr. Cloudy to Becky. "Go into the kitchen."

The Muggletonian having been the spiritual adviser of the late card-maker, for the nonce installed himself the master of his widow's maid. Becky seemed resolved to question the usurpation, but a look from her mistress sent her grumbling from the room.

"You 're quite happy, Mrs. Cramp?" asked Cloudy.

"Happy as can be expected," answered the widow.

"It 's a blessed thing I 'm left executor," said the Muggletonian. Mrs. Cramp said nothing. "And now, Mrs. Cramp, I 'm come upon a solemn business. I come to bring you the words of the dead!"

"Mr. Cloudy!" cried the widow, anxiously; as though half-expecting some unpleasant communication from her buried husband.

"You know my Rebecca! Well, wasn't she a woman! A

wedding-ring wasn't lost upon her, was it? Well, she knew she was dying. Dear creature! She knew everything. It was strange, too—at least, if we didn't know all things are for the best—it was strange that she should go only a month before your poor man: but she knew he'd follow her; she knew it, ma'am; she knew it. And so she called me to her, and said, 'Uriah, will you take my last words to that dear angel of a woman, Mrs. Cramp?' Dear angel were her very words, or I'm the worst of sinners. Rebecca, says I, make your mind easy, I'll tell her every syllable. Then she takes hold of my hand—just as I take hold of your's, Mrs. Cramp—and says, 'Uriah, I'm a-going, and Mr. Cramp is coming after me. You and Mrs. Cramp will be left alone in the world. She's a dear woman, and"—

"I don't know what you mean, Mr. Cloudy," cried the widow, never divining human meaning better in all her life.

"It's only my respect for the dead, Mrs. Cramp, that makes me offend you; but Rebecca promised to haunt me if I didn't do as she begged me. She's a dear woman, she said, and, as I think, has always had an honest regard for you. When I'm gone, Uriah, you'll be left a poor unprotected creature in the world. Nobody to look to your wants; to take care of your darning, your linen, and your nice little hot suppers. Oh, Uriah! I couldn't rest in my grave if I thought it; and so, in decent time, go to that dear Mrs. Cramp when she's a widow, and give her my love and my compliments, and say, if she'd be really happy in this life, she'll marry you."

With these words, Uriah Cloudy dropt upon his knees, and Mrs. Cramp suddenly jumping from her seat, the chair fell back to the floor. Becky, startled by the noise, ran into the room, and picking me up, hid me under her cloak. "What's the matter, me'm?" she cried.

Mrs. Cramp could give no answer, but burst into a violent fit of laughter.

"It's nothing, Becky, nothing," said the Muggletonian; "only taking on about your poor master."

THE UNREPORTED ILLUMINATIONS.

CONSEQUENT upon the confusion necessarily attending a general demonstration of loyalty, numerous illuminations escaped the observation of the ordinary reporters. We notice, therefore, the following:—

MR. MOON, OF THREADNEEDLE STREET.

Mr. Moon himself standing at the window, with a strong light reflected upon him from a figure of *Punch* at the back, enabling the public to see through him.

MR. JONES, USHER OF THE COURT OF QUEEN'S BENCH.

A fine transparency of brown holland, ingeniously arranged by pulling down the blind. This illumination was remarkable for a subdued and mellow tone, which contrasted well with some of the more brilliant displays in the metropolis.

MR. SMITH, CHEMIST, CLAPHAM ROAD.

A splendid quadrilateral arrangement of glass, tastefully erected over the doorway. In the front department was a glaring red star, intended as an ingenious substitute for the Star of Brunswick. In the opposite department was a superb blue bull's eye—typical, no doubt, of the jewel of the Order of the Blue Ribbon. On one of the side departments was a beautiful square transparency of yellow glass, with the word "Leeches" tastefully written in striking black letters, and alluding, no doubt, to the royal foreigners now in this country. Opposite to this was a square transparency which was unfortunately broken.

MR. BUCKS'S WHELK ESTABLISHMENT, MARSH GATE.

The whole façade of this magnificent range of fish-stall was lighted with a row, (consisting of two) candles, placed within a frame-work of paper, so as to give the effect of a transparency.

B. TOMMASO SPAGLIETTO'S VEHICULAR ORGAN.

Three lamps arranged so as to form an isosceles triangle, of which the centre of the top of the organ and the extreme ends of the lower part formed the apices. This illumination was exceedingly attractive; for, by the kindness of the proprietor, it was drawn about through several of the principal streets, and thus gave to many of the inhabitants of different parts of the metropolis an opportunity of viewing it.

THE MORNING POST OFFICE.

Jenkins, as Fame, blowing his own trumpet, with the letters "HERE V. R.," in oil of roses.

DRURY-LANE THEATRE.

The illumination at this theatre consisted of five letters—V. R. P. E. D. meant to signify "Victoria Regina, Patroness of the English Drama."

SUBSTANCE AND SHADOW.

CARTOON No. I.

THERE are many silly, dissatisfied people in this country, who are continually urging upon Ministers the propriety of considering the wants of the pauper population, under the impression that it is as laudable to feed men as to shelter horses.

To meet the views of such unreasonable people, the Government would have to put its hand into the Treasury money-box. We would ask how the Chancellor of the Exchequer can be required to commit such an act of folly, knowing, as we do, that the balance of the budget was triflingly against him, and that he has such righteous and paramount claims upon him as the Duke of Cumberland's income, the Duchess of Mecklenburg Strelitz's pin-money, and the builder's little account for the Royal stables.

We conceive that Ministers have adopted the very best means to silence this unwarrantable outcry. They have considerately determined that as they cannot afford to give hungry nakedness the *substance* which it covets, at least it shall have the *shadow*.

The poor ask for bread, and the philanthropy of the State accords—an exhibition.

SUSPENSION OF IRISH MAGISTRATES.

THE Lord Chancellor of Ireland continues to proceed with vigour against the Repeal Magistrates. His last dismissal is that of the distinguished Senator, Sir Valentine Blake, between whom and Sir Edward Sugden the following correspondence has passed.

Dublin, June 22, 1843.

SIR,—I am directed by the Lord Chancellor to inform you, that in consequence of your statement in the House of Commons of your intention to attend at a Repeal meeting, arrayed in your uniform of a Deputy Lieutenant, his Lordship regrets being compelled to

LOSING HER PLACE.

supersede you in the Commission of the Peace, and to recommend to his Excellency to deprive you of the Commission of Deputy Lieutenant.

His Lordship also requires you to surrender to him, without delay, the uniform which you thus destined to desecration.

I have the honor to be Sir, your most obedient Servant,

To Sir Valentine Blake, Bart., M.P. H. SUGDEN.

London, June 24, 1843.

SIR,—I hurl back with indignation in the face of the donors, the paltry distinctions of Magistrate and Deputy Lieutenant.

Although I regard the demand for my uniform as unconstitutional and subversive of our rights and liberties, I have no hesitation in enclosing my tailor's bill for the amount of the suit, £31. 10*s*. On Sir Edward Sugden's liquidating the same, and transmitting me the receipt, I will enclose him the uniform by return of post.

With supreme contempt for all Saxon pettifoggers,

I am, Sir, your obedient and disgusted Servant,

To H. Sugden, Esq. VALENTINE BLAKE.

ROSSINI *versus* SHAKESPEARE.

M. ALEXANDRE DUMAS, in one of his *feuilletons*, speaking of Rossini's opera of "OTELLO," says:—"The whole world is familiar now-a-days with this opera. Eight days were sufficient for Rossini to *send into oblivion the chef-d'œuvre of Shakespeare*." How very true! Every one of our million readers will bear witness to the melancholy fact, that Othello would have been long ago lost to what Mrs. Trollope calls the "*crême de la crême*" of society, if Rossini had not set it to music!

SUBSTANCE AND SHADOW.

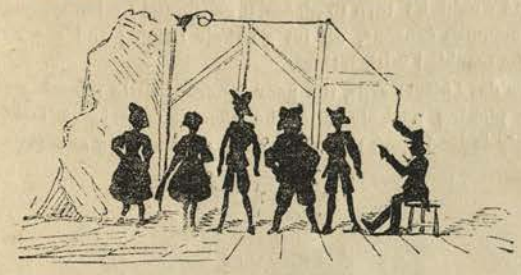
LINDA DI CHAMOUNI MADE EASY.

PROLOGUE.

SPIRIT of Jenkins, don't, oh ! don't refuse
To aid the efforts of mine humble Muse.
I sing the Opera ! I cannot boast
The feeling, force, or fancy of the *Post*.
But oh, if Jenkins will but smile or grin,
I will at once take courage and begin.

ACT THE FIRST.

The tuning is over, and Costa with grace
In the orchestra's centre ascends to his place;
And having manœuvred, by motions expert,
To settle the collar and cuffs of his shirt,
He strikes with his baton a small piece of tin,
The signal he gives to the band to begin.
The overture finished—and when it is done
We know just as much as before 'twas begun—
The curtain ascends, and displays to the sight
Some mountains of rather contemptible height,
And across them a somewhat circuitous track
Of carpenters' platforms arranged at the back:
It seems like a valley of freedom and bliss,
For everything looks so exceedingly Swiss ;
And enough has been done by the artist to gammon ye
Into thinking the scene is the Valley of Chamouni.
At first there is no one at all on the stage ;
But the public attention at once to engage,
There is suddenly heard in the distance a bell—
An incident (sure in an opera) to tell.
The audience think 'tis a clock—and devour
Its sounds with attention to find out the hour;
And, counting to twenty, at last are aware
It is n't a clock but a summons to prayer.
And if on the point there at first was a doubt,
'Tis quickly dissolved when a musical shout



Of chorus invisible joins with the chime,
While a voice at the wing murmurs " Pray keep your time."
At length from the cottage a lady emerges :
The audience on approbation just verges,
But seeing 'tis only the second-rate donna,
Wet blankets of " hush," are at once thrown upon her;
She sings a few bars, and by some mode or other,
We find she is Linda di Chamouni's mother ;
And when we consult the libretto, we learn
She 's waiting her husband Antonio's return.
The violoncello and basses begin,
When the very identical husband walks in,
Who being in person commanding and stout,
Some think it 's Lablache,—but they 're dreadfully out ;
And when contradicted, insist and declare,
It must be the *fils* if it is not the *père*.
But the truth they at last very shrewdly discover,
That 'tis Fornasari, who 's lately come over.
The singer repeats every sentence that 's said
By the man with the coal-scuttle over his head.
So from one or the other we learn that the bass,
Like every stage father, is in a hard case ;
But all will be well, the wife ventures to say,
Expressing a hope in their home they shall stay.
So Fornasari her wishes professes to share,
Then winks at the band as a cue for his air. *
In a movement andante he says that he 'd rather
Remain in the house of his excellent father ;
His daughter was born there, his parents had died there,
Which makes him more anxious, of course, to reside there.
And the air he concludes with a clench of his hand,
Which the people applaud, if they don't understand.
Enter chorus, preceding a man, who looks " Now
Good people, applaud me, I 'm ready to bow."
But the hint is not taken, in spite of his art,
And the *basso secondo* proceeds with his part.
It seems he 's a marquis, and in a few lines
Of *asides* he informs us of certain designs
That he has upon *Linda*—although he befriends
Her father and mother—at least he pretends.
In an *aria buffa*, he bustles about,
Then soon—and the sooner the better—goes out ;
The chorus retire too—somehow or other,
So, likewise, do Linda's old father and mother :
Thus leaving the stage, as it ever should be,
For the heroine's entrance—most perfectly free.
Persiani has enter'd—if anything thaws
The cold aristocracy into applause
It is Persiani—whose affable smile
Can even Young * England's white waistcoats beguile.
An air she commences—she 's been to some spot
To meet with her lover—but somehow she 's not ;
She calls him her Carlo—the name of a dog,
It 's rather a puppyish sort of *incog.*
It seems he 's a painter, with nothing to do—
Being never employ'd for a portrait or view ;
Excessively poor—but yet, on the whole,
He 's her *anima's luce*—the light of her soul.
The chorus re-enter, and raise a demand
For Pierolto, who happens to be close at hand :
It is the contralto Brambilla—dress'd out
As a Savoyard boy—but she 's rather too stout.
They ask him to sing—and the very large lad
Proceeds with a strain that is pretty, though sad ;
And then with a feeling most natural, very,
Pierolto and chorus go off to be merry.
Now Linda 's aloné—and of Carlo she talks,
When in, as a matter of course, Carlo walks ;
'Tis Mario, the tenor, who sings so prettily,
And whose father they say was a Marquis in Italy.
When together soprano and tenor once get,
There comes, as a matter of course, a duet.
Carlo says in his heart true affection 's a sediment,
But avows to their marriage there *is* an impediment.
What is it ? asks Linda ; alas ! he can't say,
But nevertheless they keep singing away.
Affection unchanging they vow to each other,
Though Linda remarks she 's deceiving her mother.
Says Carlo, " The mystery soon I 'll destroy,"
And the duo winds up with a movement of joy
So sparkling and gay that 'tis certain to charm ye,
And next day you 'll be humming the *A consolarmi*.
They part, though no reason on earth one can see,
Why one *exits* P. S. and the other O. P.
The stage once again being perfectly clear,
The *Prefetto* and Linda's old father appear ;
A kind of duet on the instant ensues,
When the basses their voices in rivalry use ;
And in their contention they almost forget
They ought to be singing a friendly duet,
Intended to make Fornasari aware
That Lablache seeks to rescue his child from a snare ;
He gets Fornasari to say she shall go
With a party of Savoyards, all through the snow.
She enters, embraces her father and mother,
Now hangs upon one—and now clings to the other ;

Then runs to the foot-lights—a moment she kneels,
And unto the large chandelier she appeals.
The Savoyards—looking exceedingly nice
With sham hurdy-gurdies and real white mice,
Are seen on the mountain beginning to go,
And the curtain descends on a pretty *tableau*.

END OF ACT I.

* Vide Mr. Hume's speech on the grant to the Princess Augusta.

JENKINS AGAIN!

VERILY, JENKINS has burst forth with the hot weather. Like a cucumber, he swelleth in the sun. The late winds and rain had chilled our JENKINS, but he is now something like himself, as our readers shall in five seconds acknowledge.

JENKINS discourseth of the "pressure" at the Opera :—

"As we took a survey of the pit, human heads appeared as if they had been piled one upon another, like cannon balls in a beleaguered bastion!"

FILLED TO THE BRIM.

Ods, bomb-shells, JENKINS! doth not this smell of something more than mere hair-powder? A beleaguered bastion! But, then, JENKINS—we have since discovered the fact—was in his youth triangle-boy to the Lumber Troop. Hence his belligerent style. Soon, however, does JENKINS subside into his natural sweetness.

"We had an amusing instance of the pressure. At the very beginning of the performance, *a kindhearted and rather obese friend of ours*, seeing a *brother magistrate* [we fear JENKINS is not altogether unknown to the bench] of his county standing with *his fair daughter* in one of the pit alleys, went down to offer him a seat in his box. True, he effected his entrance into the pit, but there he became at once impacted, *as fast as a fly in amber*, and, until the end of the opera, he remained helplessly *oscillating* amidst the crowd, telegraphing and making vain signals of distress, like a *Dutch boat that has lost its rudder in a storm!*"

A fly in amber! Now, a common, working-day observer, looking at an obese magistrate in such a dilemma, might have likened him to a cockroach in treacle; but sweetly, delicately doth the mind of JENKINS refine and elevate the grossness of mere human fat into the prettiest of objects! A county magistrate, of twenty stone, sweating in a July pit, by the magic of JENKINS's pen, is changed to a—fly in amber! We only hope that in a moment of benevolent idleness JENKINS may not some day wander into the Court of Queen's Bench; otherwise by his so potent goose-quill, all the Judges, Queen's Counsel, &c. may take wing as birds of Paradise, humming-birds, and turtle-doves. But great is JENKINS!—mighty in his literary necromancy: for, lo! he lets fall but a single drop of ink, and the magistrate, a fly in amber, becomes a Dutch boat that has lost its rudder! Only think of a county magistrate that has lost his rudder! A human butter-boat with nought to steer by!

JENKINS next speaks of his literary style,—perhaps the most difficult style to get over upon record :—

"Although we deeply regret *the frequent incoherency and other palpable defects* of those reports of the Opera which, after the fatigues of the day, we throw off *in breathless haste* at those small hours of the morning when our *happy readers* are quietly reposing, we think our plan is the best we could possibly adopt."

We deny the incoherency: the reports are perfect: we know nothing like them. Yet, mark the remorseless JENKINS! He can contemplate his readers fast asleep (not a very difficult stretch of the imagination), and without a twinge of heart know that they will wake to—read *The Morning Post!* This is downright Newgate apathy,—the indifference of a turnkey who chews tobacco at the couch of the sleeping culprit, who at a certain hour must be roused to be hanged!

Our next passage shows JENKINS as a fly-catcher :—

"On the night of the first public performance our judgment is already recorded; we then lay by to correct our impressions, and instead of serving up to our readers a *rechauffé* of our first critique, we endeavour to involve the *on dits* that fly from mouth to mouth *in our light talk*, just like naturalists catch the winged insects in the air in gossamer nets."

JENKINS, you are unjust to the weight of your talk. It is by no means so light as you imagine; for see how it has sunk the *Post*. You have only—excellent Man of the People—to talk away, and the thing must go down.

JENKINS speaketh of LABLACHE :—

"Born in degenerate Italy, he is but a singer—in the palmy days of its republics, he might have been a *great leader or a great statesman*, and have added many a bright page to the records of his immortal countrymen, Guicciardini and Macchiavel."

Well, as poor LABLACHE is not permitted to add original pages, might he not try his hand upon indexes? We, however, understand that LABLACHE, not being able to suppress "the god within him," has been sometime engaged upon a folio, splendidly illustrated, to be called *The Natural and acquired Properties of the Jackass*. JENKINS is very often seen at the lodgings of LABLACHE.

JENKINS next introduces himself as a man of charity: a Samaritan, with melting heart and open hand. He says—

"In the records of the Court of Chancery, in those of the Queen's Bench and Fleet Prisons, you may see what befell other *impresarii*; and in our own time, *we ourselves have personally given alms* to one who was at that moment ostensibly the lessee of *her Majesty's Theatre*."

That is, (perhaps) JENKINS has given a tester by stealth, and does not blush to scribble about it.

For the present week, farewell, JENKINS! We shall meet again. Indeed, it is our intention—in compliance with the prayers of thousands of our readers, to anatomize JENKINS from head to foot: to give a whole *Punch* to him; yes, to publish—

A JENKINS'S NUMBER.

THE BATTLE OF THE ALPHABET!

CARTOON, No. II.

SIR JAMES GRAHAM has given up his Educational Clauses in the Factory Bill. How, indeed, could he stand against the Church and Dissenting interests? Everybody deplored the ignorance of British babies; but, then, nobody would admit anybody to enlighten them. As many sects as there are letters of the Alphabet fought for the child, all seizing him at the same time!

"I have his right leg," says A.

"I his left," says B.

"I'll die before I give up this arm," says C.

"May I perish before I drop this one!" says D.

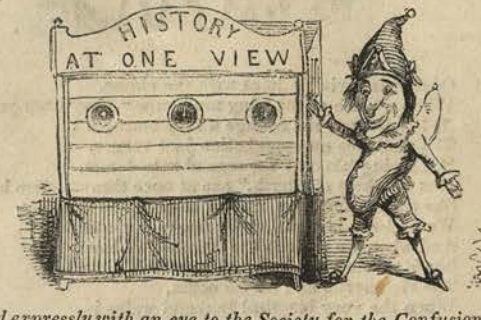
"Do you think I'm a heathen, to part with his shoulders?" says E.

"Or I to leave go of the hair of his head?" says F.

And then all the rest of the letters of the Alphabet vowed that they would never give up the bit of the dear child, that each prized so dearly.

Whereupon, each tugging with mutual strength, it was found that the child would be torn to pieces, if continued to be struggled for. So, by common consent, all let go their hands; and the child was not to be troubled with letters.

A few days afterwards, the poor ignorant little wretch was taken up for picking pockets, and the Common Serjeant talked very learnedly indeed upon the wickedness of the rising generation.



Arranged expressly with an eye to the Society for the Confusion of Useful Knowledge.

THE very great advantages of getting together a vast quantity of facts in such a form as to take them in at a single view, cannot for a moment be doubted. We have had the World at One View, printed in long narrow columns, on a single sheet, for only one penny, and placing that generally dear-bought commodity, a knowledge of the world, within the reach of every one. The system of concentration has been applied to almost every department of science and art—from the pocket encyclopædia down to the concentrated luncheon, which is said to combine a basin of soup in a mysterious-looking piece of glutinous compound about the size of a walnut.

History at one view has, however, been until now a desideratum amongst intellectual luxuries, and we shall therefore endeavour to supply the deficiency as briefly as possible. In order to render our universal history complete, and bring distant eras as well as nations beneath the

CARTOON, Nº 2.

BATTLE OF THE ALPHABET.

eye of the reader at a glance, we shall go regularly through the year, assigning to each month the events that properly belong to it.

On the 1st of January—for we like to begin at the beginning, even if when leaving off we arrive at no particular end—the Greeks declared themselves free, which was no doubt taking a very great liberty ; and on the very same day three years, being in 1825, Mr. Canning recognised the independence of Buenos Ayres—a name that must be familiar to all the visitors of Margate.

Supposing the year 1645 to have commenced on a Monday, Archbishop Laud must have been beheaded on Wednesday week, for all the authorities concur in fixing his execution for the 10th. This melancholy circumstance was followed, after an interval of a hundred and forty-four years and ten days, by the colonisation of Australia.

Intending to preserve a chronological accuracy in our history, we naturally come to February, and we find King Richard was ransomed on the fourth ; while on the 10th, after an interval of a few centuries, the marriage of Prince Albert with her Majesty was duly solemnised. On the very next day Mr. T. Duncombe moved in the House of Commons to relieve certain persons from the payment of church rates ; and it is a remarkable fact that the honourable member selected the anniversary of the birth of Voltaire for his bold experiment. On turning back to England we find hare-hunting finishing on the 27th, while the 29th, which, from its coming only once in four years, must always be a remarkable day, was, in 1841, distinguished still further by the fall of the bridge toll at Waterloo. It was a little earlier in the very same month, preceding the last event, however, by about six-and-eighty years, that Angria was taken prisoner. If this individual was irritable, which we have no reason to doubt, he must, if angry before, have been afterwards Angria still, so that he would have retained his self-possession even in captivity.

It was in the eventful month of March that Sir Hugh Myddleton, the founder of the New River Canal, whose head was so full of it, that it was a wonder he did not perish from an attack of water on the brain, disappeared from the canvass of history. He died on the 10th, and it is a fact worthy of remark that Julius Cæsar was assassinated on the 15th ; so that the ides of March were equally fatal to Sir Hugh and the Roman Emperor. On the 5th the troops at Mysore were attacked by General Harris, and subjected, no doubt, to a general harassing.

The 1st of April—a day generally sacred to fools—was most appropriately occupied in 1828 by the third reading of a Bill in the Commons for the regulation of lunatics; and so soon after as the second, though it is true seven years had then elapsed, an innkeeper, whose name has not been handed down to us, was indicted at Monmouth for refusing admittance to a traveller.

It was on the 10th that the Poles took several cannons from the Russians, at Sedlitz, and having loaded the guns, perhaps with Sedlitz powder, caused a terrible effervesence in the ranks of the enemy.

On the 19th of May a discussion arose on the disfranchisement of East Retford, and singularly enough on the very next day a Bishop was installed at Rottenbourgh ; so that rottenness was in one case deprived of a member, while in the other it was enriched with a prelate. This very 19th of May is remarkable also for the beheading of Anne Boleyn, A.D. 1536 ; while Anna Bolena, almost three hundred years afterwards, was beautifully executed at the opera.

The 1st of June must ever be memorable in history, not only on account of the victory of Howe, but from the fact that it was on this day Prince Albert first took the chair at a public meeting. The 3rd of the month had already been made famous, in 1818, by the surrender of Bajee Row to the English ; and when we consider what a Row there was in India at the time, we look back even now with satisfaction to the incident.

July began, in 1690, uncommonly well, for it opened with the Battle of the Boyne; but it finished, in 1743, with the death of Richard Savage, being about one hundred years before his Life was very successfully attempted by Mr. Charles Whitehead.

There cannot be a doubt that wood-paving is one of the most remarkable inventions of the present remarkable age ; and the 1st of August, 1842, will ever be regarded with interest, on account of its having been the day on which a patent was granted to Alfred John Phipps, for some alleged improvement in the wooden pavement. On the 8th, preparations were made for an attack on Pondicherry, a place which was so often taken and retaken by the English and the French,—which, in fact, wavered so constantly between the one and the other,—that instead of Pondicherry, Bob-cherry would have been a more appropriate name to call it by.

The fire of London is an epoch in universal history which gives a dignity to the 2nd of September that the day might not otherwise have obtained ; and a termination being put to the existence of Coke on the 3rd, would have seemed natural enough, considering that such a fire as that of London would have been sufficient to have reduced any coke to ashes. Unfortunately for the hypothesis, Coke was gone thirty-two years before the breaking out of the fire in which he might have been consumed.

The Deccan prize-money is a subject with which most people are familiar by name ; but it was reserved for the historian to throw a further light on it. It may help to dissolve the mists of obscurity in which this matter—as far as concerns the general reader—is involved, when we state it as a fact of which there cannot be a doubt, that on the 4th of October, 1758, Bussy was recalled from the Deccan, and that Lally was actually the party recalling him. A careful examination of the whole progress of the British connection with India has enabled us to make this statement with all the confidence that can alone give real value to the labours of the historian. But, though it was Lally who recalled Bussy from the Deccan, it was the King of Oude who soon afterwards attempted to seize upon Bengal,—a piece of impudence that has obtained for the King of Oude's sauce a notoriety that scarcely any other sauce has been attended with.

November is a month in itself so suggestive of obscurity and fog, that the universal historian can hardly be expected to observe a very considerable clearness in his narrative. Certain it is, however, that Herod died on the 7th, while the same day, A.D. 1594, proved fatal to Sir Martin Frobisher. We ought not to omit to mention, that on the 5th,—which we need hardly remark was Guy Fawkes' day—Sir Eyre Coote, who feared not danger in any guise, attacked Hyder at all risks ; and the gallant Coote, whose motto was *Coute qui Coute*, gave to Hyder a licking that his audacity had fully merited.

The brilliant career of Napoleon Buonaparte has given to the times in which he lived an interest that the historian cannot hope to enhance, though it will be his own fault if he happens to diminish it. December saw him First Consul, as well as Emperor, and in the same month he made Saxony a kingdom ; but having twice afterwards subdued it, he seems to have taken Saxony in hand only for the purpose of double-milling it. We had almost forgotten to allude to the proclamation of Bustamente, which appeared on the 1st of December, 1838. It called the people to arms: but who the people were, and whether they came to arms at Bustamente's call, are points which we cannot with certainty decide, and on which we are not by any means disposed, just now, to speculate.

The month of December has received from the poet of truth and nature the epithet of "dark ;" and, as the bard of Avon has used the expression "dark December," we should doubtless offend his admirers if we did not pronounce it to be a phrase full of everything great and eloquent. It was not, however, too dark—at least in the year 1841—to allow of one William Edward Newton taking out on the 14th a patent for printing and delineating patterns for floor-cloths, a task which he actually achieved on the day, month, and year which we have specified. We must not omit to state, that about the middle of December, 1683, the English were driven out of Bantam ; and as he must have been a regular Bantam

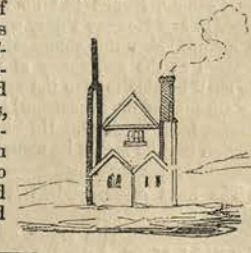
cock who succeeded in driving them out, it is to be regretted that his name has eluded the search of the historian.

Our task is over. We set out with a determination to make our history universal, and we trust that the promise in our opening observations has been adhered to faithfully.

PROGRESS OF SCIENCE.

As much surprise has been lately excited amongst passengers on the Southampton Railway and voyagers in the Chelsea steam-boats, relative to a singular building near the water-side, of which we give a view, we hasten to offer an explanation of it, for the benefit of our readers.

It is the property of the Committee of Education attached to Exeter Hall, and has been put up as *A Tuning Fork for the Million*. The adjoining edifice contains a steam-engine, by whose power the fork is struck, and its sound will extend over several counties, by which means half England will be enabled to pitch the right note, and sing in harmony. It will be something new to hear a chorus, of which the first and second parts will be in Norfolk and Middlesex, and the bass in Cornwall.



Melancholy Accident.

We have just heard of the dissolution of the Grand Turk who adorns the wax-work outside the Exhibition on the Surrey side of London Bridge. He expired of a *coup de soleil* one afternoon last week, and was literally struck all of a heap. An inquest was held upon the body, which presented a shocking spectacle, the same evening : and it was ultimately agreed to re-cast him into Prince Albert and Queen Victoria (busts only) for a fashionable hair-dresser's, at the west end.

Punch's Correspondence.

DURING the past week *Punch* has received so many letters from so many distinguished individuals, that the vanity of his human nature, or wooden nature—for 't is sometimes the same thing—will not allow him to be silent on the dignity of his correspondents. *Punch*, himself, allows very little importance to conventional rank; but then, unhappily for the world, every man is not *Punch*; every man has not his philosophy; his proud stoicism; his beautiful contempt of mere stars and garters; his great power, that strips humanity to its mere moral nakedness, and calls it beautiful or ugly as it then appears. *Punch*, therefore, will not light his cigar with the King of Hanover's letter, but enshrine it in everlasting type.

KING ERNEST TO PUNCH.

"ST. JAMES'S, *July* 13, 1843.

"MR. PUNCH,—If I have sustained with more than my wonted moral dignity the various attacks that have been directed at me by the demagogues and evil-speaking Radicals of England, it is to you that I feel myself bound to attribute that highest valour. Yes, Mr. *Punch*, during my painful absence from England, I have read you—studied you—worn your pages next my heart, as naughty men, resolved upon penitence, wear iron chains and hedgehog shirts. To my friend, Lord Brougham, I am indebted to my first introduction to *Punch*. It was his lordship who first forwarded to me your magnanimous publication. His lordship, it may be recollected, once called me 'illustrious only by courtesy.' I am now, I feel it, illustrious by every moral right; and this I owe to—*Punch!*

"You are aware, *Punch*, that since my happy accession to the throne of Hanover I have received 23,000*l.* per annum from the pockets and

DRAWING UPON HIS BANKER.

affections of England. You also know, that, within a few days, a most dastardly attempt has been made to deprive me of this, my hard-earned income. Within a few days!—yes, the time was chosen when I was the guest of the Queen of England!—after my tedious journey—my sufferings of sea-sickness—the peril of landing—my hair-breadth escape from eggs and other fetid missiles, that, I hear, were prepared to greet me,—after all this, I am attacked by Mr. JOSEPH HUME,—that *Jack Sheppard* to the peace of kings,—and called upon to 'Stand and deliver!' Well, Parliament has done its worst. I suffered the debate to be talked to an end, merely to see how far the impudence of demagogues would carry them. An enormous majority assures to me the continuance of my income. It is mine—mine—until the approach of the undertaker.

And now, Mr. *Punch*, now for kingly magnanimity!

I give up—of my own will give up—(but pray put this line in large and striking letters)—

The King of Hanover voluntarily gives up his Pension!

Yes, Mr. *Punch*, I have taken counsel with myself—instructed, let me add, by the sweetness and benevolence of your philosophy,—and I henceforth refuse to touch one penny coined from the blood of the poor and desolate English. I am no longer their pensioner, but

Their affectionate friend,

ERNEST.

Of course, *Punch* lost no time in forwarding the King of Hanover's letter to SIR ROBERT PEEL, who as yet, however, has wanted the courtesy to acknowledge the communication. But the country will pay proper homage to the generosity of Ernest; and we doubt not that in our next we shall be able to give the programme of the ceremony (with a particular account of the procession) that will solemnise the departure of King Ernest from England. He will take away its blessings in the exact proportion that he leaves its money.

The next correspondent is the Duke of Wellington, who writes as follows:—

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON TO PUNCH.

"Field Marshal the DUKE OF WELLINGTON presents his compliments to *Punch*, and as he has received the inclosed, requests that *he** will favour *him* by inserting it with F. M. the Duke's answer in *his* columns.

* It will be seen from the subjoined, which has gone the round of the papers, that the Duke is not a very able Field Marshal at a review of pronouns:—

"London, July 15, 1843.

"Field-Marshal the Duke of Wellington presents his compliments to Mr. Mulock. As it appears that Mr. Mulock has addressed the minister, the Duke concludes that *he* will give him an answer. *He* [WHO?—Sir Robert.] is one of the few men in these days who do not meddle with questions over which they have no control."

A. B. TO THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

"MY LORD DUKE,—The late sad and most disgraceful affair of honour (as it is miscalled) presents an opportunity which should not be lost sight of by you, the Commander-in-Chief, for marking your disapprobation of duelling in the army by dismissing every individual implicated from the service. Your obedient servant,

"A. B."

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON'S REPLY TO A. B.

"Field Marshal the Duke of Wellington presents his compliments to A. B., and does not see how he could cashier any officer or officers for fighting a duel, he himself having dignified the example by burning powder on a memorable event in the fields of Battersea."

This, *Punch* thinks, is a settling blow for A. B. The next epistle is from an illustrious German bridegroom.

HEREDITARY DUKE OF MECKLENBURG STRELITZ TO PUNCH.

"MR. PUNCH,—I beg to inform the world, through you, that, previous to my departure from England, I did in the very handsomest manner present the poor of Kew, for clothes and coals, the munificent sum of *thirty pounds!* I am not a very subtle arithmetician; will you, then, inform me what per centage the said 30*l.* may be on the parliamentary grant to my wife of 3000*l.* per annum for—say twenty years?

"Your obedient servant,

"MECKLENBURG STRELITZ."

Punch, avowing that his arithmetical education has been shamefully neglected, sent the sum to be worked by Mr. Hume. When Mr. H. returns the calculation, it shall be forwarded to the Hereditary Duke Mecklenburg Strelitz.

The next and last epistle is from the Rev. ROBERT MONTGOMERY, author of "The Age Reviewed," "Satan," &c.

THE REV. ROBERT MONTGOMERY (of St. Jude's) TO PUNCH.

"SIR,—My dear friend, Mr. Jenkins, of *The Morning Post*, has directed my attention to the subjoined paragraph, which appeared in his own illustrious print of the 6th inst.:—

'Letters from Rome state that the Pope is anxious to revive the ancient ceremony (so graphically described by Madame de Staël in her Corinne) of solemnly crowning the greatest poet at the Capitol, and that he has offered this distinguished honour to Chateaubriand. The venerable and amiable Vicomte, with that modesty which is a leading feature in his character, has declined the intended honour, declaring that he did not believe he had done sufficient to deserve it.'

"Now, Mr. *Punch*, as Chateaubriand has very properly refused the honour—and how could he do otherwise, having read my *Satan?*—I beg leave through you, who have, I know, interest at the Vatican, to offer myself, to the Pope. I know my value as a poet; I feel I am exactly worth a crown; albeit my *Satan*, bound in sheep for schools, is sold at the low

A TALE OF HORROR.

charge of eighteenpence. As his Holiness has never heard of my last poem, *Luther*, you need not mention it. Or if, indeed, the Pope should by any miracle know of the existence of that work, you can inform him that I have not the slightest objection (the crown being assured to me) to alter the title to Gregory, or Innocent, or to the name of any other Pope his Holiness may put his finger upon.

"Awaiting an early answer, I remain your admirer,

"ROBERT MONTGOMERY.

"P.S.—Being of St. Jude's (the erudite pronounce it Judy) will, I trust not be my least recommendation to the good office of *Punch*.

"P.S. No. 2.—You may tell the Pope that I will find my own crown, being of course the best judge of the quantity of laurels necessary to me. This crown, at my own expense, I have already ordered of Mr. Bradwell, of the Theatre Royal Covent Garden."

Punch has twenty other epistles; but his distinguished correspondents must wait their turn.

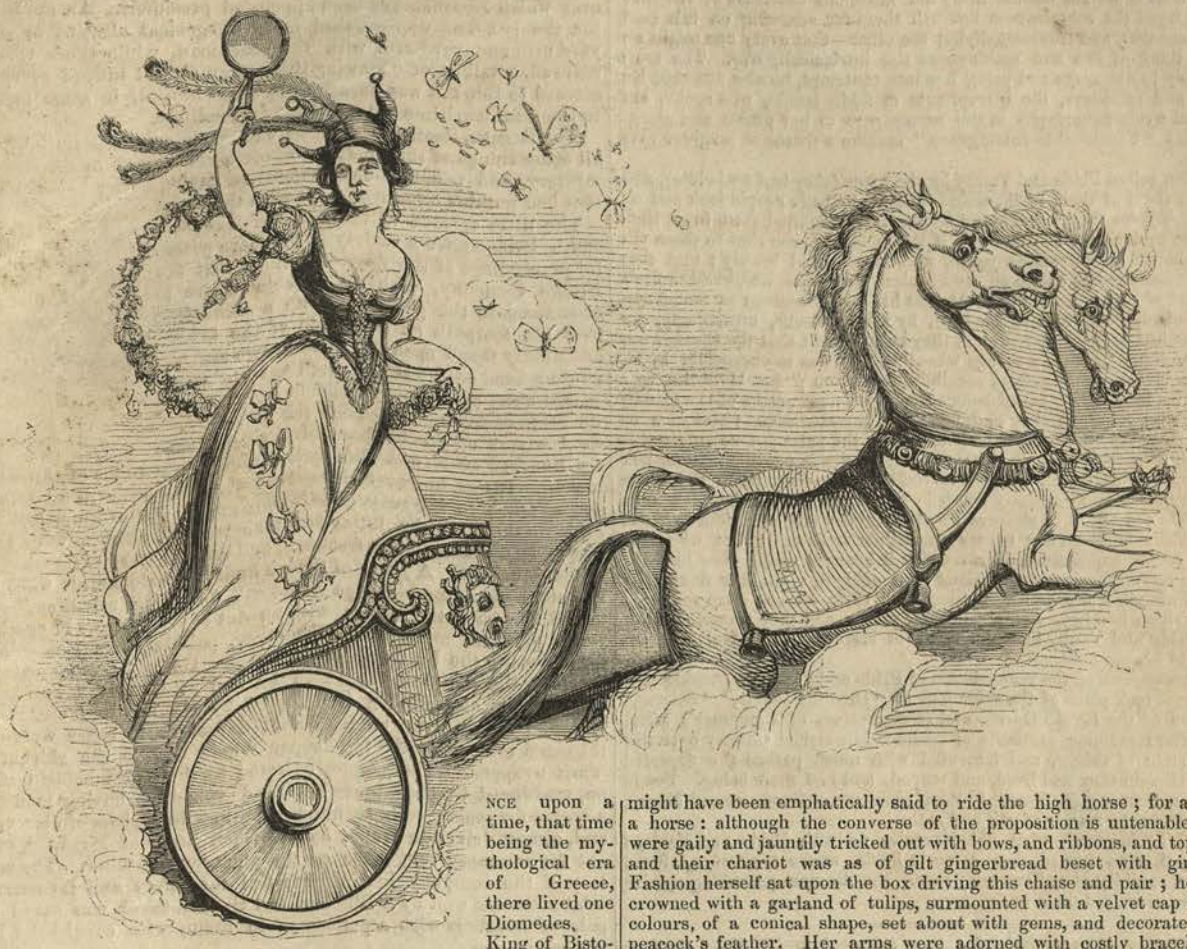
Punch's Literary Review.

Tookes' History of Prices.—Considering the reputation this work has acquired, we are astounded at its incompleteness. We trust that, in future editions, this defect will be remedied. A chapter on the price of unripe gooseberries would, particularly at this season of the year, form one of the many introductions we should have suggested.

PATENT GRANTED.—Lord William Lennox, for improvement in transfer work and literary mosaics.

PUNCH'S LABOURS OF HERCULES.

LABOUR THE EIGHTH.—HOW HERCULES DESTROYED CERTAIN MARES WHICH FED UPON HUMAN FLESH.



ONCE upon a time, that time being the mythological era of Greece, there lived one Diomedes, King of Bistonia in Thrace, who was celebrated for his mares; as well he might be: since the said mares, rejecting corn and beans, were accustomed to eat men. Whether this taste of theirs was innate or acquired; whether it had been engendered by Diomedes for a physiological experiment, or, (for kings' ideas of jocularity were formerly often singular,) for fun; or whether the animals had associated in early youth with hyenas, and had imbibed their propensities, we cannot say. Diomedes, perhaps, was a political economist, who, in order to reduce the surplus population of his territory, occasionally turned out these mares to graze among the paupers, who are more like grass than any other kind of flesh, being not only especially liable to be cut down, but also being continually trodden on. At least so it was while paupers were. No doubt the subjects of Diomedes objected to becoming pasture, and being mown as human hay; and were not a little rejoiced when Hercules undertook to put down their sovereign's stud. In this undertaking he succeeded; he conveyed the mares away, first having regaled them on the carcase of their owner; and turned them loose on Mount Olympus, where they finally came to be eaten up themselves by the bears.

Once again upon a time, when Hercules was last on Earth, there existed monsters like the mares of Diomedes. These monsters were of the feminine gender; and they drew a certain vehicle called the Car of Fashion: we may therefore compare them to mares. Their names were Pride and Vanity; so that there was only a pair of them, and not a stud; but their appetite was enormous, and their victims were without number. What was peculiar to them, however, was, that they had no notion of the kind of food which they devoured, nor suspected that it was aught but ordinary provender. This singular circumstance arose from their being totally blind, and from their nostrils being continually filled with incense, offered up by certain idolaters to Fashion, which impaired their sense of smell: also from their being naturally devoid of taste.

For an ordinary mare, fourteen hands would be a considerable height; but these mares were much higher than that; and those who rode them might have been emphatically said to ride the high horse; for a mare *is* a horse: although the converse of the proposition is untenable. They were gaily and jauntily tricked out with bows, and ribbons, and top-knots; and their chariot was as of gilt gingerbread beset with gimcracks. Fashion herself sat upon the box driving this chaise and pair; her brows crowned with a garland of tulips, surmounted with a velvet cap of divers colours, of a conical shape, set about with gems, and decorated with a peacock's feather. Her arms were adorned with costly bracelets, her fingers with rings and jewels, and her person with a vest of glistening satin, displaying all the hues of the rainbow. Her waist was as the waist of a wasp, and she had wings at her back like unto those of a butterfly. Sometimes she sat, holding the reins of her car in one hand and a mirror in the other, in which she regarded the reflection of her own countenance, (the only reflection that she had any taste for), with an expression of admiration and rapture: sometimes she would drive standing on the point of one foot, the other being stretched out at right angles with her body, to give the spectators an advantageous view of her graces, and show them how pretty she looked.

The prey on which Fashion fed her mares consisted of young females. She, no less than the animals, was ignorant of its quality; she unconsciously occasioned the supply of it: but even if she had known what it was, it is probable that she would not have cared a spangle about the matter; she, wonderful to relate, existing without a heart.

The young females whom Pride and Vanity devoured,—we speak not of those fair beings who were eaten up by them in another sense,—were the poor dress-makers and milliners. These unfortunate creatures were forced to sacrifice to those insatiable animals their life-blood, which was worked out of them by excessive toil, in order to furnish trappings for Fashion and her car. Had they been devoured at once, their fate had been less grievous; but they were killed by inches, by tortures lingering and slow. Some ached at head and at heart to death; others were gradually smothered by consumption: others, in like manner, poisoned by close air, or worried by complicated miseries into an early grave.

Hercules, revolving in his mind the evils which infested society, took cognizance of the case of these poor young women; and being, like all true heroes, a professed champion of damsels in distress, he conceived a strong feeling of indignation against Fashion, her car, and the odious animals which drew it; and thereupon determined to upset the whole concern.

He forthwith proceeded, with his arrows and his club, to demolish this idol of Fashion: so he shot and battered away at her with all his might

to reduce her from a goddess to a dummy. He knocked off the tawdry tinsel of her head-dress, till he had reduced it to show like what it really was—a mere fool's-cap. He bestowed a handsome thwack upon her head, that all might hear how hollow and empty it sounded. He drove one of his keenest darts through the place where her heart should have been, to convince the beholders, by her obvious insensibility to the wound, that she was without one. He dashed away her fallacious externals of elegance, and displayed the contrivances beneath them for screwing on this part, puffing out that, and transmogrifying the other—that every one might see what a thing of lies and nothingness she intrinsically was. The more effectually to disparage and bring her into contempt, he also attacked her priests and ministers, the hierophants of fiddle-faddle, who spoke, and sang, and wrote paragraphs in the newspapers to her praise and glory; till at last "Fashionable Intelligence" became a theme of laughter even to scorn.

He then seized Pride and Vanity by the mane (they had no bridle), and, stripping them of their feathers and fineries, he bade people look and see what sorry jades they were. And having thus exhibited them in all their meanness to derision, he demanded if it was to be borne that to these vile things should be immolated youth, and health, and beauty; that they should be allowed to batten on the agonies, and tears, and wasting flesh, and blood of an innocent girl? At first his words seemed as foolishness to the delicate votaresses of Fashion, by whose means, unwittingly, the creatures had been pampered; and they only thought that the speaker was a coarse, rough person, a savage whose delight was to excruciate by his ferocious invectives the refined sensibilities of "ton;" but Hercules, by a wave of his magic club, raised before their eyes a panorama of the ghastly wretchedness of which they had been the ignorant cause; and soon, on many a flaunting cheek, the factitious rose of the paint-pot was merged in the blush of shame. He then (in the most gentlemanlike manner possible) applied his magic weapon to their habiliments, when lo! there ensued a marvel. The snowy cambric became crimson; the pink satin yellow, like the cheek of sickness; and the glossy silk dull, like its faded eye. Their finely-strung nerves thrilled with horror; but when the elegant corset embraced the form which it invested with a glow like that of hectic fever, they screamed aloud with affright. Another flourish of the club annulled the transformation, and their terrors were relieved; but conviction had been wrought in their minds, and they tremblingly resigned Pride and Vanity into the hands of Hercules, to be dealt with according to his pleasure.

In consequence of the renunciation of Pride and Vanity, a considerable impairment took place of the splendour of "Drawing-rooms," "Soirées," the boxes of the Italian Opera, and Regent-street of a summer's afternoon. The remaining partisans of fiddle-faddle sighed bitterly over this altered state of things, and lamented with much pathos the departed glories wherein they had lived, and moved, and had their being. But to most eyes, Beauty gained more in its adornments of Goodness and Mercy, than it lost in the matter of silk and satin.

It will be inquired, what did Hercules do with Pride and Vanity? Some say that he turned them loose in Paris, where they were, after a long time, annihilated by Common Sense. But the more prevailing opinion is, that he sacrificed them to Jupiter.

More Lunacy.—A testimonial has been presented to Mr. Moon for "his *patronage of the Fine Arts!*"

Telegraphic Despatches.

[The following did not appear in any part of our impression of last week:—]

"Strand, July 14.

"The Mail from Hounslow has not arrived. There is a report that the driver was overtaken by drink on the Isleworth frontier.

"Some Bohemian stragglers, on their road from Hampton, had succeeded in forcing an entrance into the hen-roosts of Farmer Coulter.

"The *Brompton Gazette* contains no fresh information. The parish was quiet, and the beadle had declared his attachment to the *juste-milieu*, or half-and-half.

"The supernumerary peasants of the two great theatres contemplate an attack upon the fortress of Ham, at the corner of Bow-street. Destitution is the pretext, but we have not heard the result.

"The occupation of Monkey Island, above Windsor, by some subjects of Slough, gave rise to a warm contest on the night of the Regatta.

"Hackney retains its wonted tranquillity."

THE THAMES REGATTA.

The naval spirit which actuates every British Heart of Oak is manifesting itself every day, and it burst out last week in peculiar force in the shape of a regatta at Hammersmith. The love of the people of this country for nautical pursuits is one of the proudest traits in the national character, and the placards announcing the Thames Regatta placed hundreds of British bosoms under an equal number of striped calico rowing shirts. The enormous piles, ticketed "*All at* 3 *and* 6," were seen sensibly to diminish in the early part of the week, and the impetus thus given to British Commerce was happily linked with British seamanship. The omnibuses to the Hammersmith coast were crowded with the sons of Britannia, who seemed full of the aquatic spirit, and mounted the top of the roof with a variety of naval expressions quite in character with the day over which Neptune had been appointed president. An application for the box-seat was couched in an allegorical allusion to sitting yard arm and yard-arm with the coachman, while those who had umbrellas talked of "stowing them away;" and indeed everybody seemed to think it was necessary to adapt himself in some measure to the semi-maritime nature of the proceedings.

The Regatta itself it would be rather difficult to describe. Like all other things of the kind, the whole was involved in considerable mystery, and people found themselves laying heavy bets on boats that had nothing whatever to do with the races.

A DRAWN BET.

The little episode of the Siege of Hammersmith Bridge gave a variety to the more peaceful proceedings of the day. It seems that the Bridge Company, with an amiable desire to accommodate the public, ran up a scaffolding over the footpath on each side of the bridge, and kindly threw open the same at two-and-sixpence a-head on the side facing the regatta, but with a burst of liberality quite in keeping with the state of its finances, *gave* to the first six hundred payers of the halfpenny-toll no less than six hundred seats, *with their backs* turned to the scene of the amusements. It was, however, discovered that the seats at a halfpenny saw as much as the seats at half-a-crown, for if the former had their backs to the race, the latter had their eyes blocked up with balustrades, iron chains, fancy fretwork, and other materials forming part of the structure. A party of twelve hundred malcontents were thus in a state which the historian would call "ripe for rebellion," when a Bird flew on to the bridge, with an Act of Parliament in one hand and a gingham umbrella in the other, pointing to a clause in the former with the brass tip of the latter. He insisted on carrying by storm the footpath, for which he had paid the toll authorized by the Act, and finding it occupied by six hundred visitors, he marched boldly over twelve hundred feet, or, in other words, six thousand toes, while the toll-keeper "held on" to the skirt of his York wrapper. The people, irritated by their toes being trodden on, maddened by the intense heat, and vexed at having paid half-a-crown for seeing nothing, burst out into wild shrieks of discontent, and, almost driven to frenzy by the thick boots of Mr. Bird, called out for summary vengeance on the unhappy toll-taker. The secretary of the company had already fled for safety and for succour! Waterloo was won by a Blucher, but the toll-taker was saved by a pair of Bluchers with a policeman in them, who caught the Bird, and caged him.

A BAD PRINCIPAL.

Thus ended the Siege of Hammersmith Bridge, which terminated with frightful loss to the toll-taker; for while he left the redoubt at the bar, the public rushed indiscriminately through the barrier.

Large Exportation of Gold.—The *Ariel* Government Steamer left Dover for the Continent last week, having on board—the Hereditary Grand Duke and Duchess of Mecklenburg Strelitz.

PUNCH'S CARTOONS!

PUNCH, in a future Number will make known to the country the names of his Artists, and of the Prizes awarded to them.

Cartoons III. and IV. next week.

THE STORY OF A FEATHER.

CHAP. XXVI.—MRS. CRAMP'S NEW SUITOR.—THE WIDOW'S CAP.

"You needn't wait for Mr. Cloudy, I'll show him out," said Mrs. Cramp. "And Becky, go directly where I told you. You know," added the widow significantly, and I felt Becky clutch me closer as she answered, "I know, me'm;" and she immediately turned from the room. Ere, however, she closed the street-door, I heard Mrs. Cramp again loud in her silver laughter; again evidently taking on for the buried card-maker.

It was nearly dark, and Becky tripped along with the true timidity of a London maid-of-all-work. For myself, I was in despair. I felt it—I knew it—I was carried onward to be stained, lost for ever: widowhood had passed sentence upon me, I was to be dyed. I put it to the reader—proud, it may be, of the clearness of his complexion, what would be his agony if he knew that to-morrow morning he must inevitably rise a blackamoor! I put it to you, madam; you, with your milky cheek, carnation-tinted—Would you not break your glass when it showed you a Hottentot?

Still Becky tripped along, inhumanly humming, I think, "Nancy Dawson," when a man, crossing the way, stood before her. Becky immediately drew herself up; and I could feel that her heart began to flutter and beat, precisely as every woman's heart has beat since the first rub-a-dub in Paradise. Becky knew not whether the monster was about to compliment or insult her; she was equally prepared for either incident.

"My pretty maid," began the stranger—

"None o' your nonsense," broke in Becky, and I could feel her jerk, and I have no doubt she sneered.

"Don't be cruel, child," said the man, in a soft, gentle voice.

"Never was cruel in my life," said Becky, the man's musical words melting in her bosom.

"Well then, my dear," and the stranger laid his hand upon the maid.

"None o' your nonsense," cried Becky, starting back; "you'd better not; I wears pattens."

"You have the advantage of me," replied the man, with a bow; "but I am sure you are too much a lady of honour to use it."

"I've two hands of my own, and they're quite enough upon me at one time, that's all," said Becky; "so what you've got to say, you can say with your hands in your pockets."

Becky's reproof evidently struck upon the fine sense of the stranger, for he immediately pulled out his purse, and offering the maid, as it appeared to me, a piece of gold, asked if she would make him happy by accepting it.

Becky received the coin, merely observing, "There could be no harm in that."

"And now, my dear, one word—is your sweet mistress within?" asked the donor.

"In course; crying her dear eyes out for poor Mr. Cramp."

"That's a pity!" said the stranger.

"She's murderin' herself!" answered Becky.

"She must be saved," cried the man.

"But it's just like us," answered the maid; "we are all fools alike. I wonder if he'd ha' gone on so about her? Not he; men are flints—not made as we are."

"And Mrs. Cramp is at home? Alone, too, no doubt?" said the stranger.

"Alone!" said Becky, and she said no more. Her manner warranted the solitude of her mistress.

"You must tell her that a gentleman wishes particularly to see her," said the man.

"And her husband not been buried a week!" cried the maid, who, however, suffered the stranger to pass his hand under her elbow, turning her towards the widow's house. "I wouldn't do it for a thousand pounds," said Becky, as she stood at the late Mr. Cramp's door.

"'Twill be worth more than that to your dear mistress," said the stranger. "Come, I've no doubt you've the key."

"Well, what a man you are!" cried Becky, immediately producing that domestic instrument. "Shouldn't wonder if I get turned away for it. Who shall I say?"

"Say, Edward—that's enough," said the man.

"Hush! Stop a minute, while I see if missus is alone; a neighbour may be with her," said Becky, softly turning the key, and entering the house with caution, the stranger following her. Becky immediately entered the parlour. "You are alone, me'm?"

"Oh, yes!" answered Mrs. Cramp, and again she burst into laughter. "I've made such a fool of the man. He thinks—"

"Hush,' me'm; there's a gentleman in the passage wants to see you. He seized me in the street, and would make me bring him to you. His name, me'm—it's all he'll tell me—his name he says is Edward!"

"Edward! Oh, heavens! bring the candles," cried Mrs. Cramp, sinking upon a chair. Becky immediately flung me upon a table, and rushed out of the room; in the same instant Edward passed from the passage, and—why was not I already dyed to be spared my blushes—and caught the widow in his arms! The worst remains to be told. Mrs. Cramp neither squealed, nor shrieked; nor conjured the man to depart—conjured him by the memory of her husband yet green in earth—by the gloom and sadness of her desolate weeds; no—astounded by the violence, all the poor woman was able to utter was—"Edward! Is it you?"

"It is," said Edward; and somehow it was impossible for the woman any longer to doubt it.

Can it be? Is it possible? Why does not Becky bring the candles? Edward kisses the widow; kisses her, and calls her his Clarissa! To kiss a woman in a widow's cap! Excuse human infirmity as we may, is there not very great presumption in the act? Is it not greeting the handmaid of death—the—but it is plain, Edward wants imagination again. We ask it, is there not something awful, freezing, in that white, chilling muslin, that sometimes surrounds the face of Venus with a frame of snow—that ices beauty for a twelvemonth? In the superstition of custom, we think the dead has yet some lien upon her—a year's hold at least. Is there not?—But there is this excuse for Edward! it is dusk; he cannot see the cap that ought to freeze him.

Thank goodness! Becky has brought the candles.

I was now enabled to have a good stare at Edward. He was a very handsome fellow; that is, ninety women out of a hundred would have called him handsome. His figure was thickset, but far above the middle height, with the chest and back of a gladiator. His face was large and open, with careless good humour upon it—his brow unlined by thought. He had a fine colour, black whiskers, a sufficiently large mouth, and remarkably white teeth. I know that Mrs. Cramp thought his eyes—they were black as coals—very beautiful: for my part, I liked not their expression. They were of those eyes that seem always trying to look gay and sparkle; and then there was an occasional dropping down and pulling of the corners of the mouth, as though twitched by uneasy heart-strings. My gentleman had clothed his fleshly man with a due sense of its excellence. There was lace on his cravat—gold-lace on his coat and waistcoat—gold loop and button in his beaver. He wore a jewel on his finger, and took snuff from what seemed a box of embossed silver. And this was Edward!

No, reader, it was not. It was Clickly Abram, highwayman. And did Mrs. Cramp know this? Not she, poor widowed dove. The truth is, she had met the man at Ranelagh; and as, conscientious soul! she could not boast of her husband, she had never spoken of his existence. Again, knowing that Mr. Cramp could not much longer endure this sinful world, his wife, like a provident woman, looked around her for a more than substitute for the dying card-maker, and looking, beheld—Edward. Hence, she had always spoken of obstacles that time might destroy, and then—and then—Edward and she might wed; but Edward must wait. To Edward, the widow was the ward or niece of some ancient villain—for she now and then spoke of an old tyrant;—whilst to the widow, Edward was the only darling son of a rich lady of the manor somewhere near the Land's End. All this, I afterwards discovered; but as I hate mystery, I lay the case before the reader at once.

"Supper—something nice," said Mrs. Cramp in a whisper to Becky, as the widow crossed the room to lay me upon the mantel-piece; and then as she returned—"never mind expense."

"Ar'n't you surprised to find me as—as I am?" asked Mrs. Cramp, glancing at her mourning.

"Not in the least, my angel—I knew your husband's doctor all the time," said Abram.

"Is it possible! Well, if I'd have known! I shall never forgive myself," exclaimed the widow, trying to look very like a penitent.

"And now the maid's gone, my sweet one—name the day, when shall it be? I'm tired of this damned London, and I don't know how it is, I get quite foolish—I want to see the old lady—I want to hug my old mother again." Such were the filial yearnings of Edward; but we fear that the stir caused by the highway robbery of Clickly Abram had some influence upon their wish for travel. "When shall it be?" he asked, smiling upwards in the widow's eyes.

"Why do you ask me? You can leave London when you like—can't you?" said Mrs. Cramp, with an innocence that would have adorned girlhood at sixteen.

"No—*no*; I don't budge without my dear Clarissa. Come, we'll say next week"—

"Impossible, Edward! Have you no respect for the world? and my husband only—no; you must wait a twelvemonth or two—a twelvemonth at least."

"Why? A man isn't any more dead after a year than after a day, is he?" asked the highwayman; and, to confess, Mrs. Cramp seemed willing to be puzzled by the thief's philosophy. "As for the world, it's a damned world, my dear, and not worth the pleasing; but, I tell you what—we'll get coupled in the country; come up to town in three or four years' time, and say we 're just married."

"Oh, the art of man!" exclaimed Mrs. Cramp, throwing up her pretty eyes in sweet reproof.

"And I say, Clarissa, are you fond of poultry?" asked the thief.

"Don't dislike a chicken!" answered the widow.

"But I mean poultry in its natural state? Ha! you should see my mother's doves; a million of 'em, my dear. How they *will* flock about you! And then our sheep, and our pet lambs; and the haycocks and the orchard; and the peaches, like your own velvet face, ripening on the wall; and the pigs; and the harvest-home; and the dairy; and, eh—eh, Clarissa?" and the highwayman laughed and rubbed his hands, full of glee at the rural objects that his imagination had placed at "his mother's."

Mrs. Cramp was evidently touched by the promised Paradise; for she said with a sigh, "Well, I do like the country."

And thus the lovers—for we must call them so—talked, until the supper came. Becky proved herself bountiful as expeditious. She had attacked the larder of a neighbouring tavern, and had carried off a most substantial and most varied banquet. Wine and brandy also honoured the feast.

Eating and drinking soften the heart. Edward became more urgent for instant flight, and marriage in the country; whilst Mrs. Cramp said nothing, but sighed the more heavily.

Bumper after bumper was swallowed by the wooer, and his increased passion did honour to the distiller. "No, my angel, we 'll be off—off by to-morrow; and you shall be like a shepherdess in China—and as for that cap——"

Mrs. Cramp, dreaming doubtless of the cardmaker, had sat twiddling her cap-strings, until the tie was loosed; whereupon the enamoured and excited lover twitched the muslin from her head, swearing "it was wickedness to hide such lovely hair!"

"Now, Edward!"

"It looks like a bit of his shroud—shall never wear it again—never—never!" And so saying, the husband elect threw the widow's cap upon the fire, thrusting it among the burning coals with the poker, and thus he stood triumphant over burnt muslin, whilst Mrs. Cramp clasped her hands in what she intended for rage, astonishment, and wounded affection.

GOSSIP OF THE GREENROOM.

THE new ballet of *Hamlet*, founded upon Shakspere's tragedy of that name, is in rehearsal at Her Majesty's Theatre. It will be thus cast:—Hamlet, *Perrot*; Ophelia, *Cerito*; Ghost, *Coulon*; Queen, *Copère*; Polonius, *Gosselin*. This attempt to render Shakspere attractive to the higher classes deserves every encouragement, as it will doubtless command the presence of Royalty.

We have ascertained there is not the slightest truth in the report that Mr. Keeley was to succeed Fornasari as *Belisario* at the conclusion of that gentleman's engagement.

Mr. Brown leaves the Eagle at the end of the month, for a short engagement at the Bower, after which he will, in all probability, proceed to America, without informing any one of his intentions.

A piece of plate was presented to Mr. Bodger, the celebrated performer of third citizens and first mobs, by the young gentlemen of the New Cut, upon his leaving the Victoria Theatre. It was a fragment of the willow pattern, embracing the two birds and the man in the boat. Mr. Bodger was so struck by the offering, as entirely to lose the command of his feelings

Change of Residence.

MR. SULLIVAN and family have quitted their late seat, the Rookery, for the neighbourhood of Tothill-street, Westminster, in consequence of their house having been pulled down for the improvements. It is supposed their choice of that locality will be the means of drawing many of their late friends about them.

JOHN BULL'S IDOL!

CARTOON No. III.

THIS Cartoon embodies in the most striking manner the social religion of John Bull. The beholder will be kind enough to observe that the things to be idolized are rank and money. Amongst those wretched heathens, the Chinese, (to enlighten the darkness of whom the Bishop of London has had the "offertories" established in churches),—it is a practice to have their little gods in their houses. John Bull shows for them a greater veneration, and keeps them in his heart; where at morn, noon, and evening, he pays untiring homage to them.

Punch thinks that the artist has, in the most admirable manner, typified the National Religion!

THE ROYAL "ASS" GUARDS.

A FEW days ago thirteen gallant officers, with a proper knowledge of their own deserts, mounted themselves upon donkeys, running a race in the park of Captain Bulkeley, at Spittal, near Windsor. The sweepstakes were for one sovereign each, which were won by the gallant Captain—his riding proving that he was even more intimate with the habits of an ass than any of his competitors. There is, however, one circumstance which we cannot pass in silence, as showing the innocence of the inhabitants in the neighbourhood of Spittal. It is well known, that, when Cortez first appeared in Mexico with his cavalry, the unsophisticated Mexicans, never having till then beheld a steed, imagined that horse and man were one animal! A like belief possessed the folks of Spittal: they thought every officer to be part of the ass,—to be one and the same flesh. *Punch* despatched his artist to Windsor, where one of the donkey-riders, in the handsomest manner, favoured him with a sitting. Here is Lieutenant ——.

Now, we put it to the reader whether the mistake of the people of Spittal, in incorporating officer and donkey, was so very egregious? *Punch* having pondered on the matter, thinks it very difficult to determine where the officer begins or the ass ends. In a word, the thing is—the modern Centaur.

TASTE!—Among other curiosities cherished by the late Duke of Sussex, and now brought to the hammer, was "the knife with which Margaret Nicholson attempted to stab George III."

CARTOON, Nº 3.

JOHN BULL'S IDOL!

THE PUSEY "POST."

THE parish-clerk of Stoke Pogis is at the present time writing a series of high-flown papers in the *Post*, called "Puseyism in London." The *Post* declares the writer to be a dignitary of the Church. We know better. His name is Ebenezer Rogers, and, we say it, his dwelling-place is Stoke Pogis. He has already given in his adhesion to Puseyism, and cries "Amen!" in an embroidered corazza. Mark how Rogers insists upon finery as an "instrumental part of religion." He is speaking of a London church "especially built for the wealthy." He says :—

"No doubt the splendid long donations already made will be stigmatised as Puseyism. Never mind; let Dissenters and Evangelicals run up *their cheap preaching-houses*, but let Churchmen still offer to God the best they can; let them show, like the pious Mary, the earnestness of their love by the costliness of their offerings."

In the like strain Ebenezer goes on, pretending to have found amongst "the volumes of the Fathers" a pious exhortation to all Christians to present to every parish-clerk, to show "the earnestness of their love," a pair of silver buckles. Whether the Puseyites of Stoke-Pogis will take the hint, we know not: the hint is, however, well intended by Ebenezer.

A REMEDY FOR IRELAND.

"GIVE an equality to the Irish Catholic Church with the Church of England," cry some, "and that will be justice to Ireland."

"How can you give such equality," replies Lord Stanley, "without admitting Catholic Bishops into the House of Lords?" The difficulty thus started by his lordship is at once put aside by the Bishop of Exeter, who has favoured PUNCH with the subjoined :—

The Bishop of Exeter to Punch.

SIR,—Lord Stanley says it is impossible that the English and the Irish Catholic Bishops can be equal, because Catholic Bishops couldn't sit in the House of Lords. Allow me, sir, on the part of many episcopal brethren and myself, to state that the remedy of this evil may be immediate; that we can all be made equal in this fashion :—as Catholic Bishops cannot be admitted into the House of Lords, let the English Bishops immediately quit that honourable assembly. My brethren and myself have very frequently felt that it would be more in unison with our Christian character, were we to refrain from rumpling, and now and then soiling, the episcopal lawn with, at times, the dirty work of law-making,—and that it would give us especial delight if we were permitted to consecrate all our time to the spiritual welfare of our flocks, rather than, as at the present, ruffling the otherwise peaceful tenor of our apostolic lives by dabbling in matters that should be entirely left to the consideration of the "ignorant laity."

Your constant reader,

HENRY EXETER.

Royalty, and Native Talent.

IT is gratifying to find at all the concerts lately given at the Palace, her Majesty has been pleased to command that English singers and English music alone should form the programme—a regulation which has given the most heartfelt satisfaction to all, and must confer the greatest benefit upon our native vocalists and composers. At the last Royal *réunions*, Mesdames Alfred Shaw, Birch, Dolby, Rainforth, &c., and Messrs. Hobbs, Phillips, Parry, Harrison, &c., had the honour of singing; the selection being made from the works of our leading British musicians. Not one foreigner was engaged; and the result is that our English opera appears in a brighter position than it has been for many years. Let her Gracious Majesty proceed as she has done hitherto, and she will have the gratification of seeing to what a state she will ultimately bring it.

The papers state that the Queen was present at M. Bouffé's benefit. This, we believe, to have been a mistake, as her Majesty has only been *once* to any theatre employing a foreign company during three or four years; whilst her constant attendance at Covent Garden and Drury Lane, as accurately reported in *Punch*, have shown that she was determined to patronise the artists and productions of her country.

OUR INDIAN MAIL.

OUR Overland despatch, in anticipation of the Bombay Broad-wheeled Waggon, and forwarded by the Tahiti Parcels Delivery Company, has just arrived by the Turnham-green carrier. Seedy Mohammed had resigned his pretensions in favour of Meer Row, and, after a long conversation with Sheer Jaw, had left the frontier. The Great Khan had been throwing cold water on the projects of his party, and all the Mohammeds, but particularly Dust, had been humbled to the earth by what the Khan had let drop on the occasion. The Rajah Poore had been trying to borrow money everywhere, without success; and having at length retired for the night, laid down his arms and legs—with full dependence on the Ottoman.

A Legend of the Thames.

THE first of June was very fine,
The packet was to start at nine
For Margate and Herne Bay;
Aboard my carpet-bag I throw,
The captain has exclaimed "Let go!"
The craft is on her way.

A British tar is at the wheel:
I thought I saw a tear-drop steal
Down from his honest eye;
And as along his cheek it goes,
Pretending that he blows his nose,
He wipes that tear-drop dry.

Perchance, thought I, that seaman bold,
If all his story could be told,
Has been a man of pain:
Perchance he 's parted from a maid,
Whom he is very much afraid
He ne'er shall see again.

I spoke to him, he turned away;
A sudden shout of "Port, I say!"
Had cut his answer short.
I spoke again—the good old man
Into a brig our packet ran,
'Mid cries of "Hard a-port!"

Amid the shaking and the shocks,
The captain on the paddle-box
His hold can hardly keep;
The seaman with-the-tearful-eye,
Gets from the people standing by
Curses both loud and deep.

That seaman old I thus address—
"Speak, gallant tar, at once confess
The reason of that tear;
Art thou the victim, seaman bold,
Of love too tender to be told,
Or even whisper'd here?"

I stood, and waited a reply—
The gallant seaman cock'd his eye,
And slowly turn'd about;
I moved away—I did not dare
To press him—but resolved to bear
The agony of doubt.

On, on we go—we swiftly glide,
Aided alike by wind and tide,
By current and by breeze;
The stoker 's on the active stoke,
The funnel issues clouds of smoke,
The boiler seems to wheeze.

Away—where Deptford's famous Creek
Of many a legend perhaps might speak,
If it possess'd a tongue;
On—on beyond the Woolwich heights
Where the Artillery in sham fights
Go with their guns—bang—bung!

And now we pass the well-known Fort,
Where famed Elizabeth stopp'd short
When she went forth to meet
Without a single woman's fear—
(She of her troops was in the rear)
The dreadful Spanish fleet.

Where is the gallant seaman now,
Who lately at the vessel's prow
Guided the pliant wheel?
Has he, unhappy child of earth!
Gone down below into his berth
To think—to weep—to feel?

I'll go, and cheer that weeping man—
Soothe his affliction if I can—
Such was my sudden thought;
In the fore cabin he was found,
Intoxicated 'pon the ground,
And muttering—"*Port there, Port.*"

IMPORTANT TO AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS.—There is a rumour in literary circles that LORD WILLIAM LENNOX is studying *conveyancing*.

SUGGESTIONS FOR CARTOONS.

THE great fault of the Cartoons is that their subjects are not of the present day; and, therefore, it is impossible that the artists can have trusted to anything but "imagination for their facts," which need not have been the case had they chosen to illustrate some events of every-day occurrence.

We beg leave to suggest a few "topics" which would have possessed interest not only for posterity but for ourselves, as well as —to use an Irishism—for those who have preceded us.

Cartoon One.

DEAF BURKE IN THE ARMS OF VICTORY.

This celebrated *Shaksperian* pugilist reclining in a state of insensibility in the arms of his bottle-holder, who is applying the contents of the vessel which he holds in his hand to the lips of the battered hero.

Cartoon Two.

FAME JAPANNING THE SHIELD OF BRITANNIA.

Fame polishing the shield of Britannia with a bottle of Japan blacking. Time, just before *day*. Style, after Martin.

Cartoon Three.

WISDOM INSTRUCTING BRITANNIA TO RULE THE MAIN.

Britannia sitting on the British Lion, while Minerva is rubbing the Main with Rowland's Macassar.

Cartoon Four.

THE EGG MERCHANTS IN THE MARKET-PLACE,

reading the announcement of the expected arrival of the King of Hanover.

Cartoon Five.

THE DISCONTENTED BARONS.

invoking vengeance from the skies, which open, displaying a figure of Baron Nathan in the form of Harmony playing on his violin, and pointing over the remains of a Roman Temple to the ruins of Tivoli.

Cartoon Six.

THE CONQUEST OF TIME.

Time having swallowed everything else, opens his jaws to receive Widdecomb, who stands in an attitude of defiance, pointing to the still unfinished Suspension Bridge at Hungerford.

KING ARTHUR'S COURT!

CARTOON, No. IV.

THIS Cartoon is in the very highest style of historical art. It may be called—emphatically called—of the grand school; and magnificently embodies the principal persons of King Arthur's Court, treated of at great length by Merlin, to whom we owe that exquisite stanza—

> "When Arthur first in Court began
> To wear long-hanging sleeves,
> He entertained three serving-men,
> And all of them were thieves!"

Punch—who, though under another name, was contemporary with the hero, pronounces the portrait of Arthur to be perfect; as for the likenesses of the "thieves, his serving-men," why, *Punch* leaves that point to be settled by millions of beholders.

FINE ARTS.

THE Inauguration of the statue of the Duke of Wellington took place in the front garden of Mr. Jones, at Peckham, last week. The pedestal on which it stands is of British clinker, with layers of flints, surmounted by a capital, composed entirely of the necks of wine-bottles, which project like guns, and have an imposing effect. The bottoms of the bottles are set in the finest mortar round the base, with their concavities looking outwards, and the whole is encircled by a belt of oyster and whelk shells.

A subscription is about to be raised for the purpose of presenting the Wizard of the North with a testimonial, in gratitude for the great encouragement he has shown to *al-fresco* artists, in getting up the numerous bold cartoons which adorn the walls of the metropolis. Mr. Dorrington is appointed chairman.

Wanted to Borrow

A quantity of ideas, to any amount. No objection to their being second-hand. Apply to Lord William Lennox.

LINDA DI CHAMOUNI MADE EASY.

THE curtain ascends for beginning Act Two,
When some beautiful scenery bursts on the view.
The flat, representing a splendid saloon,
Has a window in centre, through which peeps the moon;
For the splendid saloon, with its sofas and chairs,
Is a private apartment up four pair of stairs.
So much for the scenery,—now for the plot:
Enter Linda, deck'd out in a beautiful *shot*,
A robe of rich satin, with *toilette en suite*,
Which it seems she has gain'd by her songs in the street;
From which it appears that in Paris the trade,
By which the most rapidly fortunes are made,
Is that of itinerant vocalisation,
Which in London oft ends in a walk to "the station."

The voice of Pierotto is heard at the wing,
As if in the streets just beginning to sing.
Says Linda, "Admit him!"—she spoke to the air;
But, lo! on the instant, Pierotto is there.
And as the apartment is four stories high,
'Twould seem that Pierotto's been learning to fly.
He gazes at Linda, examines her gown,
Looks up to her face, to her stockings looks down,
The quality feels of the beautiful shot,
And says, "Is it Linda? ah! no, it is not.
It can't—yes, it is—no, it never can be!
Yet, ah!—no, impossible!—yes, it is she!"
Pierotto declares he 's been hungry and cold,
When Linda immediately offers him gold,
Pierotto's surprised, and requests to be told
How Linda has gained such profusion of gold.
"The painter," says she, "who has after me run,
Of a Marchioness noble and great is the son;
Whatever around the apartment you see
Belongs to my husband—that soon is to be."
Pierotto inquires, exactly in tune,
If the wedding's about to be solemnised soon?
When Linda—just after a change in the key—
Replies, that 'tis very soon likely to be.
Pierotto and Linda then swear to each other
They 'll always continue like sister and brother;
Forgetting the son of the Marchioness, p'rhaps,
May n't take such a fancy to Savoyard chaps,
As to recognise one, for the rest of his life,
As his brother-in-law by the side of his wife.
A moment Pierotto has scarcely been gone,
When the Marquis—the *basso secondo*—comes on.
A short *agitato* is play'd by the band,
To show that there 's not a domestic at hand,
And also implying that Linda to *un*do,
Is the motive no doubt of the *basso secondo*.
She says that she spurns him, and threatens to call

Her servants from out of the kitchen or hall:
But ne'er were two persons in opera yet
So unfriendly as not to get through a duett.
He offers her splendour—she taunts him with age,
And works herself into a virtuous rage.
Having said all he can first to melt, then to goad *her*,
The Marquis withdraws to a blustering *coda*.
Linda also retires—and Carlo comes in
At a signal from Costa, who taps on the tin.
Then Mario warbles a beautiful bar
About the revenge of his cruel mam*ma*,
Who, finding to Linda his faith has been plighted,
Resolves to another to get him united:
He curses his fate in a charming *falsetto*,
Gives way to despair in a *voce di petto*;
And, rather than grief in his bosom should fester,
He calls out for death in a *voce di testa*:
Of life his farewell he seems willing to take,
And gives on *addio* a delicate shake.
The passage is managed with exquisite skill;
And Linda—acquainted with Mario's trill—
Let's him hold it as long as he 's able to do,
Awaiting its finish to take for her cue;
And then she comes on—and declares that her heart
Had told her to come—but, in fact, it 's her part.
She says, 'tis affection that prompts her—but, pooh!
'Tis the man in the bonnet-box gives her the cue.
Some recitative ineffective succeeds,
Which soon to a charming *adagio* leads;
And speedily into a movement they get
Of another exceedingly pretty duett.
He asks for a kiss—in a very shrill note,
Sustain'd by a desperate strain of the throat;
While she, with a shake of a minute or so,
Says something or other intended for "No!"
When Mario, with an affectionate shout,
Belabours his breast with his fist—and goes out.
She turns to look round, and there bursts on her eye
The form of a shabby old Savoyard guy,
Who at Linda don't look, but begins to accost her
In the phrase of a regular begging impostor;
And who, if in London caught out in the fact,
Would clearly be liable under the Act,
That would make but short work of the airs and *duetti*
Which Maestro Il Cavaliere Donizetti
(The Act to the deuce determined to fling.)
Has given the "sturdy old beggar" to sing.
It seems that the vagrant's respectable rather,
And is in reality Linda's own father;
Who, having come down to his very last legs,
Walks smack into people's apartments, and begs.
His daughter knows *him*, but know *her* he does not,
Because she 's disguised in the "beautiful shot."
(A stage father his daughter forgets in a minute,
If a new gown she wears, and he 's ne'er seen her in it.)
She says 't is herself, but the obstinate fellow
That *it is n't*, perversely continues to bellow;
When Pierotto, with grief on his visage, walks in,
To put for a moment an end to the din.
He comes to announce, that where he has been
A splendid "to-do" for a marriage he 's seen.
But the bridegroom was Linda's young man, to another
Compelled to get wed by his absolute mother.
Poor Linda is struck with surprise; but the worst
Is her newly-found father's damnatory burst;
For 'tis with theatrical parents a trick
To give to a daughter that 's down a last kick.
She wildly resorts to the usual pleas,
Of holding hard on by the calves and the knees;
He clenches his fist, then commences to tear

The property wig, representing his hair;
But finding he drags it completely askew,
Perceives such emotion as that will not do;
And, pretending to wipe the big tears from his face,
He slily arranges his wig to its place,
And, kicking a handkerchief out of his path,
He darts from the stage in a whirlwind of wrath.
Pierotto and Linda are now left alone;
The former is anxious at once to be gone:
The latter stares wildly, and utters a burst
Of the pretty duett that was heard in Act First;
Then proof of the falsehood of Carlo requires,
Denouncing mankind as a parcel of liars!
Pierotto looks mournfully off at the side,
And says that the bridegroom is leading the bride;

When Linda is told that the wedding commences,
She takes a deliberate leave of her senses ;
And sings about this, about that, and the other—
Her rival—the falsehood of man—and her mother !
In fact, she most thoroughly mad may be reckon'd
When the curtain descends—on herself and

ACT SECOND.

PUNCH'S HANDBOOKS
FOR HOLIDAYS SPENT IN AND ABOUT LONDON.

THE NEW CUT.

HIS delightful locality, forming a cut direct from Rowland Hill's Chapel, in Blackfriars' Road, to Watchorn's Retail Establishment at the Marsh Gate, is a favourite resort of holiday-makers. It can be approached from either of the three bridges, and offers one of the most pleasing collections of the products of British industry and manufacture in London, far exceeding the Polytechnic Institution or Adelaide Gallery, more especially at night, when its hundreds of lanterns are illuminated, rivalling the dazzling splendour of the Chinese Exhibition.

The current coin of the New Cut is halfpence—its principal traffic lies in marine stores. It is, moreover, the dominion of Ethiopian dolls; the theatrical district of persecuted maid-servants and acknowledged heroines; and the paradise of *al fresco* refreshments, both to eat and drink, the staple article being the celebrated kidney-puddings, which fashionable company come a great way to eat, in the same manner as the maids-of-honour at Richmond.

The stalls for the sale of these delicious preparations may be easily discovered through the medium of the transparencies with which they are adorned, and the cartoons upon these lanterns form not the least interesting portion of the things to be noticed. An elaborate one at present is four-sided, about nine inches high by six across. The front merely contains the announcement of "*Beef, Eel, and Kidney Puddings, One Penny each*"—the distinction being perfectly imaginary. On the north side is portrayed Mr. T. Mathews, as *Clown*, surreptitiously devouring a pudding, whilst the attention of the traveller is arrested by the inscription over his head, of "*Halloo ! halloo ! halloo ! the original inventor ! ! !*" from which it is inferred that Mr. T. Mathews claims that honour. On the eastern face is a spirited representation of Mr. T. P. Cooke rescuing a kidney-pudding from the hands of smugglers; and the south aspect formerly contained portraits of Prince Albert and Queen Victoria, in their robes, as patrons of kidney-puddings; but at some remote epoch the candle within the frame tumbled against the transparency and burnt it away, so that only the legs now remain.

Near this spot may be encountered the celebrated alchemist, who turns half-pennies into half-crowns, and brass thimbles into silver ones, by means of a secret composition, whose merits he vaunts as follows :—

"Now, it 's as innocent asmilk, and strong as brandy: everybody buys it,—what a sad thing ! Now, it can be put in the mouth without harm, hurt, or hindrance. Now, it 's made of calcined silver, sweet oil, saltpetre, and a secret chemical preparation. Now, everybody buys it—what a pity ! Now, a penny lump is sufficient to plate a pair of candlesticks, six spoons, and a snuffer-tray. Now, if it makes a brass button look like this, what will it do upon a plated surface ? Now, I purchase all my own silver, and so I can afford to sell it cheap. Everybody buys it,—what a sad thing ! Sold again !—who 's the next lucky customer ?"

As Milan is celebrated with Damascus for its steel blades, so is the New Cut for its basket-hilted iron swords, which are made for terrific combats only, at one shilling a-piece. They are chiefly used by British seamen, to protect females in distress ; and have a charmed power, in trial by battle, of always giving the victory to rightful virtue, whilst they share the success with the author in any startling Surrey or Victoria melodrama, as the popular exclamation of "Bravo, Hughes !" at the former establishment fully testifies. It is worthy of notice, that if the interest of a piece is flagging, a desperate combat with New Cut swords will always pull it up again. They have the further advantage, after a few savage assaults, of being converted into very good saws.

Science finds a home in the New Cut. At evening, a small temple, with coloured glass windows, placed upon a three-legged stand, contains a microscopic exhibition, to which the eye of the spectator is admitted for a halfpenny. The great gun of the objects is a flea, only equalled by the diamond beetle, who turns round upon a spit, and the insects in a drop of water, myriads of which are swallowed, upon the authority of the showman, every time we drink. Astronomical observations are also carried on at night, and the moon may be seen at the outlay also of a halfpenny, and whatever you chance to have in your pockets for the time being.

The most fashionable period of the day in the New Cut is during the *entr'actes* of the Victoria Theatre, when the audience turn out for refreshment, and the promenade then presents a *coup d'œil* of gaiety, which must be witnessed to be appreciated. The Victoria enjoys a patent for performing the legitimate melodrama, but has no control over the small theatres in its immediate vicinity, where the most successful pieces are reproduced in cosmoramic boxes capable of accommodating the heads of two people. The time occupied in these representations is usually half a minute an act. In conclusion, the traveller may bear in mind that provisions and lodgings are equally cheap in the New Cut—that omnibuses leave the bridges every five minutes for its extremities—and that it is perfectly impossible to name any article, however uncommon or far-fetched, which may not be purchased second-hand in its wonderfully diversified sheds and stores—a great consideration with persons about to marry.

The New Novel. By Lord William Lennox.

[By tampering with the printer's devil, who was intercepted by Boy Dick, whilst conveying some corrected proofs back to the office, we are enabled to present our readers with the portion of a chapter in a novel, from the pen of the accomplished author of *The Tuft Hunter*. For force of language and description it equals anything of the writers who have gone before him.]

CHAPTER VII.*

"There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune." (*a*)
Unpublished volume of Poems by the Author.

One crime ever draws on another ; justice will revolt against fraud, and usurpation requires security. (*b*) And thus Eustace sped on his course, like the wind which roared over moor and meadow, hill and flat, until it got out to sea, where it met with other winds similarly disposed, and made a night of it. (*c*)

Ye who listen with credulity to the promises of hope (*d*)—who expect that it is an easy task to pluck bright honour from the pale-faced moon (*e*)—who ought to consider yourselves, separately, not as a gentleman who gives a private or eleemosynary treat, but rather as one who keeps a public ordinary, at which all persons are welcome for their money (*f*)—who feel that Rome was not built in a day, and that one story is good until another is told (*g*)—attend to the course of this history.

On the terrace of a palace, lifting to eternal summer its marble walls, (*h*) shut out from the rude world by Alpine hills, the lady of his love was seated on the evening after the events of the last chapter; and at that sweet hour which wakes the wish and melts the heart, (*i*) she poured forth the following strain over the dark blue waters of the wild unbounded sea. (*k*)

1. (*l*)

Fare thee well ! and if for ever,
Think upon her just the same ;
For she never blamed him—never,
But received him when he came.
Go, forget me !—why should sorrow
O'er thy brow its sadness fling ?
Fortune may return to-morrow,
Whilst Barbadoes bells shall ring.

2.

I 've watched with thee the twilight stealing ;
Of whose blisses, to my heart
Memory will bring back the feeling ;
Come like shadows, so depart.
As I view these scenes so charming,
Something asks, "What is the spell ?"
With fond thoughts my heart is warming :
All is lost now—oh, farewell !"

At this instant a gondola shot rapidly across the rippling path of light, which the moon was throwing upon the waters. (*m*)

A new Thoroughfare

From the Quadrant to Piccadilly, through Messrs. Swan & Edgar's shop, was opened on Monday morning, and continued so until Saturday night. Hundreds availed themselves of the accommodation in the course of the week. Mr. Filch, the original designer, is about to submit to Government his plans, already laid down, for a short cut from Bow-street to the Old Bailey.

A Con for Collier.

"WAS the 'first player' in 'Hamlet' a cigar smoker ?"

"No."

"No ! From what authority do you draw that conclusion ?"

"The words of Hamlet—

"'What 's a *cuba* (*Hecuba*) to him or he to a *cuba* ?'"

* Determined not to be again forestalled in pointing out the authorities of our pet author, we here subjoin them :—(*a*) Shakspere. (*b*) Goldsmith. (*c*) Dickens. (*d*) Adapted from Dr. Johnson. (*e*) Shakspere. (*f*) Fielding. (*g*) Margins of *Maunder's Treasury of Knowledge*. (*h*) Bulwer. (*i*) Byron. (*k*) Composition. (*l*) Ditto, from various living and defunct authors. (*m*) Cooper.

THE PERENNIAL JENKINS!

We have received a letter, which, with the characteristic justice of *Punch*, is herewith presented to the reader. It is a letter from

Jenkins; but not from *the* Jenkins; not from the Man of the People, *i. e.*, Jenkins of the *Post;* but from Jenkins's namesake, who thus complains:—

"Cavendish Square, *July* 18.

'Mr. Punch,—My name is, unhappily, Jenkins; I am a footman, and not ashamed to own it. But, sir, here is my grief. Go where I will, I am twitted with the authorship of certain articles, operatic and literary, in the *Morning Post*. The life I lead on opera-nights among my brethren of the shoulder-knot is insupportable. Unless you do me justice, I shall be compelled to throw up a very excellent situation, change my name, and quit the country. Will you then, sir, oblige me by informing the world, that whoever the Jenkins may be who writes in the *Post*, it is not

"Your obedient Servant,

"Nathaniel Jenkins.

"P.S.—Allow me to add, *Mr. Punch*, that I am rather surprised a man of your liberality should sneer at the condition of a footman. Is my namesake in the *Post* the worse for a livery?—I think not."

Nathaniel Jenkins is a very decent, sensible fellow, and had his unfortunate namesake written as good English as our correspondent, why, the critic Jenkins—poor cockchafer!—would never have been impaled upon the iron pen of *Punch*. But Nathaniel must not misunderstand us. We do not sneer at the livery that encases the corporal part of Jenkins. Not that his body, but that his soul is in livery, are we compelled to flog him with nettle-tops. Yes: his soul! Look, reader: peep in at the brain of Jenkins (you must use a glass, by the way, of great magnifying power). There, perched on *pia mater*, is what certain anatomists call the soul. With different men it takes different shapes. In the brain of Jenkins it is shaped like a Lilliput monkey, and there it sits, like the larger monkeys on the barrel-organs of those pedestrian *virtuosi* (as Jenkins himself would say) who grind you off hap'orths of Mozart or Donizetti. There is the monkey-soul of Jenkins! And see you not his nether monkey, glowing in red plush? That is Jenkins' soul in full livery; and for that soul, so habited, we must (it is a public duty) continue to flog Jenkins.

Within these few days, Jenkins has had the audacity to give his opinion on the proper position and requisite beverage of a gentleman. He says:—

"We believe that a man of genius may be seen arm-in-arm with a gentleman, without any derogation from his intellectual elevation, and that it is somewhat *more respectable for him* to take his *glass of sherry at his club in respectable society*, than to frequent taverns in very questionable company."

This is all very well, Jenkins, about the glass of sherry. It is pretty upon paper; but it is not the belief of Jenkins. No, no: he tastes not sherry: he writes not "too well," as he always does, upon sherry; but owes his nerve to plebeian half-and-half. All his beautiful flowers of speech are raised in good, honest pewter. Do they not smack of Barclay—have they not the aroma of Perkins?

Jenkins now comes to female society; and, considering the hours he has, in his time, waited at Howell & James's, he must be allowed to know something of the matter. He says:—

"Nor do we believe that refined female society will injure his intellect, any more han we imagine that a first-rate coat will crook his spine."

Jenkins has a painful recollection of a certain coat. He remembers, in his early footman life, when he was compelled to wear the cast livery of a stout predecessor; he still shudders when he ponders on the awful wrinkles down the back; on the sack-like fit of the blue plush, big enough for the Flying Dutchman. But this was before Jenkins lived with the baronet. Then he was no longer drab and blue, but gray and scarlet.

Legal Intelligence.

The recent elevation of Mr. Briefless has been the subject of much speculation among his friends. The elevation to which we allude is the removal of the learned gentleman from the three-pair-back to the front attic.

The profession will learn with surprise that the great promissory note case, which was expected to have been tried on the Home Circuit, has been settled. Mr. Longgabble had been calculating on the brief, and his friends were preparing themselves for a forensic display of no mean order. The inquiries at Mr. Longgabble's chambers have since been very numerous.

There is some talk of a Barristers' Art-union. The prizes are to consist of five hundred share pleas, at half-a-guinea each, two hundred guinea briefs, and one hundred three guinea ditto. The causes are to be merely nominal; but when the number of subscribers is made up, the drawing is to take place, and every member who draws a brief will be entitled to the fee marked upon it.

Mr. Serjeant Spooney is preparing a work on the Law of Gravitation, with a list of all the cases, from that of *Golden Pippin* versus *Isaac Newton* down to the present time.

A Card.

The person who advertises the horse-hair gloves which are said to be adapted for promoting *circulation*, is requested to apply without delay at the office of the *Morning Post*.

The Force of Habit.—"I have seen many and mighty meetings, but it never happened to me to behold such an assemblage as the one before me to-day."—*Mr. O'Connell's Speech at every Repeal Meeting.*

Wellington an Alchemist.

It is said that Roger Bacon was an alchemist; that he could transmute lead into the precious metal. Wellington has lately displayed the same alchemic power, for he has turned the Marquis of Londonderry into "*Gold Stick.*"

A Concert is advertised at the Hanover Square Rooms in aid of funds for establishing a Charitable Institution for Germans in England. As we have been accustomed to look upon the entire kingdom as one vast asylum for these gentry the institution appears perfectly superfluous.

SCIENTIFIC ILLUSTRATIONS.

PUNCH'S THEORY OF LIGHT.

As the windows of opticians stand first in scientific rank and variety of attraction, our first essay must be on the subject of Optics. Light, as we learn from its name, is without weight, and therefore travels with a velocity which renders it uncommonly warm when it reaches us. It is of two kinds—simple and compound; the latter may be simplified by being dispersed into the various modifications of the former, called the prismatic colours.

Exp. 1.—To prove this let Fig. 1 *a*, be the human eye, *b* the fist, moving freely round the point *c*; then, if *b* be produced rapidly so as to meet *a*, a curious dispersion of light immediately ensues, showing various lights of startling brilliancy, and leaving a ring of prismatic colours round *a* which will last, under favourable circumstances, for two days.

N.B.—Compounding with the Gas company or the Window-tax, is not connected with this branch of compound light.

A medium is a substance suited for the passing of light: for instance, through the circulating medium many light sovereigns have passed.

Exp. 2.—Fig. 2. Let *a* be a man endeavouring to read Punch through the pane of glass *b c*; then let force be applied by the hand *d*, and *a* will immediately pass through the transparent medium *b c*.

Light is turned from its course when it passes through media of varying densities.

Exp. 3.—Fig. 3. Let *a* be a stick, and *b c* water, the stick *a* will seem bent when it is plunged in the water *b c*; this is called refraction: and if the liquid *b c* be of very great density, such as workhouse soup, the stick will be broken.

Exp. 4. Fig. 4. Let *a* be half-a-crown, and *b* a basin; put *a* into *b*, and place it in a large thoroughfare and walk away. When you return you will not find *a*. This phenomenon is caused by that action of light on the hands which is called light-fingered.

For further illustrations of density and the kindred subject aberration, *vide* Jenkins, passim, on the speeches of Col. Sibthorpe, M.P.

Rays are said to form pencils. These must not be confounded with lead pencils; the former produce light, the latter shade. Reflection is best explained by reference to a glass; but it must be observed that two or more glasses, although they often double the effect of light, yet are found to diminish reflection.

Literary Intelligence.

Punch begs to inform his readers that the following intelligence only refers to works about to be published by himself.

"The forthcoming number of Punch is one of unusual attraction. Besides the usual continuous papers, it is enriched by contributions from all the far-famed contributors; and is, in addition, embellished with a caricature of singular interest, together with a laughable series of illustrations. Certainly the forthcoming number of Punch excels himself, and defies all competitors."—*Evening Paper.*

Punch does not exactly know what especial point is thus designated, but recommends the "*Evening Paper*" to the notice of all publishers as the kindest friend they have.

Diary of the Marshalsea Prisoners.—This spiritual account of the disastrous retreat of General Bylke and followers, and the discomforts of the Oakley-street pass, where the attack was made upon him by the Bey leefs as he was leading the van containing his effects, upon the fatal eve of Quarter day, where none was offered, will be read with deep interest at the present moment.

LEVYING BLACK MAIL.

Uniform with the above,

Recollections of the Affghan War—which has now gone beyond its fiftieth night at Batty's Amphitheatre; collected and arranged by Mr. Widdecomb.

The talented author has exclusive particulars concerning the passage of the Khyber, furnished him by the stage-manager and prompter, which will throw a new light upon several of the manœuvres of the troops. A series of portraits of the principal actors in the campaign will accompany the work at one penny each, plain; twopence coloured; and half-a-crown tinselled.

We learn, through Mr. Widdecomb, that the desertions of our supernumeraries who joined the Affghans at Ghuznee at the end of the first act, and adopted their dress and customs, were very considerable.

Memoirs of Extraordinary Popular Delusions.—Including "Lord William Lennox's Authorship, and Mr. Henson's Aerial Ship; Charles Kean's Hamlet; Renting the English Opera House; O'Connell's Patriotism; Mr. Sheriff-elect Moon's Love of Arts and Artists; Jullien; Our Victories in the East; &c., &c. By the Author of the 'Paddington Canal and its tributaries.'"

The Life, Journals, and Correspondence of Baron Nathan.—This very interesting work will shortly be given to the public. It includes a narrative of the Baron's voyage and residence at Gravesend in the autumns of 1841-2, with an account of his most celebrated figure-dances, from the "Tarantella in a jack-chain and hand-cuffs" at Margate, in 1827, to his "Fandango amongst the Fire-irons" at Rosherville in the last year: the whole now first printed from the originals. With diagrams of the dispositions of the eggs and tea-things in the "Crackovienne."

We hear that the celebrated author, Mr. G. P. A. James, is writing seven or eight novels a month for a London publisher.

Mr. Jones, the celebrated traveller, is about to publish a "Narrative of an overland Journey from Blackwall to the Bank," through Poplar and the Commercial Road. The journey was made under circumstances of considerable interest, after a dinner at the Brunswick Hotel, where, from the peculiarly intoxicating powers of the white-bait, Mr. Jones lost both the boats and the railway. As this country is entirely new to the inhabitants of central London, much novel and interesting information may be looked forward to.

Colonel Sibthorp has announced his intention of inquiring the difference between an English furlong, a German mile, and a Corn Law League. He will be seconded by Sir Peter Laurie, who is also anxious to find out, If forty poles make a furlong, how many distressed Poles are equivalent to the same.

POLISH REFUGEE.

PUNCH'S LLOYD'S—July 21.

THE POLICY OF ASSURANCE.

A bottle was picked up at low water off Blackfriars on Monday. *It* was quite empty, and had the appearance of having once contained blacking.

Greenwich. Wind, NN.S. The *Waterman 7* put in here yesterday with loss of two passengers, who got into the *Pearl* by mistake.

Vessels spoken with.

The iron steam-boat *Bachelor*, off Nine Elms pier, by the crew of the wooden ditto *Daisy*. The interchange of compliments was chiefly of the abusive order.

The wherry *Comet*, rather sharply, by the *Leander*, for getting in the way of the Regatta. The *Comet* subsequently ran ashore at the Red House. Crew saved; but cargo lost during lunch.

The *Vivid*, from Richmond, by a quantity of little boys bathing off Barnes' Terrace.

Cleared outwards with cargo.

The *Duke of Mecklenburg-Strelitz* and *King of the Belgians.*

The *Lord W. Lennox*, from the library of the British Museum.

Cleared outwards for lading.

The *O'Connell*, from Dublin to Derrinane.

Departed.

The *Bird*, from Brougham Hall.

PUNCH'S CARTOONS!

PUNCH, in a future Number, will make known to the country the names of his Artists, and of the Prizes awarded to them.

THE STORY OF A FEATHER.

CHAP. XXVII.—I AM AGAIN TAKEN ABROAD.—THE WIDOW LOSES HER LOVER AND MYSELF.

It may be supposed that Mrs. Cramp was justly offended at the ruthless sacrifice of her cap—one of the few tokens by which she remembered her departed husband; which, whenever she passed the looking-glass, convinced her she was a widow. To say the truth, she had a liking for the cap; there was a significant prettiness about it that pleased her mightily. Hence, she was majestically indignant with Edward. He was a brute—a ruffian; and then, her passion suffering a sweet *diminuendo*, he was finally a very foolish fellow. She would not take a glass of wine with him; she would not even touch the liquid; well, she would touch it and no more. She was not the foolish, weak woman he thought her; but if he was very good, she might go to the play with him on Tuesday. Should she ever see his mother, she would tell her what a scapegrace son she had—that she would.

And thus, with the prettiest affectation of remorse on the part of the highwayman, and with a coy, wayward pettishness on the side of the widow, who never having been wooed by Mr. Cramp, promised herself an enjoyment of courtship in all its dear distracting variety; thus, till eleven o'clock they sat, unseen Cupids hovering about them, snuffing the candles.

I will pass the separation of the lovers, which Mr. Abram vowed—and he ratified the oath with a bumper of brandy—tore the very heart out of his bosom. Then he burst into the snatch of an amorous ditty, whilst Mrs. Cramp begged him to remember the neighbours. To this appeal he made answer by singing the louder, and vowing if he were hanged he didn't care, he couldn't die at a happier moment. And then Mrs. Cramp wondered what nonsense was in the man's head about hanging, and finally she and Becky coaxed him to the door, and "hush-hushed" him into the street.

"Quite a gentleman, me'm," said Becky, left alone with her mistress, who sat silently looking at her fingers. "You didn't see his hands, me'm; never saw veal whiter, me'm; always tell a true gentleman by his hands, me'm. Can't be a London gentleman, me'm, —has a country look. Ha! that's the place, me'm, for my money. I could live among pigs, me'm; and then for poultry—for breeding goslings, me'm—I may say without presumption, me'm, I was born for it, me'm."

Becky's avowal of her love for an Arcadian life convinced me that the parlour-door was not without a key-hole.

"Lawks!" cried Becky, getting no answer from her mistress—"here's the feather; I couldn't take it for"—

"Never mind," said Mrs. Cramp, and she took me from the mantelpiece; "never mind; we'll talk about dyeing it another time."

"Well, it would have been a pity and a shame, me'm; besides, you won't be in nasty black a year—I'm sure you can't, me'm."

"I've such a headache, Becky," sighed Mrs. Cramp. "I'll go to bed." And the widow carrying me with her, and sighing very heavily, crept slowly up stairs to her bedroom, followed by her maid. Laying me carefully aside, she sank into a chair. Taking up her pocket-handkerchief, she sat mutely squeezing it between her palms, and then she slightly brushed the lawn across her eyes, and then her lips moved, as with some dolorous soliloquy. At length the widow cried, "This *is* lonesome, Becky."

"Might as well be buried alive, me'm; I couldn't sleep here alone, me'm, for the world, me'm. And then there's that pictur of master, me'm"—and Becky glanced at a daub portrait of the late card-maker, hanging over the chimney-piece—"it's shamefully like him, me'm, isn't it?"

"Don't talk so, Becky, you don't know how you distress me."

"Shall I turn him to the wall, me'm?" and Becky, with the word, had mounted a chair to give a turn to the card-maker.

"By no means," said the widow, "what harm can the poor man's picture do me?"

"I don't know, me'm; but if I was you, I should think he was always looking at me, me'm; and then there's that big silver watch of his at the head of the bed. Well! how you can sleep with that, me'm, I can't tell. I should think it was his sperrit tick, ticking away all night, and I shouldn't wink for him."

"Silly creature," said Mrs. Cramp, with a very faint smile.

"Why do you wind it up, me'm?" cried Becky.

"Habit, Becky; I always did when the poor man was alive. But it *is* loud to-night, and my head is, I think, going to pieces. Put the watch under the mattress, Becky."

"Yes, me'm," and in a trice the cardmaker's chronometer was crammed away. "Shall I turn the pictur, too, me'm?" cried Becky.

"I'm afraid you should touch it: 'tis in such a wretched state, so worm-eaten, and I don't know what—remind me that I send it away to-morrow to be revived. And Becky, as I see, foolish girl!—you are a little frightened, you shall sleep with me to-night."

And mistress and maid slept. The widow, for she told her vision when she awoke, dreamt that she was carried to the Land's End through the air, drawn by a team of pouter pigeons; whilst Becky, who was also favoured with a vision, declared that she had hatched a couple of dozen of goose-eggs, with twin goslings in every one of them.

Days passed on, and every day gave new brightness to the widow. She sang louder, laughed louder, trod her chamber with lighter step, and would lie and giggle in bed, Becky giggling in concert with her mistress. One morning, the widow observed to her confidential friend, "this black, Becky, is sad hypocrisy."

"To be sure, me'm, it is; but then, me'm, we can't be respectable without it."

"And then people stare so, if they see one in weeds with a gentleman, especially if one smiles, or"—

"A wicked world, me'm; think people ought to have their sperrits in mourning as well as their backs. I should like to know what mourning was made for, if it wasn't to carry it all off."

"I'll not go out in black to-morrow," said the widow, after a pause.

"Well, me'm, I honours you for the resolution," cried Becky.

"At the same time the neighbours needn't know it," observed Mrs. Cramp.

"Why should they, me'm? Ah, them neighbours! They're the cuss of one's life, me'm. How happy all the world might be, me'm, if all the world hadn't neighbours, me'm."

"I can wrap a cloak about me, and sneak into a coach, Becky," said Mrs. Cramp.

"And not a mouse be the wiser," said her maid.

The morrow came, the widow flung aside her black, and burst into colours. More; as an excelling bit of beauty, she took me. I was placed in her head; and I was delighted to find, as she looked and looked in the glass, that she fully appreciated the value of my presence. "A beautiful feather, isn't it, Becky?"

"I'll tell you the world's truth, me'm," cried Becky, putting together her extended palms, and flinging them from her as she spoke—"I've seen the Queen, me'm, and she isn't fit to see you to bed, me'm!" Thus irreverently did Becky speak of her anointed majesty, Queen Charlotte, of rappee memory.

It was evening; a coach was called. Mrs. Cramp, as cautiously as a midnight cat would cross a gutter, put her foot into the street, and for an instant looked hurriedly about her: the next moment, she was in the coach. The action was so rapid—but I thought I saw two or three figures on the opposite side of the way, watching the progress of innocent Mrs. Cramp.

The coach drove on. At length it stopped at the corner of a street. "All right," said a voice to the coachman, and immediately the door was opened, and "Edward" was seated beside Mrs. Cramp. "My angel!" he cried, "why wouldn't you let me take you up?"

"The neighbours, Edward—the neighbours," said the widow.

"The fellow knows where to drive to?" asked the highwayman.

"I've told him—he can't mistake," said Mrs. Cramp. The coach rolled on.

"*This* surely can't be the way," cried the thief.

"He can't be wrong—I was so particular, Edward," replied the widow. "I hope we shall be in time for the beginning."

"Oh, I see! all right," said Abram, glancing through the window. At this moment the coach stopt. "This isn't Drury Lane," cried the highwayman.

"No," said a man, who presented himself at the coach-door, and whom I instantly recognised as Hardmouth, the police-officer—"No, but it's Bow-street."

Instantaneously the highwayman turned round, and grasping the widow's hand, and looking like a demon in her face, he asked—"Did *you* do this?"

"What! what!" cried the widow.

"Nothing, nothing, my dear," said Abram, assured by the woman's look of innocence. "Never mind, 'twill all be right. Hardmouth, take care of the lady," cried the highwayman, jumping nimbly out of the coach, and immediately disappearing amidst a crowd of constables.

"Edward, Edward!" exclaimed the widow.

"He's in a bit of trouble, mum," said one of the officers.

"Trouble!" cried the widow, and with the word she stood upon the pavement.

"Highway robbery, mum," said the same functionary.

"A robber!" exclaimed the woman, fainting in the arms of the constable, who carried her into the office.

"It can't be his wife, Tim," said a man, as he brought water to restore the sufferer.

"One of 'em, perhaps," was the answer.

In a few minutes the poor soul became conscious of all about her. She was told that Clickly Abram—her Edward—was a known highwayman—that a poor girl was in Newgate upon his account—a girl, sacrificed to his safety. A watch he had stolen upon the highway from a sailor had been found in her bed; what was that to him? He'd hang twenty women, and laugh at 'em afterwards.

Such were the acts, such the character in brief, of the prisoner. The widow, of course, would not believe a word of the scandal. She insisted upon seeing her Edward; and, careless of all beside, she begged, entreated, that the officers would conduct her into the office. The officers, subdued by an influence which the widow had in her pocket, granted her request. She rushed forward to seek her Edward. In her agitation, I fell from her head, and for some minutes lay in the passage. And then, a rough, coarse-looking man took me up, and twirling me over and over, and grunting a sort of approbation of my beauty, put me under his waistcoat.

COTEMPORANEOUS OCCURRENCES.

"Coming events cast their shadows before."

American Repudiation repudiated.
Completion of Nelson's Column, Trafalgar Square.
Discovery of Perpetual Motion.
Repeal of the Union.
Throwing open Waterloo and Vauxhall Bridges.
Refunding of the *Rint* received by O'Connell.
Restoration of the Whig Government.
Abolition of the Income Tax.
Success of the Patent Theatres.
First Trip of the Aerial Carriage.
Death of George Robins, Auctioneer.
Publication of the last Number of *Punch*.
Pacification of Ireland.
Payment of the National Debt.
Fortifications of Paris finished.
Last Shot fired at Louis Philippe.
Season satisfactory to Farmers.
Native Talent patronised.
Doomsday.

Theatrical Intelligence.

BY THE OBSERVER'S OWN CORRESPONDENT.

THERE is considerable speculation as to the two large theatres, at least if there can be said to be any speculation with regard to that in which no one seems disposed to speculate. At the General Meeting of the proprietors of Drury Lane, there were several rumours, and one report, none of which were confirmed—at least we mean the rumours were not, though the report was, if we are to believe our own senses, though some people seem to think we cannot, for they do not give us credit for possessing them. We know, or rather we have reason to suppose—though we are sometimes supposed to be without reason when we write—that several parties were ready to come forward for Drury Lane, that is to say if it can be called coming forward, when there is a refusal to make an advance on the proposal which the committee rejected. If the proprietors can do better, they will of course be justified in not doing what they might while they could, though if it eventually turns out that they cannot, it will of course be said that they should, and they will be very properly alarmed if they haven't.

It has been said that Mr. Harley was willing to take the house, and that he would have followed in the steps of Mr. Macready, which we think he certainly would—though we do not mean to say that he would have played Macbeth, which would have been following in the steps of Mr. Macready, at least in one way, which is not the way we mean—though we do not deny Mr. Harley's right to play Macbeth if he can, and if he thinks it would draw money to the treasury, which perhaps it might, though in these days it is difficult to say, or even if we did say, we should perhaps be wrong—which always will happen. Of course, if Mr. Harley became the lessee, he would profit by Mr. Macready's outlay, unless he lost money, which he might, and then it is clear he wouldn't. However, it is not likely that so respectable a man would do anything with his eyes shut, except go to sleep, which he has a perfect right to do at home, but which he would not think of doing in his capacity of lessee of Drury Lane theatre.

MIDSUMMER VACATION.—We perceive that the wood pavement in Oxford-street has *broken up* for the holidays.

THE ANONYMOUS LETTERS,

IN REFERENCE TO THE LATE DUEL, RECEIVED BY MR. WAKLEY.

No. I.

"T. WAKLEY, ESQ.

"SIR,—Allow me to remark that, in conducting your inquiries as you are into the result of the late duel, you are acting decidedly wrong. I must be permitted to observe that, if it had been some low persons who had been concerned, instead of Officers of rank in the service of her Majesty, it might have been all very well; but really, to take the pains you do to bring Officers and Gentlemen into the inconvenient position of a Court of Justice, is highly derogatory to your station as a member of Parliament. I beg also to remind you, that the tailors and other tradespeople who compose your jury, are not at all fit and proper persons to decide upon such a question as the present, as it is impossible that such persons can in the slightest degree understand an Officer and a Gentleman's feelings when insulted; for you will please to remember, that behind the counter is not the place to cultivate sentiments of honour. In conclusion, I would just suggest to you, as a friendly hint, to take care what you are about, or you may be rewarded for your officiousness in a way you won't like.

"A YOUNG OFFICER."

No. II.

"Cornet A—— presents his compliments to Mr. Thomas Wakley, M.P., *Coroner* and *Surgeon*, and begs to state that he considers the course which Mr. W. is pursuing in the present inquest exceedingly unjustifiable, if not impertinent. It may suit apothecaries and shoemakers, and individuals of that class, to try and put down duelling, a matter with which they have no concern; for what can they possibly understand of gentlemanlike feeling? But you may rest assured it will not answer: officers and gentlemen are not to be dictated to by such a set; and when a gentleman demands satisfaction, you may depend upon it he will have it, whether *doctors* and *shopkeepers* like it or not. Cornet A. also desires Mr. Wakley to understand, that in his opinion Mr. W. had much better be writing the *Lancet*, or even attending to his *business* by talking in favour of *Radicalism* in the House of Commons, than interfering between military men, upon such

A DELICATE POINT

as duelling, and would recommend him, by way of caution, to recollect there are such things as riding-whips, to say nothing of Malacca canes; also that he is very likely, if he does not mind, to get his nose slightly lengthened.

"T. WAKLEY, ESQ."

No. III.

"To MR. THOMAS WAKLEY.

"MR. WAKLEY,—I am astonished, Sir, at the line which you have thought proper to adopt in reference to the investigation you are presiding over. Are you aware, sir, that the late duel was not one between linendrapers' and lawyers' clerks, but between two distinguished officers? What sir, I ask you, if gentlemen when insulted, are not to receive satisfaction, is to become of society in general? If common people shoot one another, it is very proper that they should be hanged, they having no excuse for so doing; but the case with persons of education and refinement is very different, as you must see. Let me hope that this appeal to you will not be without its effect, and that you will forthwith desist from a course so prejudicial to the best interests of society; and, let me add, not unlikely to entail unpleasant consequences on yourself. I have, &c.

"THE EARL OF * * * * * * * *."

HER MAJESTY'S HEALTH.

JENKINS, after his visit to the opera, published the following bulletin:—

"The Queen appeared to enjoy *an ample* and *delightful proportion* of health."

Now, as there is only so much health shared out amongst the community at large; the reader may (according to his loyalty) consider what "proportion" of the blessing her Majesty may have. Of course, in the mind of Jenkins, it would be flat rebellion in anybody to have the same quantum of health as her Majesty. Doubtless, there is a civil list of health, and her Majesty, very properly, gets the largest share of it.

LINDA DI CHAMOUNI MADE EASY.

THE curtain is up for beginning Act Third;
And, first, there 's a chorus of villagers heard.
(But, perhaps, in the first place, we ought to explain
The scene is the little Swiss village again!
The chorus come quietly down to the float,
And, catching from one at their head the key-note,
Commence a loud welcome to friends in the rear,

Who, they say, o'er the mountain begin to appear.
The party expected are soon on the stage,
And all in a chorus together engage.
The Savoyards all have come back, and, 'tis strange,
The children have not undergone any change;
And by their acquaintances quickly are known,
Because in their absence they 've not at all grown.
They hint that they mean to adjourn for a dance,
When the worthy Prefetto is seen to advance.
He says, what a pity misfortunes should hinder
Her parents distracted from welcoming Linda,
Who it seems—although really she merits it not
Has a character shocking in Chamouni got.
Then Carlo appears, and declares with a start,
He 's dreadfully eager to open his heart;
And then, that the task may an easy one be
The leader obligingly gives him the key—
When he opens his heart—though it must be confess'd
In a manner more likely to open his chest;
For he throws back his arms, now this side now t'other,
And swears that at last he 's come over his mother,
Who with Linda has yielded consent to his wedding.
(What capital news to the "furniture, bedding,

And carpet emporium" people to carry,
"That Linda and Carlo are likely to marry!")
Having given of rapture a musical scream,
Across Carlo's senses it happens to gleam
That ere he can marry he needs must look round
And see if his wife after all can be found.
He asks the Prefetto—who like a true bass,
Who delights to make always the worst of the case,
Declares, with an ominous shake of the head,
That Linda—poor Linda—alas! she is dead.
"What! dead?" bellows Carlo. The bass makes reply,
(For he seems half ashamed of the double base lie)
"She's dead to the family—ruin'd in fame,
And that (as I take it) and death are the same."
But Carlo don't fancy such reason as that,
And asks where she is—when the tin goes rat tat;
And the tenor and bass without further delay
Are in a duetto heard singing away.
Poor Carlo his anguish and science displays,
He talks in roulades about ending his days;
And then by an effort of holding his breath,
He makes a long shake upon "Linda or Death."

The magistrate, then, as stage magistrates do,
Takes all of a sudden a different view
From that which a moment before he expressed,
And urges the tenor to hope for the best;
While Carlo goes off at the wing with a *forte*,
In which he calls loudly for "*Linda*" or "*Morte*."
But now, on the platform arranged at the back,
Intended to picture a mountainous track,
Two figures are seen—in a *voce* quite *sotto*,
Some words are to *Linda* addressed by *Pierotto*.
From Linda they get no reply, but a stare,
When her faithful companion commences an air
On a cracked hurdy-gurdy, which some how or other

Appears to remind the poor thing of her mother;
From which we infer that the voice of mamma
Was like the bass string of a damaged guitar.
The magistrate enters, and seeing her sad,
He makes up his mind that of course she is mad.
"Her paleness would show it," says he. (What inanity!
Is *chalk on the cheeks* inconsistent with sanity?)
She talks incoherently now of the wedding,
(Ah, still there is hope for the Warehouse for Bedding!
For Linda and Carlo, though long they may tarry,
Are "persons about," as the cart says, "to marry.")
Now Carlo comes in with a deed in his hand,
By which he in form has conveyed all his land,
In a generous fit more good-hearted than clever,
To Linda, "her heirs, *exōrs. admōrs.* for ever.'
The father and mother have also come in,
Who to reason their daughter endeavour to win;
But they dismally fail in whatever they do,
With the laudable object of bringing her to;
Till Linda herself gives a hint, the duett
Of *A Consolarmi* may cure her e'en yet.
The moment to Carlo's remembrance she brings it,
Of course in the handsomest manner he sings it.
She's cured in an instant—the chorus prepare
The joy of the lovers and parents to share.
The heroine rushes to one, then the other;
She clings to her father, she kisses her mother;
Embraces Pierotto, and wonder comes o'er us,
To see her shake hands with the men in the chorus,
Who seem overcome by the very great honour
Of a grasp from the hand of the great *prima donna*;
And some, not aware if they really may take it,
When she proffers her hand, are unwilling to shake it;
While others, delighted the fingers to clasp,
Overdo it, and keep them too long in their grasp.
Then Linda, who 's anxious to know if she dreams,
Gives one of the regular opera screams,
Which all *prima donnas* are used to employ,
When they wish to denote the excess of their joy.
The lovers declare that most plainly they see,
For them will the earth an Elysium be;
A similar view is expressed by their friends
In a chorus, and *Linda di Chamouni* ends.

THE "PUSSY" POST.

THE *Morning Post* every day singeth louder praises of Pussyism. In fact, it insinuates that there is no other faith for a gentleman. Pussyism makes religion a genteel thing: take it away from the lower classes—the tailors, shoemakers, and their "frowzy dames," as that naughty man of the people, Jenkins, calls them,—and make it, like turtle and pine-apples, the exclusive enjoyment of the rich. The "Church Dignitary," as the *Post* calls Ebenezer Rogers, the Stoke Pogis clerk, has been at it again. This is a bit of his last visit to a certain chapel (not named):—

"I was struck with one thing which I observed at the chapel this morning: the plate, which was handed round for the collection of alms, *contained a number of little packets*. These I found, on inquiry, were offerings for particular purposes. Some of them contained *several sovereigns*, which the donors desired might be devoted to particular charities—as, for instance, a contribution *to the bishopric of Tasmania or New Zealand*, or for one of the Church Societies, or *for some sick person*, to whom the donor wished in this manner to communicate his aid."

If packets of sovereigns (what fever of liberality has seized the aristocracy?) were really given for a sick person, we trust that some of the money will be handed over to JENKINS, for, poor wretch! he is very bad indeed.

Packets of sovereigns! But Rogers has the jaundice, and thus to his eyes even copper seems gold.

JENKINS!

SAD is the spirit of JENKINS! Fading—fading is the *bouquet* in his button-hole! His face wears the livery of woe: sallow his cheeks, turned up with nose of blue! And wherefore, dear JENKINS? Alas! the world is about to end—the Opera will close. The *virtuosi* will "order their cabs" and be off to the Continent: the *ballerine* will have vanished ere the departure of the last butterfly—the *dilettanti*—yea, the *dilettanti* will quit the metropolis—and London, to JENKINS, will be as the City of the Dead.

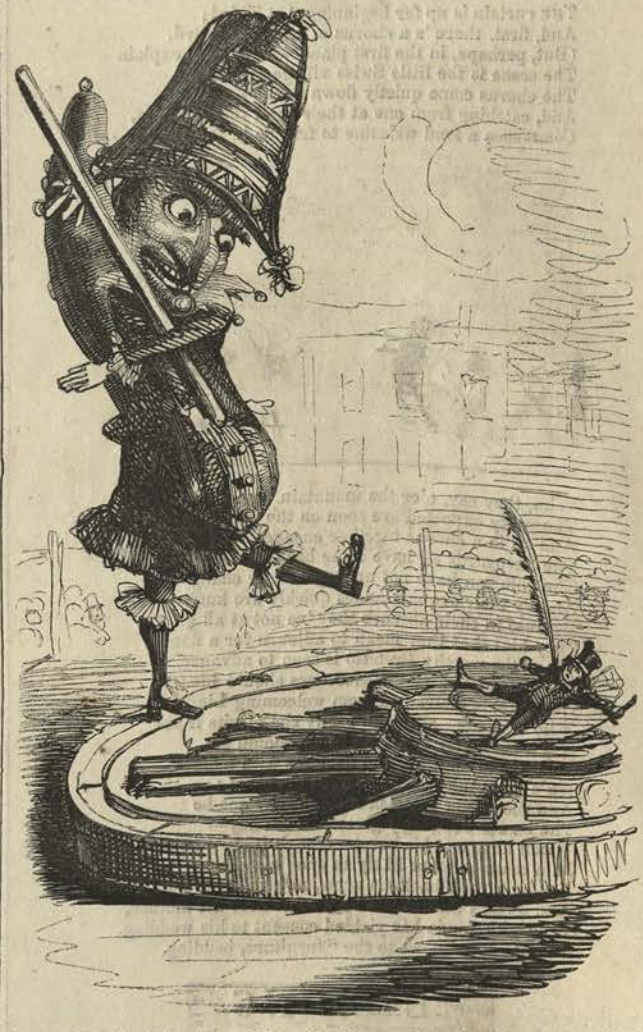
JENKINS wrestles with his grief like a giant, but it will—it will pull down his mighty soul: it will shadow his heretofore rose-coloured ink. Yet doth he still sing universally. Listen to the dying swan:—

"The Opera is the place of rendezvous of those persons who, *de facto*, as well as *de jure*, are, in the several different spheres, the leaders and models of society. It is not only to hear an opera which they may have seen a hundred times that the distinguished subscribers assemble. There, most men of consequence, *literary and artistical*,—[Pretty egotist.]—as well as the noble and fashionable, have agreed to meet during the season. There, the fair tenants of the boxes receive those friendly and agreeable visits which do not consist in the delivery of a *piece of engraved pasteboard to a servant*. Charming *causeries* are constantly proceeding *sotto voce*;—[Of course Jenkins listens.]—the music filling up the pauses of a conversation which the more often it is interrupted by the bright efforts of the singers—with the more zest and piquancy *is it resumed*. We, whose office it is to record daily events—things as they are—and hold the *glass up to fashion*—[whilst fashion arranges its evening tye]—can but seek to imitate this course of things—and we do so with only one regret—that motives of delicacy compel us to reflect rather the general sentiments that prevail, than those private opinions which have most piquancy."

But hear JENKINS upon the duties of the aristocracy:—

"It is, above all, necessary that the middle classes and the poor should see and feel that if the aristocracy has the monopoly of titles and the lion's share of the dignities and offices of the State, instead of hoarding, it nobly expends its revenues in those luxuries which emanate from the ingenuity and labour of the industrious."

The sneaking varlet! Has he forgotten how he voided his footman's rheum upon English tradesmen and their "frowsy dames?" This dirty attempt at conciliation is worse than all his flunky impudence. But no, JENKINS, it is too late—*Punch* will never leave you. He has fixed you upon his wheel; and, though Mr. POPE tells us we ought not to rack flies or grubs upon so tremendous a machine, *Punch* will nevertheless crack every bone in your sycophantic ana-



tomy. *Punch* will nail you like a dead weazel on the barn door of the press; or, mercifully preserving you alive, he will send you to the showman in Holborn, to be exhibited with the new Spotted Boy, with this announcement to the world:—

"HERE YOU MAY SEE JENKINS, THE MAN OF THE PEOPLE!"

CAPITAL AND LABOUR.

CARTOON No. V.

IT is gratifying to know that though there is much misery in the coal-mines, where the "labourers are obliged to go on all-fours like dogs*," there is a great deal of luxury results from it. The public mind has been a good deal shocked by very offensive representations of certain underground operations, carried on by an inferior race of human beings, employed in working the mines, but *Punch's* artist has endeavoured to do away with the disagreeable impression, by showing the very refined and elegant result that happily arises from the labours of these inferior creatures. The works being performed wholly under ground, ought never to have been intruded on the notice of the public. They are not intended for the light of day, and it is therefore unfair to make them the subject of illustration. When taken in conjunction with the very pleasing picture of aristocratic ease to which they give rise, the labours in the mines must have a very different aspect from that which some injudicious writers have endeavoured to attach to them.

* *Vide* Mr. Horne's Report.

CARTOON, Nº 5.

CAPITAL AND LABOUR.

PUNCH'S PRIZE COMEDY.

We are happy to inform the dramatic world, that we have received the MS. of an original comedy, written by Lord William Lennox, his Lordship being desirous of competing for the prize of 500*l*. We wish his Lordship may get it. The subjoined letter accompanied the MS. :—

LORD WILLIAM LENNOX TO "PUNCH."

"*Garrick Club, July* 26.

"Sir,—It is now some twenty years or more, since I wrote my first and last piece for the stage. It was a remarkably pleasing little drama, produced at the Olympic Theatre, under the auspices of the lamented Egerton, and called *The Gallows' Slaves*. As the piece contained a very vivid representation of the tread-mill (then a novelty), its success was enormous. That, sir, is more than twenty years ago.

"But, sir, as I have observed (with striking originality) in my charming novel of *The Tuft-Hunter*, 'How soon life passes! What indeed, is life but a poor performer, who walks and talks his hour before the foot-lights, and then makes his exit!' Still, let me hope that these twenty years have made me (as I observe in *The Tuft-Hunter*, vol. i. p. 90,) 'a wiser and a sadder man.' It is in this wisdom, in this sadness, I have written my five act comedy—my original five acts. The work is called *The Academy for Scandal*.

"I have been an industrious student of dramatic composition, and I much regret that I feel bound to deplore the want of dramatic originality in these degenerate days. There is not an atom of genius amongst all the men who scribble; not an atom; it is knack—mere knack.

"I ask it, sir, whether all these men are not humbugs—humbugs? I put the question for the third time, and Echo answers in the affirmative.

"Now, sir, there may be a few minor faults in my comedy, but its great claim upon the attention of the world is its striking originality. In fact, my whole literary career has shown what I have sacrificed to originality. I have often wished that I could invent an entirely new language, to be used only by myself, that I might not be indebted to the English parts of speech, murdered as they are by other men. Yes, sir, originality is my passion—I may say, my morbid passion; for I think the writer who would steal the thoughts of another, is by far a more paltry, contemptible, peddling fellow, than the man who boldly picks your pocket. This high feeling has attended me throughout the composition of my five acts, a skeleton of which I send you.

"Your obedient Servant,

"Len nox.

"*P.S.*—Be kind enough to print the title, &c., as I have written it."

THE ACADEMY FOR SCANDAL;

AN ORIGINAL COMEDY, IN FIVE ACTS.

BY LORD WILLIAM LENNOX; AUTHOR OF THE "TUFT-HUNTER," &c.

Dramatis Personæ.

Sir Peter Teazer.	Adder.
Sir Oliver Superficies.	Nocare.
Joseph Superficies.	Sir Harry Brimmer.
Charles Superficies.	
Crabtwig.	Lady Teazer.
Sir Benjamin Backnibble.	Marian.
Powley.	Lady Scornwell.
Mosaic.	Mrs. Candid.
Tripper.	

ACT I.

Scene I.—*Lady Scornwell's House. Discovered* Lady Scornwell *and* Adder *drinking Coffee.*

Lady S. The articles, you say, Mr. Adder, were all put in the papers?

Adder. They were, madam. But there is one business, which—

Lady S. You mean Sir Peter Teazer and his family.

Enter Joseph Superficies.

Joseph. My dear Lady Scornwell, how d'ye do? Mr. Adder, how are you?

Lady S. I have let Adder into our secret.

Enter Mrs. Candid.

Mrs. C. My dear Lady Scornwell, what tidings do you listen to? Though there's nothing but scandal. But, as I say, people who tell stories are as bad as those who make them.

Enter Crabtwig *and* Sir Benjamin Backnibble.

Crabtwig. Lady Scornwell, how are you? Mrs. Candid, you don't know my nephew, Sir Benjamin Backnibble? I'll take odds on him for a conundrum or a cross-reading with—

Sir B. Uncle, don't.

Scene II.—Sir Peter Teazer's *House.*

Enter Sir Peter.

Sir P. When an old single man weds a wife younger than himself, what is he to look out for? 'Tis now six months since Lady Teazer made me the most felicitous of bipeds, and I have been the most wretched canine animal from that time.

Enter Powley.

Powley. Sir Oliver is arrived.

Sir P. Is he? Don't say that I and Lady Teazer ever have a rumpus. Ha! Master Powley, when an aged single man leads to the hymeneal altar a young helpmate, he deserves—no, the iniquity carries its sentence arm-in-arm along with it.

ACT II.

Sir Peter's House.

Enter Lady Teazer *and* Sir Peter.

Sir P. Lady Teazer, I'll not stand it.

Lady T. Sir Peter, you may stand it, or not, as you please—but I will have my way.

Sir P. Madam, if you'd been born to this—but you forget what you were when I espoused you.

Lady T. No, I don't. I was very hard up, or I should never have married you.

Sir P. Yes, ma'am, then you were down a peg or two. I saw you first knitting stockings, in a brown merino, with the key of the ale-cellar at your side.

Lady T. Very true. And I used to kill the ducks, and wash my aunt's poodle. And now, I suppose, as we've had our daily tiff, I may go to Lady Scornwell's—you promised to come?

Sir P. I'll just look in to look after my reputation.

Punch regrets that he has not space to give the whole of Lord William's comedy, but trusts that enough of it has been shown to display that originality of thought which is characteristic of the distinguished writer. There is, however, one scene in the piece, of surpassing novelty. *Joseph Superficies* has a design upon *Lady Teazer*, who visits him in his library. *Sir Peter* enters, and *Lady Teazer* hides behind a screen. After this, *Charles Superficies* is announced, and *Sir Peter*, not wishing to see him, is about to hide behind the screen too, when *Joseph* says he has a little French stay-maker there, and puts *Sir Peter* in another room. Subsequently, *Joseph* is obliged to go out, and *Sir Peter*, in the purest spirit of comedy, tells *Charles* of "the little French staymaker." *Charles*, who is a volatile fellow (he has, by the way, an admirable scene, in which he puts the portraits of his ancestors up to auction), insists upon having "the little stay-maker" out. A struggle ensues, the screen is thrown down, and displays *Lady Teazer* as *Joseph* enters. Some idea of the effect of the following words (in Lord William's best and most original manner) may be conceived on the discovery :—

"*Charles Superficies.* Lady Teazer! by all that's extraordinary!"

"*Sir Peter.* Lady Teazer! by all that's extremely inconvenient!"

"*Charles.* Really, Sir Peter, this is one of the prettiest French stay-makers I ever saw."—

And then *Charles* proceeds in his raillery, all in the finest comic spirit, of *Sir Peter*.

If this comedy do not fill a theatre, all hope for the drama may go to bed. But we have no such fears. It is our conviction, when *The Academy for Scandal* is fully before the town, that we may safely ask —"Is not Lord William Lennox the most original writer of the day?"

And to use his own words—

"Echo will answer in the affirmative."

Utopia Discovered.

The papers have been telling us that "the village of Merthyrwahr, in Wales, has no lawyer, no tax-gatherer, no doctor, no Dissenting chapel, no paupers," and, to complete the Paradise, "no Morning Post!"

PUNCH'S LABOURS OF HERCULES.

THE NINTH LABOUR.—HOW HERCULES OBTAINED A GIRDLE WHICH APPERTAINED TO ROYALTY.

Hippolyta, Queen of the Amazons, and afterwards (according to Shakspere) Duchess of Athens, had a girdle, which was called the girdle of Mars. Hippolyta and her subjects were military and masculine ladies: this girdle, therefore, was probably like a soldier's belt; and her Majesty when she wore it must have looked very much like Mr. Liston as "Moll Flagon." The ninth labour imposed upon Hercules by Eurystheus, was to get possession of this accoutrement for his daughter Admeta: a service of danger; for every individual of the Amazons was a regular Joan of Arc, or Maid of Saragossa; and they were regarded as the Invincibles of their day. However, Hercules got the girdle.

There was also a certain girdle with which the Sovereign of England, whether king or queen, was invested as the Head of the Executive. For a royal cincture it was a very unpretending looking thing. It was no silk or satin sash, embroidered, studded with gems, and fastened with a gold buckle. No. It was just such a girdle as a friar might have worn; in fact it was made of hemp. And it is proper to state, that the monarch only wore it in theory; for whatever difference of opinion may have existed as to its utility, no one would have regarded it as ornamental. Strange to say, however, it was actually worn occasionally by the subject, though never more than once by the same individual; and it then served not for a girdle, but for a necklace.

This girdle, also, may be said to have been the girdle of Mars, for Mars was the god of hangmen. In a word, it was—the Halter.

Hercules, who looked at the world and events with the eye of the mind, went one day to the Court of Buckingham Palace. Around him were rank, splendour, and beauty. Uniforms, orders, stars, crosses, feathers, were glowing, glittering, waving about on every side. Eyes, brighter than the diamonds which encircled the brows above them, were radiating in all directions. Perfumes loaded the air. On her throne, pre-eminent over this scene of magnificence, sat the young and lovely Queen of England. She wore, to ordinary eyes, what seemed to be merely the Order of the Garter; but to those of Hercules, it was accompanied by that of the Halter, which he thought exceedingly ugly. He knew that it had not been put on by her own royal hands, nor by the delicate fingers of the ladies of the bed-chamber; that Her Gracious Majesty was not aware that she was wearing it, and that if she were so, she would be exceedingly glad to get rid of it. He therefore resolved to divest her fair form of this unbecoming decoration.

The Halter was a trapping with which Royalty had been embellished by Law. It was a contrivance for the protection of life and property; but not having been found practically to accomplish the latter object, it had been, after a long series of unsuccessful experiments, abandoned as far as that was concerned, and was now no longer employed to deter a famishing wretch from purloining a few shillings, or feloniously walking off with a lamb. It was still resorted to, however, as a preventive against murder, on that truly homœopathic principle, "Similia similibus curantur;" whereon "one fire burns out another's burning." But Legislation and Quackery were closely akin in those days.

All that Hercules had to do, was to procure the repeal of the enactments which maintained the Halter. But this was no easy matter. The Halter had many friends and supporters who considered it essential to the existence of society. Some of them venerated it as an ancient and time-honoured appendage to the glorious constitution; and not a few regarded it with interest as a property appertaining to the tragic drama of life, the decline of which, they, in their hearts, would have been sorry to behold. So the hero, in the accomplishment of this labour, encountered much opposition.

Among the articles of the popular creed, was one which inculcated the duty of returning good for evil, and which distinctly repudiated the maxim of "An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth." Hercules demanded what difference there was between morality for the mass, and morality for the individual? The answer which he received was, "A good deal;" and no other, with the hardest blows of his club, could he hammer out of the respondents. Instead of replying to his questions, they assailed him with abuse; calling him a profane person, a subverter of the established order of things, a mawkish sentimentalist, and other names. "Well done my fine fellows," cried Hercules, "rally round the Halter." Whereat, they howled and yelled, and hooted at him the louder.

Then Hercules changed his tone, and affecting to be convinced that he had been in error, began to sing the praises of hemp, which he asserted to constitute the cord which held the community together, but for which mankind would instantly set about cutting each other's throats. "Talk of the bond of Charity!" he would exclaim; "pooh! the noose—the noose is the thing!" But neither would people admit of this doctrine, and they indignantly asked what business had he or anybody to use such language as that? They were not beasts of prey, they said, lions, tigers, hyænas, but men—Christians. "Then you are not," said the demigod, "deterred from doing murder by fear of the gallows?" They replied, "Certainly not." But, they contended, the ignorant and the stupid and the brutal were.

Hercules hereupon disguised himself as a recruiting sergeant, and taking a drum before him, and getting a fifer to precede him, he strutted forth playing the Grenadier's March. In a moment he had a score or

two of ragamuffins at his heels, all ready to enlist. "Death or Victory!" cried Hercules. "Hurrah!" shouted the rabble. "Thirteen pence a day, my lads, safe!" he exclaimed. Again they cheered. "Who cares for the chance of a bullet?" "Not we! We should think not! Bullets! Ho, ho!" roared the populace with scorn. "Get along with you, you vagabonds," said the hero, dispersing them with his club. "So much, gentlemen, for the fear of death."

But John Bull was a strong-minded fellow. He was not to be laughed out of his convictions—not he! Hercules, however, resolved to persevere. Accordingly he gave a grand banquet, whereunto he invited the Ministers, several of the Judges, a Bishop or two, a large number of ladies of title, and all the most distinguished personages in the world of Fashion, of Science, and Literature. A hero was always able to command good society—particularly if he gave good dinners; so they were very glad to come. Dinner being ended, and the cloth removed, Hercules rose, and requested his distinguished guests to allow him to call their attention to a toast which he was about to propose—the health of a gentleman present, to whom, he had no doubt, they would feel extremely happy to do that honour: a gentleman whose important services to the state (he hoped no one present would ever require them) performed under the most trying circumstances, entitled him to public gratitude, and particularly to the

thanks of all those who were concerned in the administration of Justice. He had that gentleman now in his eye.

Here the looks of the illustrious assembly were all directed to the quarter indicated by Hercules, where, next to a young and beautiful countess, sat a short squat burly man with a flat head, coarse features, and sunken eyes, who had been till now unnoticed by any one; or, if he had, had passed for some stupid nobleman.

"I beg," continued the illustrious demigod, "to propose the health of JACK KETCH."

A scene of the utmost confusion instantly ensued. The young countess screamed, and fell down in a fainting fit. A universal exclamation of horror and disgust broke forth, and an expression of indignation and loathing sat on every countenance. The ladies turned pale; the noble Lords looked ferocious; the Judges frowned, and the meek eyes of the Bishops flashed fire. Hercules, with well-feigned astonishment, protested that he did not know what was the matter.

A noble Duke there present, begged respectfully to ask the distinguished demigod whether he considered such conduct on his part fit and proper, and hospitable treatment of his right honourable, and reverend, and illustrious guests?

"Such conduct as what?" answered Hercules.

"Nay, really," said his Grace, "I must beg your Mightiness's pardon; but look at that person." And he pointed to Jack Ketch, who returned the compliment with an ominous leer.

"Well!" replied the hero, "is he not a man and a brother? Have you not enacted that if no hangman can be found, the sheriff is to perform his part? Why may not Jack Ketch be a respectable man?"

"I do not," said the Duke, "object to his station in life, being quite aware that to a divine understanding such as that of your Mightiness, all men are equal: but to ask us to dine with the common hangman!"

"The common hangman!" said Hercules. "What then? Has the accessory any right to be ashamed of his principal? You, all and each of you, who uphold Jack Ketch, are his accomplices. The fairest lady among you who would continue him in his office, lends a hand to tighten the noose which throttles a fellow-creature."

"A—h!" screamed all the ladies in unison.

"And now is it not too bad of you," continued Hercules, "to impose a participation in this man's deeds upon your very Sovereign,—to force the Royal hand, by its signature to the death-warrant, to become the *primum mobile* in the work of butchery?"

They had nothing to say in reply.

"Get out," said Hercules to Jack Ketch; "we have now had enough of your company. Well, good people, what say you? Will you consent to relieve Royalty of this elegant, this Christian ornament, the hempen girdle, and to resign it into my custody?"

They now saw the force of the arguments of Hercules; and shortly afterwards an Act of Parliament was passed for dispensing in future with the services of Jack Ketch, and for the everlasting disuse of the Halter, which the Head of the Executive gladly resigned into the hands of Hercules, who formally made a present of it to *Punch*, to perpetuate, in the execution of Jack Ketch, the memory of his triumph over legal homicide.

PUNCH'S HANDBOOKS

FOR HOLIDAYS SPENT IN AND ABOUT LONDON.

TOWER HILL.

THE watering-place to which we now call the attention of the holiday visitor, as abounding in everything that is interesting in an antiquarian or manufacturing point of view, is situated on the north side of the Thames, at a very short distance from its banks, in the eastern precincts of London. It is approached by different labyrinthine thoroughfares in various directions, depending upon where you come from; and quitted, in the same manner, in accordance with where you are going to: but on every side, should you be once lucky enough to find the way, there is a great facility of communication with the inland country. And from the port, which is accessible to boats at all states of the tide, there is a fine view of the opposite coast of Bermondsey—Pickle Herring-stairs being distinctly visible with the naked eye.

With the Tower itself we have not, at present, much to do, further than stating its principal use, as a fortress, is to defend Trinity-square, and afford amusement to a select party of military, in opening and shutting its gates morning and evening; but whether for the purpose of locking in the residents or keeping out assailants, is not known. And to command the Thames with its guns, it is now of no use, since an inimical fleet, instead of sailing up to London Bridge, might now disembark its troops at Brunswick Wharf, whence they might easily arrive in Fenchurch-street by the Blackwall Railway, perfectly secure from every assault.

The scaffold upon Tower Hill is at present (July 1843) situated against a house in Postern Row, for the purpose of executing some repairs. Other executions, however, still take place occasionally in the neighbourhood, and usually end in taking off the head of the house wherein they are put, the ancient order of punishment being reversed, and the imprisonment following the execution. Otherwise the days of torture are past. The racks and halters are confined to the stables of East Smithfield; the scavenger's daughter is peaceably employed preparing her father's supper against his return from sweeping up the mud in the Minories—the blocks have migrated to the Poultry, where they trouble Sir Peter Laurie's head and neck quite as much as ever they did the criminals of former times. Society no longer countenances these uncivilised implements; and, save in listening to Hume's speeches, the Syncretic drama, and the ancient concerts, or reading the lucubrations and adaptations of Lord William Lennox, Memoirs of the Mouldy, or Meditations amongst the Coffee-cups, lingering torture is extinct.

DOWN IN THE MOUTH.

The popularity of Tower Hill, as a place of holiday resort, gives a lively impetus to home manufacture and enterprise. Pies, potatoes, fruit and salads, are there disposed of in the usual manner; but occasionally there is a Brandy-ball Union, and Gingerbread-nut Distribution, which is conducted upon speculative principles so attractive and out of the common, as to allure numerous adventurers. The owner carries a box with many apertures, of the shape of pigeon-holes, and from the extremity depend countless strings. By pulling one of these, a doll's head rises from the boxes with a number on his forehead, the lowest being fifteen, the highest a hundred; but the man alone is in possession of the secret by which the hundred nuts are gained—we never rose higher than thirty. The same proceeding is applicable to the choice of brandy-balls. If the word of the owner can be taken, "they cures consumption, warms you more than sperets, and is twice as innocent." We have noticed a western *depôt* as well, for the sale of the latter article, in New-street, Covent Garden. But there you cannot risk the halfpenny, for in those districts the police have questioned the legality of the "Union." You must buy outright, after having had your attention arrested by a placard on the stall relating to the "SINGULAR DISCOVERY OF A HUMAN BODY," which proves, upon close inspection, to be a mysterious display of typography. On Tower Hill the brandy-balls are exposed to the winds of heaven; in New-street they are sheltered by a crooked pane of glass, which is nevertheless open at each end for the transmission of air and dust.

The pastry of Tower Hill is in unison with the fortress that commands it. The crust is impregnable, and the fruit has the air of having suffered long imprisonment; whilst the time-hallowed exterior of the buns and turn-overs calls up our admiration, not of the articles themselves, but the digestion of those who can devour them. And we have seen round dumplings in the windows of the *restaurateurs*—cannon-balls of flour and water that might be used in the event of a siege, against which no walls could stand.

Punch is addicted to Tower Hill. He performs often thereon, and can at any time command a good audience, until the little hat is taken round by the drum for halfpence. He does not appear to stand in any awe of the fortress, but commits his accustomed murders as coolly as if he were in Bloomsbury Square; and beats Jim Crow and the clown—two illegitimate additions of late years to the *corps dramatique* of *Punch*—with his wonted heedlessness.

The fish markets of Tower Hill are well supplied with whelks and crabs, in common with all fashionable promenades—the former at five, the latter at three for a penny; and the modern luxury of pickled eels is also finding its way there. Nor is the delicate winkle of the Peri absent, at a halfpenny the tin-pot full of uncertain measure. Indeed, for street shell-fish generally, Tower Hill is the great mart, although perhaps there is more of the winkle at the distant port of Hungerford, where the conchologist may pick up shells for hours together upon the shore.

Looking over Little Tower Hill is the Mint, where so much money is made; but as few are permitted to see how, the process so much coveted is very little known. The Mint is upon the north-eastern bank of Tower Ditch, and connected indirectly with the Bank of England. Some talented members of the Shakspere Society have been assisting Mr. Payne Collier in endeavouring to prove that this is the bank which the immortal bard spoke of as knowing, whereon the wild thyme blew—wild thyme and mint being usually classed together; but on the other hand it is somewhat doubtful whether at the time he wrote the play, from his improvident habits, Shakspere knew any bank at all in reality, but merely spoke of one with poetical licence.

The natives of Tower Hill, generally speaking, are a civilised tribe, living chiefly upon animal food and the produce of the earth. Once, we beheld a savage there, at the corner of the Minories, in a yellow caravan, towards evening, drawn by one horse, with steps to let up and down, like those of a bathing machine, according to the proximity of the police. He performed a war-dance, but whether he was captured in the remote prairies of Goodman's Fields, or imported from the backwoods of Epping and Hainault we were not told, the exhibition being cut short by an order to "move on" from a local authority, by which means we enjoyed a compulsory ride from where the caravan had been stationed to the interior of Rosemary Lane.

Lodgings we presume to be cheap, as well as provisions, but washing is dear—if we may judge from the scarcity, upon the principle that all rare things are expensive.

PUNCH IN CHANCERY.

REPORTED BY HIMSELF.

THE court is crowded—on the bench is seen
England's Vice-Chancellor, with brow serene ;
Within the bar silk-gownsmen strongly muster,
While in back rows the juniors thickly cluster—
Hoping some miracle may perhaps have sent
A stray half-guinea motion to consent ;
But few, alas ! are destined yet to see
Even the colour of the casual fee.
Now, from the foremost bench, behold arise
A learned man—in counsel truly wise ;
Sensation through the throng'd assembly ran
As thus that learned counsellor began :—
" Your honour "—for 'tis thus old customs teach
The Counsel to begin the legal speech—
" Your honour, I 've the honour to appear
For one whose fame extends from sphere to sphere—
The hero of the cap, the staff, the hunch—
The dog, the bell, the gallows—glorious PUNCH !
Vile arts some caitiff publisher pursues
The fame of Punch to sully and abuse,
By pirating his form and brow serene,
Giving his countenance to things unclean."
No more the learned man had cause to speak—
For indignation blanched his honour's cheek.
" Shall PUNCH," said he, " be thus dishonour'd !—Oh,
Thus from the judgment-seat, I answer—No.
Are caitiff publishers, without compunction ?—
Take, Mr. Bethell—take a strong injunction.
And never did the court commence the day
In such a jovial and auspicious way,
As thus—between its breakfast and its lunch,
Taking such very well-concocted Punch."
His honour's joke caught by the eager bar,
Was duly welcomed with the loud " Ha, ha."
" Silence !" the startled usher loudly call'd,
By such unusual sounds in court appall'd—
And strove, at first, to check the unheard-of din
Of Chancery suitors yielding to a grin ;
But soon his muscles, like dissolving lead,
Into a limpid smile are seen to spread :
While laughter's liquid fruits appear to rise
In liquid streamlets from his languid eyes.
Then *Punch*, obtaining all his Counsel sought,
Departs triumphant from th' admiring court.

Change of Residence.

The Statue of George the Fourth has left King's Cross, and retired into the country. Change of scene had been recommended, as the noble patient has been suffering for years from a badness of *site*.

The Queen's State Visit to the Opera.

THE Opera-house, on the occasion of her Majesty's state visit, was not nearly so full as Drury Lane had been, a little while before, on a similar occasion. This is very easily accounted for. The Queen at Drury Lane was a novelty indeed, but the Queen at the Opera is almost an every-day occurrence. An English theatre was such an uncommon place for the sovereign to be found in, that the public flocked to see her there ; but it was quite a common-place business when her Majesty visited the Opera.

A New Creation.

THE Watermen's wooden structure at Greenwich has at length been regularly admitted to the recognised Peerage of Great Britain, the Lord Mayor having allowed its claim to the title of Barren of Nuisance. The objection urged against the recognition of the new Pier was the fact of its being made of wood ; but this surely shows a relationship to some, at least, of the heads of the aristocracy. The Court at which the claim was conceded was appropriately held at the Crown and Sceptre —to which the Lord Mayor generally rushes, in default of a real crown and sceptre, when he has to act in the capacity of civic sovereign. The Pier could not boast of the Pearls to be found in an Earl's coronet ; but some early Purl was procured on the following morning in honour of the occasion.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.—Our letters from Madrid inform us that a new edition has just been published there of " THE SPANISH WITHOUT A MASTER."

"Everything by Turns and Nothing Long."

The following is too amusing to be lost :—

A gentleman who was seated in the centre of the room interrupted Lord Stuart, and asked in a very loud tone of voice whether Mr. Buckingham had not, in his book on Palestine, used Lord Valentia's plates ?

Lord Brougham, who sat next the chairman, and Mr. Buckingham, simultaneously replied " No." The gentleman having still looked rather sceptically, Lord Brougham, in a very angry and loud tone, reiterated, " No, I say no ; do you understand that ?—(Laughter.) You have got your answer. Mr. Buckingham says No too—(Laughter.) What more do you want ?—(Laughter.) No, no, no ; do you understand that ?"—(Laughter).

The gentleman who had originally put the question said he understood sufficiently what " no " meant, and asked his lordship whether he did ?—(Laughter and confusion.)

Lord Brougham (passionately) : " Why, the man is mad—(Laughter). Do you hear, sir ? You put a question, and we say ' no ;' that is your answer,—no ; can you understand that ? No ! I say, no."

The former speaker : " I am very glad to hear it."

Lord Brougham (angrily) : " We don 't care whether you are or not."—(Laughter).

From the foregoing, one would fancy that Lord Brougham was full of the milk of human kindness, but that the warmth of the room had turned it excessively sour.

A NOVELTY IN ACOUSTICS.

MR. EVERETT, the American Minister, concluded a speech at Derby in the following words :—

" I assure you that when these shouts shall be heard across the Atlantic, as they will be in eighteen or nineteen days, they will be echoed from hearts as warm as yours."

We should like to be enlightened as to the route which the shouts will take from Derby, and when we may expect the echo back again.

ODE
To Mary Briggs.

BY

JENKINS.

FOR washin mendin irining
Fore fronts and a pear
Of cottins stockins
Four pense hapenny.

IN answer to numerous inquiries, we beg to state that there is no truth in the report that Vauxhall Gardens will be opened this year. This rumour must have originated from the quantity of rain that has fallen lately.

PUNCH'S CARTOONS !

PUNCH, in a future Number, will make known to the country the names of his Artists, and of the Prizes awarded to them.

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THE STORY OF A FEATHER.

CHAPTER XXVIII.—I AM TAKEN TO NEWGATE.—THE TURNKEY AND HIS WIFE.

I soon discovered that my new owner was a tenant of Newgate. Official business of some kind had, for a time, drawn him from his home to the police-office. I cannot clearly tell the purpose of his errand; but I believe it was to speak to new evidence which had come out against some thief committed for trial; and that duty fulfilled, my possessor had nought to do but straightway seek his home in the Old Bailey. Nevertheless, he lingered about the office, whiling away the pleasant minutes in sessional discourse, with old acquaintance. "Hanging must be the end of this?" said he to an emissary of justice. "Click can't get off this time?"

"Lord love you, no, Mister Traply," was the answer. "He may get measured for his coffin the first minute he has to spare."

"He's a fine fellow, and won't disgrace Tyburn," said my new master. "Ha!—Tom—it's a pity for the time folks have to live, that they can't 'scriminate as to what belongs to 'em, and what don't."

"I don't know; it's all right and proper to say so; but if they did, what would become of us?"

"That's true, too. Well, it takes all sorts to make a world;" and with this worn adage, my new possessor prepared himself to depart, when Clickly Abram was brought into the hall, in the custody of a couple of officers, poor Mrs. Cramp, with streaming eyes and ashy face, following him; and declaring, between her sobs, that "they should never tear him from her."

"Tell you what it is, mum," said Traply, gently taking the woman aside. "I'm turnkey in Newgate; and if you like to come there, you may be as happy as the day is long with him."

"Heaven bless you!" cried the widow. Nor did the excess of her gratitude make her forgetful of the surer means of touching Mr. Traply's sympathy.

"I can have a coach?" said the highwayman, looking about him with regal dignity.

"To be sure you can, captain," cried Traply; "and more than that, I'll ride with you."

The coach was speedily procured, and Mr. Abram as quickly invited to enter it.

"We shall be happy yet," cried Mrs. Cramp, throwing herself into the highwayman's arms.

"As turtles, my darling," said Abram; and then, in a lower voice, "don't forget the money."

Mrs. Cramp aswered hysterically, "She would die first;" and then again and again embracing the thief, she was at length separated from him, fainting in the arms of an officer.

"All right! Newgate!" cried a linkman with a laugh, having just picked up a shilling, thrown to him by the culprit, as the coach was about to drive away.

"It's not so bad, I hope, sir?" said Traply, who had seated himself beside Abram.

"A bagatelle," answered the thief.

"I thought so," cried the turnkey; "and that's not capital."

Rapidly the moments passed, and we stopt at Newgate. I shall never forget that dead halt. Ere the prison-door was opened, it seemed to me a pause between life and death—and then, what a terrible transition! Now, and the man, albeit a prisoner, had outdoor life about him; saw the worldly working of men; saw free faces; beheld the passers-by carrying on the business of life: some were going to their homes; some, as perhaps the prisoner fashioned to himself, going to merry meetings. And yet he—he—was as unthought of, as unacknowledged, as though he had never been. Still he felt himself a part of the world; he saw its people, and he was of them; another instant—the prison-door had closed upon him, and the outward world was to him a dream! Between this and that side of a prison threshold, may there not be grey hairs?

My possessor, Mr. Traply, was a privileged man in Newgate; and therefore, as others might say, he was permitted to have his greatest comforts about him. Mrs. Traply was permitted—if she could—to turn a gaol to Paradise by her presence. I fear, however, that the opportunity was rarely improved upon by the good woman, whose first principle was to teach her husband the virtue of humility, by constantly showing to her mate how very much she was above him.

It was late when I arrived in Newgate—very late. Mr. Traply, doubtless to cheat the misanthropy of prison life, had harmonised himself with an extra allowance of liquor. That good intention was by no means applauded by the partner of his fate.

"Here you are again, like a beast, Mr. Traply," cried the wife from between the bed-clothes, as the turnkey entered his den of a bedroom. "Well! if my father, the lawyer, had ever thought I should come to this!"

"Where could he think you would come to, when he brought you up, Mrs. Traply, eh? Where, ma'am, but to Newgate?" asked the bacchanal and brutal husband.

"You're a villain," cried Mrs. Traply.

"That's my affair, Charlotte," said the turnkey. "Nevertheless, my pet lamb, look here."

"Don't lamb me! Ha! I wish my dear father was only here—"

"More shame for you; if he was, he'd be hanged, you know, for coming back afore his time. Now, look here, Charlotte."

"I won't look at nothing," cried Mrs. Traply; who then added, "What is it?"

Mr. Traply approached the bed-side, and with a candle in one hand, and me in the other, presented himself to the sparkling eyes of his placable wife.

"What a beautiful feather, Mike! Where did you get it?" cried Mrs. Traply.

"Get it? I'm always a buying something for you," said the turnkey.

"It *is* a dear! But what's feathers in Newgate?" sighed the wife.

"Well, well, we sha'n't always be here, Charlotte. What's the news? Anything happened since I went out?"

Mrs. Traply, taking me in her hand, and carefully examining me by the candle, whilst her husband prepared himself for bed, began in a changed voice to narrate the events passing in her husband's absence. For once, I felt I had been a peacemaker between man and wife, for the late complaining, shrewish Mrs. Traply, spoke in accents of connubial sweetness: "*That* gentleman has been here again."

"What! Mr. Curlwell?" cried Traply. "Well?"

"It seems, what they say in books, quite a passion with the man. But he says, he'll give anything if we can only tell him how to get the girl off."

"And what says Patty?" asked the turnkey, by this time in bed.

At the word, I trembled; for I knew they spoke of the helpless, innocent creature, then with shame and misery upon her, a captive in Newgate.

"She says, she doesn't want him to meddle nor make with the business," answered the turnkey's wife.

"What, then, she doesn't buckle to him yet?" asked Traply.

"She quite shivers and turns white when you talk of him. And for all I had her up here to tea to-night, and tried to talk reason to her, she said she'd rather die, before she'd have him."

"Well, then, she must die," said Traply.

"La! Mike!" cried the woman; "you don't mean it?"

"That is, you see, we must make her believe that Mr. Curlwell can get evidence enough about her—right or wrong, no matter—to hang her, if she won't have him.

"Well, do you know, Mike, I think she'd die first," said Mrs. Traply.

"You're a fool, wife," answered the turnkey, "and know nothing of natur'. All that we have to do, is to keep from her the news that Click Abram's taken.

"And is he taken?" asked Mrs. Traply.

"*Is* he taken?—Whenever I go out of Newgate, I don't go for nothing; I think I always bring my bird home with me. Yes, we have him. It's a comfort to think we have him sleeping as sweet as any babby under the same roof with us." The caption of the highwayman was plainly too high an achievement for Traply not to put in some claim to it. "He's sure to be hanged," said the turnkey, yawning.

"You don't say so?" cried the turnkey's wife, slightly yawning too. "Well, for my part, Mike—after all, you're not so bad—that is a pretty feather you've bought me—for my part, I don't think—no, I wouldn't hang nobody."

"You wouldn't hang nobody! You're a fool, wife; and don't know what morals is," cried Traply.

"Well, and now you've bought me that feather, what's the use of it?" asked Mrs. Traply, with a quick jump from death to adornment. "Feathers is of no use in Newgate, Mike."

"You don't think I'm always a-going to bury myself as a turnkey, do you?" asked Traply.

"I should think not," said his spouse. "Suppose now, the governor should die—"

"And what then?" asked Traply.

"Why, you *might* get his place. I say, you might get his place. For you can't think what civil things Alderman Ruby says of you.

There, if you was governor, I suppose I should dress a little different to what I do now?"—

"Well?" cried Traply, in a half-snore.

"And then I suppose we should see and be seen?"—

"Well?" said the turnkey in a fainter voice.

"And then I suppose we should go and dine with the Lord Mayor?"—

"Humph!" grunted Traply.

"And I suppose, if we was to ask him, the Lord Mayor would come and dine with us?"

The turnkey was asleep.

"I say, Mike," and Mrs. Traply plied her elbow in her husband's side—"I say, suppose the Lord Mayor—Mike!—you don't hear what I say?—I say, suppose"—

Traply snored deeply—most profoundly.

Mrs. Traply having fallen into a waking dream of ambition, would not dismiss it. She, therefore, again moved her connubial elbow. "I say, Traply—my dear Traply, I say, suppose"—

The turnkey jumped up in the bed, exclaiming with most perfect emphasis—"Mrs. Trapley, I have to go to Tyburn to-morrow morning; and suppose you go to sleep, that you may get up time enough to mend them holes in my stockings?"

UNIVERSAL BED AND BOLSTER MART.

ALL persons about to Marry are respectfullly invited to purchase from the "Immense Stock of the Universal Bedding and Bolster Mart," where every article is warranted for three weeks, and the money returned if had back again. Houses furnished and families settled at a few hours' notice. The dining-tables of the Bolster Mart are especially adapted to the cabins of ships, for when placed near a fire they assume a graceful curl,—sloping from the sides to the centre, and preventing the probability of plates slipping off from them. Captains and others going abroad, and not likely to come back again, are particularly invited to purchase.

For the assistance of parties going into housekeeping the following estimate is respectfully submitted.

Kitchen.			
A stout no-flapped, four-legged serviceable square-topped deal Table	£0	18	0
A superior Windsor Chair, complete, with back, and fitted with legs warranted to take off	0	3	6
Handsome double-compartment Knife Box	0	2	6
Total of Kitchen	1	4	0
Sitting Room.			
Mahogany Table, on turned legs, and warranted to come in two with or without leave	2	10	0
One easy and two uneasy Chairs, warranted to be stuffed with superior hay, in hair (that is, mohair) case	1	15	0
A Curiously Chaste Wire Fender, of the birdcage pattern, painted green, with plain useful Poker complete	0	3	6
Total of Sitting Room	4	8	6
Best Bed Room.			
A Commodious 3-foot 6 Japanned French Bedstead	0	18	0
A 3-foot superior highly-seasoned Flock Bed, with 2-foot 6 Hay Bolster, and a pair of 9-inch pillows, complete	1	1	0
Neat Wash-hand Stand, with necessary crockery	0	9	6
Looking Glass, to be hung against the wall, very best Plate, with a hook	0	4	6
Strong folding Boot Jack	0	0	6
Total of Best Bed Room	2	13	6
Servant's Bed Room.			
A Serviceable Scissars Bedstead	0	6	6
Total of Servant's Bed Room	0	6	6
Total expense of furnishing a Four Roomed House	£8	12	6

Every article purchased at the great Bolster concern is warranted to stand till the legs fall off—in any climate. Persons desirous of furniture for temporary purposes, cannot do better than resort to the cheap mart, for all the goods sold there are particularly adapted to those who have an idea of their establishments being broken up within a short period.

GOOD NEWS FOR JENKINS.—"White thread gloves," says the *Leicester Mercury*, "are selling in that town for a penny a pair."

C'EST BEAU, ÇA!

NEW SONG, TO A "HYBRID NEGRO" AIR.

BY JENKINS.

THERE dwelt a Bard in Stratford,
By reedy Avon's side,
Whose strains were caught by angels' harps,
And borne along the tide:
(Twist about, and twirl about,
And jump, Perrot!
Every time he twirls about,
We simper out, "*C'est beau!*")

They charmed the lady's bower,
They filled the courtly town;
They soothed the peasant's oaken bench—
The courtier's driven down:
(Twist about, &c. &c.)

They cross'd the wide Atlantic,
O'er the narrow seas they flew;
And fill'd with England's name and fame

"*FROM INDUS TO THE POLE.*"

The old world and the new!
(Twist about, &c. &c.)

And there were times, they tell us,
When the Pit was like a fair;
When the boxes blazed with diamonds,
And Kings and Queens were there:
(Twist about, &c. &c.)

When Commons thronged with Princes
Old Drury's walls to fill;
And hearts were touched, and senses warmed
By "BEN" and "GENTLE WILL!"
(Twist about, &c. &c.)

But now the times are altered—
A happy change, I ween!
For plain plum-pudding and roast beef's
No dinner for a Queen!
(Twist about, &c. &c.)

You prefer Macbeth and Hamlet
To La Signora Fuszt?
Why, you must have lived before the flood,
You Goth of Goths, you must!
(Twist about, &c. &c.

No! Glory be to Catti—
To Fatti glory be!
Who makes ten thousand pounds a-year
By squalling "Tweedledee!"
(Twist about, &c. &c.)

And on the Bard of Stratford
Repose in peace the dust!
For he, of old, was also great—
Though not so great as Fuszt!
(Twist about, and twirl about,
And jump, Perrot!
Every time he twists about,
We simper out, "*C'est beau!*")

A QUESTION IN ARITHMETIC.

IF a novel by Sir E. L. Bulwer can be bought at a bookstall for eighteenpence, what will Lord William Lennox come to?

A SUMMER DAY AT ROSHERVILLE.

ROSHERVILLE, a highly picturesque spot, and probably the largest ornamental chalk-pit in the world, has become such a popular resort for the visitors to Gravesend, that a small manual like the present, pointing out its numerous attractions, may not be unacceptable to our subscribers; by which, of course, we mean the world at large.

To a programme of the attractions—a slip of yellow paper, five inches broad by several feet in length—we are indebted for much valuable information respecting this scene of enchantment. From it the panting world is informed that—

"The Gardens now appear in their richest attire; the rich and varied tints of the rare and choice flowers, which bloom in surpassing perfection, and the inexpressible sublimity and beauty of the whole scene, imparts to the imagination an appearance of the abode of the celestial houris, and indeed this truly enchanting spot, the production of human genius, might well tempt them from their terrestrial sphere, to luxuriate in this earthly paradise. As the *Times* justly observes, 'To any one who has not seen these splendid grounds, we would say, Go! View!!! and be surprised!!!'"

This certainly is enough to overcome weak minds; but see what follows:—

"THE UNION FETES combine a variety of Laughable, Farcical, Musical, Terpsichoral, and Highly-appreciated Amusement."

And barely has the wrapt beholder pondered upon this announcement, than he observes the further notice, far more interesting, of

"MR. BARON NATHAN, *Master of the Ceremonies, from Her Majesty's Theatre, Opera House, and formerly patronised by His late Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex.*"

Yes, that great man is to be seen—actually, really to be seen, walking like an ordinary person amongst ordinary fellow-creatures—at Rosherville! He is no longer a phantasy of mental conception—not that ideal form of rank and immortality, with which we invest the "Prince Crackovienne and Lord of everybody's manners," as a pleasant colleague has styled him,—not a zephyr in pumps, bounding amidst new-laid eggs and tea-things, but a substantial reality—the glass of fashion, the mould of form—in fact, the BARON NATHAN!

Collecting ourself for fresh admiration, after reading down several more yards of the programme, we come to a startling promise of excitement:—

"The Visitors will be welcomed by the Extraordinary Illumination of the Gardens, after the manner of the annual *festivities* of the Chinese, and of

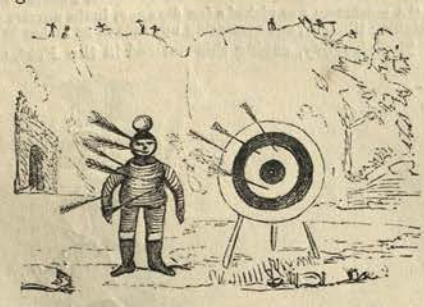
"ILGIORNODISANPIETROINROMA!!!"

There is a word! The bare attempt to spell it ought only to be undertaken by persons of mighty genius, like ourselves, whose brains popple and coruscate with highly-charged voltaic batteries of intellectual power. We retired to Windmill Hill, and studied this word for two entire days; not with much hope, it is true, of ever being able to decipher it, for we recollect, where formerly an entertainment was always promised at masquerades, termed FARINAGHOLKAJINGO, which no one ever saw or comprehended, and this was even more elaborate. At length, when exhausted nature sought a restorative, we entered a modest cottage where tea was sold, with shrimps, for ninepence, and it was here that the solution of the mighty enigma burst upon us. We divided the word, and read "*Il giorno di San Pietro in Roma.*" The translation of this sentence we leave to Lord William Lennox, whose poems of "Orlando Furioso," "Inferno," and "Childe Harolde's Pilgrimage," prove his intimate acquaintance with Italian manners and language.

On entering the gardens, to which admission is obtained on the tenure of presenting a sixpence to one of the Baron's retainers at the postern, the best plan for the visitor is first to proceed to the

ARCHERY GROUNDS,

which lie to the left of the grand avenue. A mountaineer in drab trousers and a green baize tunic, with a beaver hat of many-coloured feathers, disposes of arrows at seven for twopence. His appearance is calculated to strike awe into the hearts of common spectators; but the courtesy with which he tells every aspirant that he is sure they have handled a bow often, albeit in a foreign accent, soon dispels all fear. His name is Robin Freyschutz Hood, and being distantly connected with the Tell family, he has been able to fashion a straw statue, representing Albert of that house, with an apple of gigantic growth upon his head, which anybody is at liberty to shoot at. From this statue we learn that Tell's son was short and thickset in figure, about four feet high, and ordinarily wore a blue tunic and top boots. He has here been correctly depicted.



Passing over the grass-plats and ornamental walks, which we must do to arrive at the next point of interest, we come to the

BANQUETING HALL,

a spacious structure in the style of the middle ages, something between a barn and a baronial residence. The first object which arrests the attention of the visitor is a placard, on which we can read, "*Gentlemen are respectfully requested not to smoke in the Banqueting Room. It is earnestly hoped that no gentleman will* DEVIATE AFTER THIS NOTICE."

As in stage feasts the banquet is generally composed of apples, so at Rosherville it is invariably confined to shrimps. But the taste is not the only sense gratified in this paradise. The ear drinks in the melodies of the "Petit Concert," whilst the "Military Band" of the first detachment of Light Oilskin Indefatigables pours forth "the favourite, popular, original, and comic productions of England, Ireland, Scotland, and Wales;" and the eye glances in sparkling rapture from one illuminated balloon to another, until it falls upon the star of all—the undying Baron, executing a graceful *pas seul*, with his unshorn locks floating in the wind.

There are many fashions in the dancing at Rosherville different from those of the London drawing-room, which it is advisable to study, so that you may not appear *gauche* or contemptible on your *début* at the gardens. In the first place, you take off your hat and hang it upon a peg, if there is one vacant, but if there is not you can leave it at the bar. Then you bow to your partner, and subsequently salute the corners with great politeness, previous to commencing the first set. But this particular set does not stand very high in estimation. In common with other balls for the million, the component guests prefer dances of intricate and abnormal fashion, and so it is considered *ton* to perform the *Caledonians* (which nobody ever knows all through except the Baron), the *Lancers*, "*Promenade Waltzes*," "*Spanish Dances*," the *Gavotte*, and other talented figures, "arranged by the Master of the Ceremonies" expressly for the "Gala Nights."

A "Fancy Fair," which in the Rosherville dialect implies a tent filled with crockery inkstands and backgammon boards, has been "opened for the accommodation of visitors." The accommodation consists in the presence of a lottery—a lottery in which there are no blanks! You are always certain of winning, at the trifling outlay of one shilling, sixpennyworth of something you do not want; and it is needless to add, that this is a great attraction to holiday sojourners.

We need scarcely describe the fireworks, for, to us, fireworks are always the same. First of all, rockets go up, and people thereat express their audible admiration. Then something is lighted, and turns slowly round with a *whisk-ish-ish-ish!* this increases its time and changes to *oosh-sh-sh-sh!* gives a bang, and goes round another way with an *ash-sh-sh-sh!* till squibs open all round it in a prolonged *phiz-iz-iz-iz-iz!* and then it concludes with a *phit! crack! bang-bang! bang!!* and the incandescent centre of the wheel is all that remains, revolving in a dull circle of light upon its axis.

The company then disperse, and the night breeze sighs mournfully through the deserted banquet halls of Rosherville, whilst the Baron Nathan puts off the pumps of ceremony for the highlows of necessity, and seeks his couch, after blowing out the lamps.

We have now immortalised this "earthly paradise." We have sent Rosherville Gardens and their frequenters floating down the stream of time, like the Chinese gardens and their geese upon the Canton river, on the raft of our undying publication. Without doubt the effect of this notice will soon be visible in increased crowds at the gardens; for, independently of the attractions offered in the programme, whose length only finds a parallel in the tail of the sea serpent, the whole neighbourhood offers a field of observation to the lover of shrimps, mud, clerks, and human nature, far beyond any other locality within eighteenpence of London.

OLD ENGLISH SPORTS.

ONE of those high treats to the ruffians of the ring and their admirers, collectively termed "the fancy" called a prize-fight, came off last week, to the great gratification of all the spectators. From a newspaper report of this exhibition of unmitigated brutality we extract the following, from several other equally disgusting passages:—

"Upon examining Sinclair it was found that his *jaw was fractured*, and several teeth dislodged, and from the swelling of his eyes not a glimmer of sight was left."

Let no one after reading these hideous details cry out against the barbarism of the gladiatorial arena in ancient Greece and Rome. The principals in this degrading struggle rank far beneath animals in the scale of creation. They have habits equally ferocious and brutal, but the love of money alone brings them into play.

JENKINS AT THE QUEEN'S BALL.

We have no doubt that Jenkins was spiritually present at the late Royal Ball, although corporeally fixed in his two-pair back. But what was that to the imagination of a Jenkins? Did he not, on the late marriage of the Princess Augusta, descant upon the grace and affability, and virtue, and majesty, of the Queen Dowager as present at the solemnity, when that good lady was sick and away at Bushy! Ha, Jenkins, that *was* a slip; but there—we'll say no more about it—we'll let it pass. We will charitably suppose that Jenkins really was present at the Queen's Ball. Thus he talks in the *Morning Post*:—

"The chief attraction to the eye was, of course, our young and Gracious Sovereign, wearing a costume of the greatest elegance. Her toilette of the lightest materials, was simple, but of the most refined *bon goût*. Although most *charmingly affable*, and *with the gaiety* which so well becomes her age, her Majesty's countenance still *spoke of the recent impression of more serious thoughts, and of the ambition of greater things*."

Affability—gaiety—seriousness and ambition—and all at one time, in one face! What is Lord Burleigh's "nod" to a royal countenance, as drawn by Jenkins? Having despatched the Queen, Jenkins says—

"*Whilst* the Royal Consort, with his open and benign looks, appeared *to have left at the entrance of the ball-room* the burden of his high estate."

No doubt, upon a hat-peg.

Jenkins now speaks of the ladies generally; or rather, he cannot speak of them, for he says (See the *Morning Post*)—

"It would be impossible to pourtray the *rich garlands of lovely women who ornamented the room*, and the number of tasteful toilettes which each in their turn claimed our attention."

We never before heard of lovely women done up in garlands. Some of these days we shall expect to see Jenkins's landlady set in a flower-pot at her lodger's window, with her baby daughter, worn as a nosegay, in Jenkins's button-hole.

Jenkins is now among the *tulle* and *volans*, like love among the dandelions:—

"Most of the youthful dancers wore dresses of tulle, trimmed with flowers and ribands; dresses of crape, with coloured embroideries, and with garlands *en feuillage*, made of green feathers. Other ladies wore rich robes of damask, trimmed with deep lace and ribands, with *coiffures* in dark flowers."

We never catch Jenkins upon a lady's dress—especially a court dress—that we do not think of Burns's lines to a certain small despised domestic animal upon a lady's bonnet. Here are some of 'em, Jenkins:—

"Ha! whare ye gaun, ye crowlin ferlie!
Your impudence protects you sairly·
I canna say but ye strunt rarely
Owre gauze and lace;
Tho' faith, I fear ye dine but sparely
On sic a place."

Now, is not this animal on a bonnet our friend of the *Post* at the Opera or the Palace? A synonyme has been wanted for this detestable household creature, anathematised by Burns. Let it henceforth be known to all heads of families as a—Jenkins!

THE HOUNSLOW MAIL.

FROM THE "OBSERVER'S" OWN CORRESPONDENT.

It is with a feeling of shame, mingled with indignation, that we call attention to the mode adopted for conveying the mail from Hounslow. We can hardly hold our pen steady while we write, nor keep the nibs out of the red ink—such is our propensity to blush—when we announce the fact that, the Hounslow Mail is nothing more than a cab done up—for the occasion, and licensed to carry seven passengers. So far from its being devoted to the mail, we saw the other day no less than three males and two females indecently struggling for the box-seat, while the driver was endeavouring in vain to save the letters—which he invariably keeps in his hat, and which had been knocked off in the contest. Thus a "general delivery" frequently takes place in the mud, and though it is advisable that those who "run may read," it is not right that the letters should be allowed to run, and never fall into the hands of those who ought to read them. When we remember the "good old days" of the four-horsed mails, we are ready to weep over the wretched vehicle drawn by a spavined jade—whose gallop is but the fitful fever of a pulsation quickened by the hostile whips of the passing omnibuses. Surely the condensation of a coach-and-four into a cab-and-one, must be the petty work of some mercenary contractors—who have contracted the concern within the most contemptible limits.

Wonderful Sameness.

Q.—Have you the works of Sir Walter Scott?

A.—No! but I have got Lord William Lennox's, which, as far as they go, are the same thing!

THE "SATISFACTION" OF A "GENTLEMAN."

CARTOON, No. VI.

We think this Cartoon worthy of the very highest patronage. Indeed, it has already received the most glowing eulogies of those noblemen and gentlemen peculiarly enabled to decide upon its merits. His Grace the Duke of Wellington and the Earl of Winchelsea, came arm-in-arm to see it ere submitted to the graver, and both of them declared that the spirit of "gentlemanly satisfaction" was admirably embodied. They were particularly struck with the fitness of the head-gear of the principals—admired the characteristics of the sexton, death; whilst, however, they objected to the hangman with the halter in the tree: for, as they said, "though by the law it is murder to kill a man,—yet, such an accident never happens to a gentleman. Indeed, to shed blood with impunity was the distinguishing privilege of high life." They also said that the picture would have been perfect but for one omission: it wanted the agonised and bereaved widow in the back-ground.

PROLUSIONES PNEUMATICÆ.

The air presses on us with a weight of 15 pounds per square inch: when this pressure is exerted on all sides it is not perceptible, therein resembling the pressure of business in the *Morning Post* office; but when a vacuum is formed, as in the pocket, the external pressure renders it very difficult to raise the wind. It is almost impossible to form a perfect vacuum, the nearest approach to it being the cranium of Lane Fox, M.P.

Air is necessary to animal life, as nothing can live in an exhausted receiver: a cat was unfortunately shut up last week in the Treasury of the Drury Lane Theatre, and was deprived of life in five minutes. The currents of the blood depend on a good supply of wind, and therefore puffing is used to promote circulation. If a guinea and a feather be permitted to fall in an exhausted receiver, they both descend with equal rapidity. This has been erroneously explained; the true reason is, at the end of the experiment the guinea is *down* as well as the feather, (this may serve to explain the fact, that the pen and head of Jenkins are equally heavy).

On the subject of sound there are many opinions which we shall not endeavour to reconcile; for instance, some persons think Peel's arguments against the Corn Law League are mere *sound*, others say that they are *not sound* at all.

"Who can decide when doctors disagree?"

as Lord W. Lennox observes.

A PRESENT TO JENKINS.

The *Morning Post* has the following paragraph:—

"A mushroom was picked a few days ago, in the nursery of Mr. Gregory, of Cirencester, weighing 1lb. 8oz., and measuring upwards of 38 inches in circumference."

Mr. Gregory, seeing this noticed in the *Post*, sent up the curiosity to

Jenkins, who accepted it, and by immediately sitting upon the aforesaid mushroom, changed it into a—toadstool!

CARTOON, No 6.

THE "SATISFACTION" OF A "GENTLEMAN."

THE QUEEN'S VISIT TO THE THAMES TUNNEL.

OR Wapping, Wednesday, the 26th of July, was a proud day. It is a district which most of the readers of *Punch* are not personally acquainted with, though its name no doubt conjures up in the mind sundry associations of British tars and stolen pocket-handkerchiefs. Wapping has no regular government, but is at times under the pure despotism of the mob, which gives way occasionally to a mixed monarchy, of which a policeman is the head, assisted by a cabinet selected from the bystanders. There is no parliament; but there is a species of folk-mote throughout the year at the station-house, to which each public-house sends every night several members.

The moment it was known that the Thames Tunnel was to be visited by the Queen and Prince Albert, every attempt was made to find the directors of the company. The secretary scampered off after Sir Isambert Brunel; and when he had run a couple of miles as hard as he could pelt, remembered that the chief engineer was out of town, upon which the secretary bolted as fast as he could back again; and, on her Majesty's arrival, he was so thoroughly out of breath, that he was unable to answer one of the questions her Majesty addressed to him.

The chief clerk had the *heureuse idée* to rush to the money-taker and sweep off all the cash in hand, with which he ran helter-skelter to the first shop, and purchased a lot of scarlet baize for the purpose of lining the Tunnel Pier; while the messenger was despatched to the nearest cook's-shop for half a pound of ham, to be formed into sandwiches for the royal visitors. Mr. B. Hawes, who happened to have looked in, remained as one of the directors, and two gentlemen, rejoicing in the names of Brown and Jones, were likewise within reach, who, with Sir A. Crichton, and a Mr. Sutton, were the only directors present. These gentlemen were, of course, in a state of great excitement, and all pulled out their purses to send for "choice exotics" to decorate the staircases; but the messenger, after scouring Wapping, brought back a couple of pots of sweet peas, and a box of scarlet runners in bloom—the latter having been kindly lent by an inhabitant of Rotherhithe. These "wonders of Flora" having been distributed about the shaft to the best advantage, the directors drew up on the pier, in the following order, to await the coming of her Majesty:—

Mr. B. Hawes and Sir A. Crichton,

supported on the right by Mr. BROWN, and on the left by Mr. JONES.

Mr. SUTTON.

At length the royal barge hove in sight, and as it came alongside the Tunnel Pier, Mr. Brown proposed (in a whisper) three cheers, but the proposition was negatived (in a side speech) by Mr. D. Hawes, junior, Sir A. Crichton taking part in the debate (in an under-tone), by requesting Mr. Jones to keep Mr. Brown quiet, for it was clear that the latter was not accustomed to 'the reception' of royalty. Her Majesty, on landing at the pier, acknowledged, with a smile, the repeated and enthusiastic bows of Mr. Brown: and the latter having been pulled into the rear by Mr. Jones, the Queen and Prince Albert walked between Sir A. Crichton and Mr. B. Hawes, junior, followed by the other royal visitors. Baron de Waggenheim and Captain Zaitsck, who were in attendance on the illustrious party, addressed some observations to Messrs. Jones and Brown, who referred them to Mr. Sutton, who alternately replied, "*Nein, Mein Herzog,*" and "*Ya, Mein Herzog,*" ("Yes, my Lord," and "No my Lord,") to all the questions that were asked of him.

As the royal party proceeded down the shaft, the money-taker waved his book of pass-checks with much enthusiasm, and the Queen acknowledged, with a smile, this honest outburst of extemporaneous loyalty One of the stall-keepers in the Tunnel—fired with the old chivalrous spirit of Sir Walter Raleigh (who covered a puddle with his Mackintosh to prevent Queen Elizabeth from putting her foot in it), tore down from his shelves the whole of his stock of silk pocket-handkerchiefs, and placed them on the ground for her Majesty and party to pass over. With an ingenuity worthy of so acute a tradesman, the stall-keeper, perceiving that the Baron de Waggenheim and Captain Zaitsck had dirty boots, clutched up the handkerchiefs just in time to prevent the Baron and the Captain from walking upon and soiling them. The handkerchiefs being three- and sixpenny goods, when raised from the ground after the transit of the royal feet, may be said to have got up amazingly, for they were sold during the rest of the day at half-a-guinea each; and there is no doubt that any person requiring one of the "identical handkerchiefs" that the Queen walked over, may be supplied on the same reasonable terms for some considerable period. A quantity of visitors—who had been unceremoniously locked into the Tunnel when her Majesty arrived, and had got all huddled together on one of the landings, struck out into "God Save the Queen" as the royal party re-ascended the staircase. The effect of the national anthem, sung in different times, different keys, and almost in different tunes, was quite electrical. At the line, "Confound their politics," the shake on "po-ol-ol-olly-olly-olly-tics" was so strenuously given, that it seemed as if the staircase itself had been impressed with the melody, for the balustrades began to shake in unison.

ANTICIPATING A RISE.

During Her Majesty's stay in the tunnel, a silversmith, who seemed to be given to medalling, presented the Queen with a metal likeness of the engineer—whose absence her Majesty had been regretting.

As the royal barge passed the colliers, several of the coalheavers—under the double influence of "loyalty and beer" greeted the Queen with loud huzzas, and waved a singular-looking article, which caused inquiries to be made by Prince Albert of Major-General Wemyss, who explained that it was a *chapeau à l'éventail*, or "*fantailed hat.*" The fans of these very commodious hats floating in the breeze, the picturesque costume of the coalheavers, clothed in the very characteristic *fourreaux à la chemise de femme*, the soft and velvet-like mud on the banks, the dark and solemn smoke from the chimneys on the shore, the wharfs with their bargey

TOEING A BARGE.

wealth, standing like dirty giants at the side of the river, before they plunged in to bathe, the Monument with its spikey apex, looking like a tall pale thin stony-hearted being from another, and not at all a better world, the Tower with its *mangeurs de bœuf*, or beefeaters, those last connecting links that bind us with the hinges of the present, to the door-posts of the past—all these objects bathed together in a gushy sunshine, while the Union Workhouse of Bethnal Green—lowered out of sight—standing out in relief, and sometimes refusing to stand any relief at all—all these objects together, caused a sensation in the sensitive mind, which no poet can paint, no painter can frame, and which, when framed require to be glazed by the transparent film of distance, to prevent their taking too powerful an effect on the rapt vision. With this burst of fine writing—which gushes from the probed heart like the rich juice from the incised currant—we take our leave of the Queen's visit to the Thames Tunnel.

Literary Review.

John Jones, and his Contemporaries; with Letters and Notes. Edited by Mr. Punch. One vol. Boy Dick and Co.

We need make no apology for bringing this charming work before the notice of our readers. John Jones was the intimate friend of Mr. Snooks, Mr. Smith, Mrs. Wiggins, and other distinguished personages; and these papers, now collected for the first time, throw a new light upon certain passages in his career hitherto unexplained. They are chiefly illustrative of the Town Life during the first half of the present century, and teem with particulars of all those characters who gave so peculiar an aspect to the Court in which Mr. Jones resided.

To the benevolence of Jones's disposition we may attribute the many calls made upon his charity, even at the time his circumstances were most embarrassed, as we discover from the following note, of which there are many such :—

"To Mr Jones, Sir I humbely ask pardon for troublin of you but I have a smal account to make up on Satrday night and if you could settle your littel bill it would be of the gratest service to yours most respectfly G. Button."

At this very time, troubles, pecuniary and otherwise, were coming very thickly upon Jones; for, bearing the same date as the preceding document, is an account, which appears to have been left unsettled. It is very remarkable, inasmuch as it furnishes us with minute information respecting his usual mode of dress.

ACCOUNT.

(on a singularly small parallelogram of paper)

For Mr. Jones.

2 Shirts	8
6 Colers	6
1 Pr Sox	1
Hankchif	1
	D 16

After this date, we find him a sojourner in the then-existing Fleet Prison; and his residence therein appears to have thrown him into the society of several distinguished people. A letter, dated "Coffee Gallery, No. 19," runs as follows. It is evidently in his own handwriting, and the signature exactly corresponds to one appended to an inquest jury list, upon which he served as foreman :—

"Dear Snell,

"Here I am at last crib'd as right as ninepence. Come down and see us, and bring Tom and Wiggy, also some gin and cigars. Get a flat bottle and put it in your great-coat pocket, and drop a penny, which makes more noise than a shilling, into the turnkey's box. I shall have some fine chicks in my room on Sunday.

"Yours ever

"John Jones."

The latter part of this epistle is somewhat ambiguous, as not clearly pointing out whether Mr. Jones meant visitors or poultry that he had assembled for the gratification of his friends. A little light is, however, thrown on the mystery, by an entry made in his pocket-book of that day, in which we see this memorandum :—

"June 10.—Tom and Wiggy came—asked Peck and Chaffy to meet them. Didn't hear the quarter to nine bell, and got locked in. Wiggy slept in the wardrobe, and Tom under the table."

It was subsequent to this period that Jones began his theatrical career. In a prompter's book, attached to one of the minor theatres, in the December of the same year, there is an entry to the effect that he was too late to deliver a message; and a corresponding fine is discovered in the treasury account of the same week, on the Saturday morning. He seems to have borne his reverses with great good humour however, for we find him on that same evening singing a comic song for a benefit concert at the Bower Saloon, where his name appears in big letters on the bill—a star in the hemisphere of Stangate.

On the 10th of May following, he sailed from England, and, like Pérouse, was never heard of afterwards. He left deeply in debt—his great failing—and probably this is why he departed clandestinely. The last document connected with him is characteristic. He sent his landlord the key of his room, coupled with an allusion to the rent, in which he told the owner that "he wish'd he might get it," an evidence of his still charitable nature.

ROYAL RABBIT SHOOTING.

While Prince Albert is at Windsor, he contemplates the pleasure of rabbit shooting at Swinley Park, where the rabbits, we are told, have been "strictly preserved for the occasion." It is to be hoped that the rabbits are fully sensible not only of the care they have hitherto experienced, but of the honour that is still in store for them.

We understand that the ranger of Swinley Park has caused the following notice to be put up in several conspicuous places :—

"All rabbits desirous of the honour of attending Prince Albert's levee, will be expected to be in readiness at the Warren at half-past ten precisely. Rabbits' heads to be turned towards his Royal Highness's muzzle."

PUNCH'S LABOURS OF HERCULES.

LABOUR THE TENTH.—HOW HERCULES DESTROYED THE MONSTER MAMMON AND HIS WHOLE HERD.

It has been said that Christianity overthrew the worship of demons. It was some time in doing so, however; for, to say nothing of the devil Moloch, or War, whose destruction by Hercules we have already commemorated, the devil Mammon, so late as the middle of the nineteenth century, was adored throughout the world, but especially in Great Britain.

To Mammon, as well as to Moloch, were sacrificed human victims; and the larger share of them, perhaps, was immolated to the former fiend. They were deprived of life, not by the summary processes of throat-cutting, shooting, and stabbing, amid fire and smoke, and the thunder of cannon, and the roll of drums, and the braying of trumpets, but by the slow and silent operation of disease, wretchedness, and hunger. Thus, though Moloch, of the two devils, could boast of the finer festivals, the more exquisite banquet of agony was spread for Mammon.

Demons were fond of inhabiting the human body. Mammon was frequently to be seen incarnate; and he assumed various forms. Sometimes he appeared in the shape of a lean withered old man, but more generally in that of a round bloated monster, with a big belly. His cheeks were fat; his chin pendulous; and pimples of carbuncular appearance garnished

the end of his nose. His eyes were dull and leaden, and the line of his mouth was that of a smile reversed; so that he had a peculiarly forbidding look. He most commonly wore an ample blue coat with brazen buttons, a waistcoat of black or buff, with a white neckcloth and shirt frill, and loosely-made trousers of drab, together with gaiters of the same. Oftentimes was his hair powdered; and not unfrequently was he to be seen with a pair of pocket spectacles depending from his neck by a black ribbon. He seemed, as it were, somewhat knock-kneed; and he usually carried his hands in his breeches pockets. Beast as he looked, and devil as he was, people were very civil to him wherever he went, for he did not show his tail; his square-toed shoes concealed his hoof; and he bore the semblance of a respectable man.

Mammon had a herd of slaves, who mostly looked very much like himself. They did him service as priests, selling him their own souls, and providing his altar with daily victims, of whose necessity they took advantage to work them to death. Various were the scenes of this butchery; but the principal of them were the loom and the mine, which latter was

very appropriate, demons being subterraneous in their habits. Often in mephitic vapour, or the Tartarean atmosphere of a fire-damp, would the foul fiend hover over his victims in the crannies of the coal pit, and regale his malignant eyes with their pale, wan looks, their haggard features, and distorted limbs, and his fell ears with their groans, and sighs, and struggling breath. Often, also, in the close, crowded, and unwholesome factory, would he revel in a like treat; further gratified, in either situation, by the swearing, cursing, ill words, filth, ruffianism, and profligacy, engendered by the circumstances of their lot, among the wretches on whose blood he battened.

Another of his favourite haunts was the workhouse, where he glutted himself on the deathbed of the unfriended pauper, worn out by the oppression of his murderous ministers, and on the surrounding fatuity, despair, and anguish of heart, entailed by unpitying Avarice upon the poor. Or he would betake himself to the gaol, and there exult in the tears of the captives, lost to themselves and to the world for ever through crime, to which penury, the infliction of their taskmasters, had goaded them.

Mammon, furthermore, played into the hands of Moloch; hunger for gold was accompanied with thirst for blood. He stirred up the nations to war, and his crowning triumph was the slaughter of the unhappy Chinese for the price of poison.

Perjury, swindling, iniquitous monopoly, and tyrannous legislation, were also among the works of Mammon. For him the politician turned his coat; for him was the heart of Beauty self-bartered, or crushed by a compulsory sale to the dotard or the villain. At his bidding did the preachers of a religion which bade the forgiveness of debts, distrain for tithes. Gambling, with its deadly fruit of madness and suicide, was an Upas of his growing.

The manifold murders of this fiend Mammon and his herd considered, he may be well said to have resembled the monster Geryon, the son of Chrysaor or *Gold-sword*, king of Erytheia, whose oxen devoured human flesh. The herd, too, of Mammon, were like unto oxen, seeing that they were, for the most part, very fat, and also extremely stupid. And of aught noble, or refined, or beautiful; of patriotism, virtue; of poetry, music, or the arts—they had about as much an idea as the ox. Indeed, they bore an instinctive aversion to all persons who were eminent in those respects; and were never more happy than to see an enthusiast or a man of genius, at whom they were very fond of sneering, in distress. A crowned king, who was one of them, said (he could not talk English), "Iv beebles will be poets, they moost sdarve."

The tenth labour of Hercules was to destroy Mammon, as he had formerly served Geryon, whom the monster resembled.

He effected this business by a process which probably would never have been divined had the wisest heads in the United Kingdom been laid together for that purpose.

There was a body of men who were principally distinguished by wearing black clothes and white neckcloths. It was their business to instruct the people in certain mysteries, and also in certain matters of conduct. Their doctrine formed a system which was said to be established in the land, and which everybody, particularly the gentlemen in black, professed to believe and to be guided by. People made this profession, no doubt, with great sincerity; but they were slightly mistaken. The truth was, that they disbelieved, for the most part, in the whole matter, and, what was very singular, without knowing it. For when Hercules charged them with incredulity, they were very angry; and asked him what he meant, and how he durst accuse a whole nation, with so many respectable persons in it, of downright hypocrisy? Did he not know where they went on Sundays? "I do," said Hercules; "I see your carriages at the doors."

They did not like this answer at all, and would have called Hercules, as they had done others who had talked similarly to them before, various hard names; but they stood in awe of his club. Then the hero went on to ask them whether one of the maxims which they acknowledged, was not that "the love of money is the root of all evil?" "Certainly," they said; they believed it, and were ready to swear it. "I think," said Hercules, "you had better swear not at all:" at which remark they appeared not a little confounded. "Come, then," proceeded Hercules, "I will not ask you to sell all your effects, and give the proceeds to the starving weavers; but suppose, now, that you devote a tithe of your possessions, each of you, to the poor?"

They demurred unanimously to this proposal; and when Hercules politely pressed them to allow him to ease them of this guilty burden of gold, they saw neither the reasonableness nor the joke of what he said. They could not, however, help their eyes being slightly opened to their inconsistency; whereon the hero left them to meditate at their leisure.

In the meantime, he addressed himself to the sable gentlemen, among whom he shot a few of his sharpest arrows, which they all cried out against as arrows of persecution. These arrows were aimed with great precision at that part of the encephalon denominated the organ of conscientiousness; which they stung into such activity, that the gentlemen at length began seriously to practise what they preached. The consequence was, (such is the force of example,) that, after a while, the nation came round to their way of thinking; and that, one thousand and odd years after its introduction into Britain, CHRISTIANITY became the English creed; the worship of Mammon was abolished, his herd scattered and destroyed, and himself sent unto his own place.

PUNCH'S EASY LESSONS IN MECHANICS.

INTRODUCTORY.

MECHANICS is the science that treats of the motion of bodies; and a briefless barrister, being somebody without a motion, does not come under the law alluded to. Certain effects produce certain causes; but uncertain causes—such as a cause in Chancery—will produce effects of a certain description—or, rather, will get rid of effects to almost any amount, as examples testify.

If certain weighty things are put upon one body, they will turn the scale, and elevate another body. Thus, if several thousand pounds be added to the weight of an electioneering agent, it will elevate the candidate—though this experiment sometimes fails; which shows us that these grand results are not brought about by the regular operation of any fixed principles.

OF MATTER.

Matter is, for the most part, material; but there is some matter, like that of Jenkins, in the *Morning Post*, which, though containing length and thickness, is quite immaterial. Matter is divisible. If we take a piece of iron, we can divide it into two; but the Jenkins matter, being matter *sui generis*, cannot be got through, and is therefore an exception.

Matter possesses gravity. Any body, if left to itself, would fall to the earth, in obedience to the law of gravity; though a looker-on is likely to have his own gravity upset by seeing somebody in the condition alluded to.

OF FORCES APPLIED TO A POINT.

It sometimes happens that force is applied to produce a point; but all the straining in the world will not obtain the point that is desired. There are several instances in modern farces of force being applied to a point, and of no point being produced by the forcing. Thus, if you take an ordinary hammer, and hammer away at a joke, the result of the experiment will illustrate the position. If a body be acted upon by two equal and opposite forces, it will remain at rest. If, then, anybody is being sued for a debt on one side, he has only to get himself sued on all sides for debts of equal amount, in order to set himself at rest. At all events, he will soon find himself settled.

LORD WILLIAM'S PRIZE COMEDY.

August 2, Victoria Theatre, New Cut, Lambeth.

MR. PUNCH,—Having been for very many years actor and manager, I may be allowed to know something about the English drama. Now, sir, I was very much delighted with the sketch, in your last, of the Prize Comedy by Lord William Lennox. And yet, Mr. PUNCH, there were one or two passages in it, which I think—mind, I say, *think*—resemble certain lines in the *School for Scandal*. I, however, place them in juxtaposition, for the better opinion of your readers:—

SHERIDAN.	LENNOX.
Sir P. When an old bachelor marries a young wife, what is he to expect? 'Tis now six months since Lady Teazle made me the happiest of men—and I have been the most miserable dog ever since.—*School for Scandal*, Act 1, Scene 2.	*Sir P.* When an old single man weds a wife younger than himself, what is he to look out for? 'Tis now six months since Lady Teazer made me the most felicitous of bipeds, and I have been the most wretched canine animal from that time.—*Academy for Scandal*, Act 1, Scene 2.
Sir P. Ah! Master Rowley, when an old bachelor marries a young wife, he deserves—no—the crime carries its punishment along with it.—*Ibid.*	*Sir P.* Ha! Master Powley, when an aged single man leads to the hymeneal altar a young helpmate, he deserves—no, the iniquity carries its sentence arm-in-arm along with it.—*Ibid.*

These, however, are but little specks in the large bounty of Lord William's sketch; and if he can only throw into the part of *Marian* a little more of domestic tragedy for the accredited heroine thereof (need I name Miss Vincent?), I shall be happy to see his lordship on this side of the Thames.

I remain, Mr. PUNCH,

Your servant and disciple,

D. W. OSBALDISTON.

P.S. Allow me to suggest to Lord William, that it is not very decorous in a dramatist—an all but untried dramatist—to throw contempt upon established men. They may have no genius—as he says, "only a knack;" but can his lordship prove it?

A Slippery Character.

WE understand that the proprietors of the Glaciarium, or Artificial Ice, who advertise their exhibition as "the only one in the world," contemplate an engagement with Lord Brougham as "the most slippery person in the universe," to appear as a skater.

ARTHUR AND ERNEST.

THE *Oxford Chronicle* says that WELLINGTON and the King of HANOVER are no longer friends, and, moreover, proves that Wellington has, of late, on every occasion avoided the King. Let all men ponder upon the Duke's admirable example, who herein shows that it is never too late to drop bad company.

THE REPEAL AGITATION.

THE agitation for a repeal of the legislative union between Ireland and

STICKING AT A DIFFICULTY.

England, has been responded to in the western suburbs by a demand for the repeal of the parochial union between Brompton and Kensington. The unhappy heartburnings of the beadle of the former district have not been put out by the vigorous exertions of the turncock of the latter, who still persists in raising the irritating cry of "Justice for Kensington!" It is true that Kensington has just grounds of complaint, among which the cutting off of the gas is by no means the least, nor is it exactly the greatest. The gasman feeling himself an outcast and an alien is naturally sore, and deprived of his occupation he cannot be expected to make light of it. The local tradesmen of Kensington complain loudly, not only of the absentees, but of the absent dinners; for many of the wealthy householders, instead of dining at home, consume a portion of their wealth in the luxuries of the capital. Whether the repeal of the parochial union between Brompton and Kensington would make any difference in this respect, is after all questionable, but, as Pummell the beadle declares, "it puts a handle into the turncock's mouth, and gives a degree of plausibility to the cry of 'Justice for Kensington,' which would not otherwise attach to it." The soldiery at the palace gates have not been directly tampered with, but it is said that the side-drum has been sounded without effect, and the fife indignantly refused to be played upon. At half-past two an emissary was sent through the rain to watch the sentinels who had retired within the lines of their sentry-boxes—and at three they maintained nearly the same attitude. A donkey-cart having run up against the side bar of the Nine-Elms trust, was of course an object of suspicion. The word "REBECCA" painted in front added to the alarm, until farther investigation discovered that it was part of the name of the owner.

A sort of counter-excitement was attempted to be got up, by raising the unmeaning cry of "Equality for Bayswater;" but on inquiry at Notting Hill, we found that the inhabitants are thoroughly contented with their present constitution. We had heard that goods were being everywhere removed, and that discontent was spreading amongst the landlords, which we found in some cases true; but it looks bad for the prospects of repeal in this quarter, that the rent is by no means easily collected.

We hardly think there was sufficient reason for following the example of Espartero, who means to hold the Cortes at Cadiz instead of at Madrid, in order that the deliberations may be carried on without fear of disturbance. We allude, of course, to the recent transfer of the Police Court from the seat of discontent at Kensington to the peaceful district of Brook Green, which is to Hammersmith what the Boot is to Italy—a place that rebellion cannot easily set its foot into. It is a happy thing for the more peacefully disposed, that the private watchman, who is regarded as their organ, is popular. He is a man entirely without ambition; he is not the leader of a party, and on foggy nights is the only link between the police and the people.

FASHIONABLE MOVEMENTS.

MR. BARON NATHAN and family, it will be perceived by a reference to another column, have left the baronial residence at Kennington for the gardens of Rosherville. The Baron takes with him the celebrated china tea set, amidst which he intends dancing a new *pas diabolique*, arranged expressly for the occasion. It will include *a valse de milk-jug*, and will terminate with a *galop démoniaque* among the bread-and-butter plates.

Mr. Timkins has left his late residence for a tour, which it is expected will be of some duration. He started quite unexpectedly on the night of the 23rd of June. Letters have been received from him, but they are without any date or address. He had on the previous day received a government despatch on the subject of the window tax; a question in which, from his having left the despatch behind him, it is presumed he felt no interest.

A truly Royal Society.

THE General Pension Society held, the other day, the Annual General Meeting. The Princess Augusta, was, we believe, elected a member, and her husband nominated an extraordinary fellow.

THE DUCHY OF CORNWALL.

THE gross Revenues of the Duchy of Cornwall, for the year ending December 31, 1842, were 32,935*l.* 13*s.* 4½*d.*; Salaries and Expenses,

PUT DOWN TWO AND CARRY ONE.

12,833*l.* 13*s.* 4½*d.*, leaving 20,100*l.* for the Prince of Wales. The grossness of these revenues cannot for one moment be questioned. On the accounts being presented to the Prince of Wales, his Royal Highness, who had a mug of milk-and-water in his hand, began to pour over them. We understand that the very gross result of the financial operations of the Duchy was communicated to the Prince of Wales by the Dowager Lady Littleton in the following very appropriate terms:—

Sing a song of sixpence, pockets full of rye,
One-and-twenty thousand pounds all put by.
Prince Albert 's in the counting-house,
Counting out the money;
Sister 's in the nursery
Eating bread and honey.
John Bull is grumbling
That things can't be worse,
When up jumps a little Prince
And pops off his purse!

Literary Intelligence.

WE have been given to understand that certain dramatic authors, who have been in the habit of permitting the representation of their three-act pieces at half-a-crown per night are likely to suffer from the fact, that this sum is considered to be far above the worth of the article, and that there is no existing coin to denominate its real nightly value. The parties are, therefore, about to petition Parliament for a new coinage, to consist of a mixture of lead and brass. It was at first suggested that there should be on each piece the head of the chief of the authors alluded to, but it has been since decided that a blank will be the same thing for all useful purposes.

We have heard it whispered that a very interesting production, from the pen of the elegant and accomplished Mr. Chizelem, has just been put into circulation. It consists of "Lines on a Spoilt Bill Stamp."

It is said that the same enlightened individual is about to edit a work for which he has, during many years, been acquiring the materials. It will be called "Letters for Payment of Debt;" and, as an illustration of the manners and customs of the legal classes in this country, it must prove a collection of considerable interest.

THE FUNDS AND THE MARKETS.

THE news from Spain caused a temporary pressure upon nuts, which were thrown heavily upon the market, in consequence of the downfall of Barcelona. The Insurgent General was still at the gates of Madrid, and it is expected that if he succeeds in forcing them there will be a fall in iron, followed by a flatness of some duration. Espartero, who was expected to shut himself up at Cadiz, has bolted in another direction, and left no key to his further movements. This has caused money to be much easier in some quarters, and the glut of it is now so great, that a large quantity must be swallowed up if the present state of things continues. The Columbian fives have lately been at sixes and sevens. A few of the old passives were unexpectedly done, by a movement among the new actives—the latter of which would certainly have been lodged by way of security, but no takers were at hand, and the actives were lost sight of.

Grand Project.

IT is in contemplation to build an aqueduct over the Irish Channel, for the purpose of supplying England with *hot water*.

PUNCH'S CARTOONS!

PUNCH, in a future Number, will make known to the country the names of his Artists, and of the Prizes awarded to them.

Printed by Messrs. Bradbury and Evans, Lombard Street, in the precinct of Whitefriars, in the city of London, and published by Joseph Smith, of No. 53, St. John's Wood Terrace, Regent's Park, in the Parish of Marylebone, in the County of Middlesex, at the Office, No. 194, Strand, in the parish of St. Clement Danes, in the county of Middlesex.—SATURDAY, AUGUST 5, 1843.

PUNCH TO THE AFFLUENT.

A NOTABLE paragraph hath appeared in the *Morning Chronicle*, to this effect. That, whereas, a certain Quaker, rich in yellow earth, which men call gold, finding himself about to depart for that realm "whose glory is the light of setting suns," did—and the fact is recent—upon his death-bed will and bequeath unto Washington Irving, American, and writer of *Knickerbocker's History of New York*, *the Sketch-Book*, and divers other dainty and delicious histories and pleasant tales,—a most abounding fortune. In few words, the Quaker hath made Washington Irving a man "of land and beeves!" Bless thee, broadbrim, for the deed! May the dews of Heaven keep green the turf that covers thee, and a nightingale sing upon thy tombstone! that is, if Quaker faith permit such post-obit ostentations.

The paragraphist of the *Chronicle*, in the carelessness or ignorance of his heart, says, the Quaker hath left so much money to the author, albeit to the said Quaker the said Washington Irving was unknown; yea, a perfect stranger. What a blunder is here! True it may be, the Quaker may have never seen the said Irving; may have never heard the tone of his voice What of that? Had not the Quaker read and read "the red-leaved tablet" of the said Washington's heart; knew he him not spiritually? Had he not seen him eye to eye—heard his voice—grasped his hand, and felt the blood run like a summer river through the veins, as he, the Quaker, bent his wise and tender-hearted head—(this is no blunder, reader; we have known men with a good lump of heart, nay, with nothing else, in their very crania)—over the right-trusty and well-beloved Irving's pages? And was the Quaker stranger? Nay, Obadiah and Washington, though the said Washington knew it not, were sworn friends; men of one piece; their hearts sluiced with the same blood. Obadiah had sat many a winter's evening talking, talking with American Washington, and smiling, laughing, looking pleasurably sad with that company of many-coloured minds which the wizard Irving had caused to be enshrined in printer's black letters, to be evoked therefrom by a mere glance of the eyeball! And Obadiah dying, hath made memorable his gratitude—his friendship to Washington; the Quaker hath left the author rich!

This notable thing—like all other notable things, from the first chopping of the egg by Columbus—makes us marvel that it was never discovered before; it was so simple—so very, very easy to be done, yet—until the Quaker came—nobody did it!

We hear fifty voices cry out—we see fifty reddened faces and anxious looks. "Had the Quaker no relations?" is the shout. "Was there no nephew—no cousin in the first degree—second—tenth—fifteenth? Was there no very great-great aunt, to call the Quaker kin? Could the man forget his own flesh and blood, and leave his blessed money—the wicked wretch!—to a stranger?"

Soft, now, good people: flesh and blood are very pretty syllables; respectable words, that, from the time Adam wooed and wedded his own rib, have had a proper influence on the world. Still the syllables have been jingled, and men have acknowledged the decency of the music. Nevertheless, it may happen that the words may now and then want harmony; that, instead of setting a man's heart dancing as to pipe and tabor, they may set his teeth on edge as though he heard the sharpening of a saw. A man may have a wen big as a foot-ball in his neck; that wen shall be, most certainly, his flesh and blood, or substance assimilating thereto. Well, he yearns to get rid of it. He cannot help but acknowledge the wen; it is there—Heaven help him!—and all men see it. Right willingly would he disown it. Now, a man may have other wens (his flesh and blood) no more graceful than that foul globe in his neck: other wens, his flesh and blood, though they walk about in separate clothing—wear other hats—and talk audibly. And shall these things (in all cases) take precedence of the kindred of a *man's mind;* of the relatives of his soul; of the part and parcel, and, as he sometimes feels, the brightest portion of his immortal spirit? We know not whether the Quaker had wens in Drab; but if he had, he thought otherwise, and made glorious Pen and Ink his heirs and successors.

We appeal to the affluent; not for ourselves—we know mankind better. A miserable, shuffling, hard-exacting set have we found them. Understand us: we speak of those days when we were wont to set up our pulpit exclusively in courts, and alleys, and highways. What! mankind? Have we not seen the shuffling, the sneaking-off—the open, undisguised running away—the brazen taking to heels when the man (our own man) has come round with the hat? How have we beheld the fat, purple-faced man of money laugh at our practical philosophy—laugh until the tears have rolled down his cheeks, and fairly hissed on his red nose; and then, when our man (our own man) has presented the hat, the pulpy laugher hath suddenly looked savage, and grasping his umbrella, walked blusteringly off, as though bolting from some pick-purse or poor relation. Thus have men treated *Punch;* but that was in his days of street squalor and misery, ere he could cover himself with a rag—having first converted the said rag into paper—and appear arm-in-arm with the printer. Now, indeed, *Punch* is greeted by all men; now—but no! perish the dirty feeling of triumph; and to our task.

Punch appeals not to the affluent for himself. He is content, ay, jocund with his weekly three-pence (four-pence to friends per post), and happy in the magnanimous knowledge that he gives a crown's-worth for the money. Hence, *Punch* addresses not the affluent for his own interest. *Punch* speaks for his friends. There is no doubt that the splendid example set by Obadiah will be followed by hundreds. Such is ever the case when one great mind strikes out an original thought. We shall now hear of nothing but rich people dying on purpose to cheat their own flesh and blood, and leave their property to aliens of the goose-quill. It was only yesterday that there was a very strong report of a certain rope-maker at Bermondsey having cut off his six children, and left the whole of his wealth to the author of *Jack Sheppard*. What says *Nerissa*?—

"Good men at their death have holy inspirations."

And, no doubt, the rope-maker acted upon the just deserts of the author.

As, however, there will no doubt be a new law, a sort of literary *mortmain*, to restrain the last dying wishes of the benevolent rich, *Punch* advises all affluent persons in a weak and uncertain state of health, to make their wills at once, and so defeat the legislature. We know that there have already been meetings in the Bank Parlour of the Directors, all of whom have named their heirs from the workers of Paternoster Row; and we counsel all men to copy the wise alacrity of the prime functionaries of Plutus.

Punch proposes an early notice of his own Lord Brougham's *Practical Philosophy*. In the mean time, *Punch* selects from Part II. the following extract, by which—as his Lordship would after all insinuate—it appears that men of the goose-quill have all along had some notion that, some day, some rich man would shake some of his crumbs to some of them. Hear our own Henry:—

"Persons of known wealth could be named in our own day, and in this country, so boastful of its independent spirit, who were never known to assist any literary man, and probably never would had they lived for a century, and of whom *all connected with the press stood in a kind of awe* APPROACHING TO REVERENCE, *merely because they could, if they would, befriend the caste of authors!*"—(*Brougham's Practical Philosophy*, Part II., p. 24.)

In conclusion, *Punch* has to state that at his office will be found a list of literary names, "worthy of the consideration of the affluent." There will also be provided proper printed forms, with directions to fill up: or if the parties require the luxurious superfluity, they may have an attorney with wax and sheepskin.

It will not be the fault of *Punch*, if in a future Number he do not give a full account of the bequests. Q.

THE FASHIONABLE WORLD.

THE infant children of Mrs. Tomkins took an airing yesterday in Finsbury-square. Miss Tomkins also walked for an hour in the enclosure.

Mr. Hancock entertained a large party at dinner on Wednesday, at his

DINING FROM THE "CARTE."

rooms in Rupert-street. Covers were laid for as many as chose to come; and the expenses of the various guests were defrayed by themselves. The band of the 51st Light Pianos were stationed in the street, and performed several admired pieces of music during dinner.

The Honourable Augustus Doo left Newman-street, this morning, for a tour across the Thames, to the Queen's Bench, where he proposes to drink the waters for some time.

A work is advertised in the current papers under the euphonious title of "*The Muck Manual.*" We have not yet seen it; but we believe we are right in stating it to be a collection of Fashionable and Theatrical articles reprinted from the *Morning Post*.

LITERARY NOVELTY.

FRIDAY last, PUNCH had the satisfaction of being present at Signor Sivori's farewell concert. He was exceedingly diverted by the performances of that clever violinist, which also reminded him of an idea that had occasionally occurred to him before, on hearing Olé Bull, Listz, and other professors of musical gymnastics.

He perceived that the talent of these gentlemen lay principally in executing variations on certain favourite airs; that is, in disjoining their different portions, and filling up the intervals with divers fantastical and eccentric movements of their own—runs, shakes, and so forth: thus interspersing the original music, which was expressive of some sentiment, feeling, or state of mind, with passages which, having no meaning at all, formed an agreeable contrast to the melodies wherewith they were blended.

Now, the idea that occurred to *Mr. Punch* was, that the principle which (so greatly to the gratification of the public) is acted upon by musicians, might be advantageously applied to the sister art of poetry. He thinks that Shakspeare with variations would very probably be received with great applause. The variations, of course, should correspond in expressiveness and intellectuality to those above alluded to. For instance, let the line to be varied be—

"To be, or not to be; that is the question."

The theme might first be recited entire, and then treated as follows:—

To be or not, *fiddle;* to be, *diddle;* that, *tooral;* is, *looral;* the question, *lay.*

Fiddle, fiddle, iddle, iddle, tooral, looral, lay.

Tooral, to be; *looral,* or not; *lay,* to be; that is, *fiddle;* the question, *iddle de dee.*

To, *yoddle;* be, *doddle;* or, *fol;* not, *dol;* to, *de;* be, *rol;* that, *ri;* is, *tol;* the, *lol;* question, *de rido.*

Yoddle doddle fol de rol, to be; *hey down derry diddle dum,* or not; *whack rum ti oodity,* to be; *ho down,* that; *chip chow cherry chow,* is; *tra la la la,* the question.

Ding, dong, harum scarum divo, question.

Right fol de riddy, oody, bow, wow, wow!

Drowning men will catch at a straw; and, considering the present declining state of the drama, *Punch* seriously recommends his suggestion to the notice of managers. Its adoption will doubtless astonish the weak minds of many, to whom Shakspeare's sense, at present too strong for them, will be rendered the more palatable by dilution.

Aquatic Intelligence.

Expected.	MAILS.	Arrived.
0	Chelsea.	0
0	Blackwall.	0
0	Hampton Court.	0

PUTNEY, AUGUST 1.

ENTERED INWARDS.—The crew of the *Westminster* cutter to the tavern of "The Eight Bells."

The nose of the wherry *Intruder,* Snobkins, from Lambeth, into one of the adjoining skiffs. Got off with loss of temper.

CLEARED OUT.—The pockets of Mr. Spinkey from Cheyne Walk, upon the result of the match.

RAN ASHORE.—Mrs. Tubbs and family at Cadogan Pier in a great hurry, finding they had got into the wrong boat, which did not stop at Millbank. Tickets lost.

NINE ELMS.—Wind nohow. A violent collision took place between the touters of the two companies at the Railway Pier. The *Moonlight* went down, immediately after, instead of up, the river, as some of the passengers had been told.

BARNES TERRACE.—Two corks were washed ashore here on Tuesday. They are supposed to belong to some bottles on board the *Ariel,* which was obliged to put in at Hammersmith Bridge for stout and cigars. They were branded "*Guinness,*" and bore marks of the wire.

The Greatest Curiosity.

WE understand that the Trustees of the British Museum have offered any sum of money for the Shilling the Duke of Cambridge tendered for payment to the exhibition of the Cartoons.

POETICAL REFORM.

MR. PUNCH,—I am a Poet; at least, I hope so. Zeal for the honour of my art has induced me to trouble you with the present communication. Poetry, sir, I have observed with much regret, has hitherto been sadly debased by being rendered subservient to unworthy ends—of which the principal are mawkish sentimentalism and inebriety. With your kind assistance, I will endeavour to give it a new and innocent direction. I should like to see it devoted to the praise and celebration of the sober pleasures of the table; and by way of setting an example to such of my brethren as are wont to write Drinking and Love Songs, I have composed a couple of Eating Songs, which I herewith beg to submit to you for insertion should you consider them worth it.—Yours, respectfully,

LYRICUS.

Eating Song, No. 1.

Oh! carve me yet another slice,
Oh! help me to more gravy still,
There 's nought so sure as something nice
To conquer care, or Grief to kill.

I always loved a bit of beef,
When Youth, and Bliss, and Hope were mine;
And now it gives my heart relief
In Sorrow's darksome hour—to dine!

Eating Song, No. 2.

Oh! talk not of Music, oh! talk not of Wine,
My heart from their thraldom is free;
Oh! say not that Love is the joy most divine,
The Sirloin 's the mistress for me!

The pleasures of eating all pleasures surpass;
The sweetest are they of the sweet:
Whoe'er he may be, boys, that man 's but an ass
Who loves not a dish of good meat.

Then push round the plate, and let each man his fill
With passionate rapture devour;
No talking—no laughing—no pausing, until
The end of the sweet dinner hour!

P.S.—I have by me some Verses to a

VOL-AU-VENT;

a Sonnet on Early Peas; also an Ode to a Lobster, and some Stanzas to Roast Goose, all of which are very much at your service.

Parliamentary.

COLONEL SIBTHORP has given notice that he intends asking the following question, at the proper time, in the proper quarter:—

"Whether the alleged diminution in the prosperity of Margate, can be

LABOUR BY MACHINE-RY.

attributed to machinery; and if so, whether the bathing-machines have anything to do with it?"

COLONEL WYNDHAM—A notice of motion for a return of all the turnpike-tickets now in the hands of the gate-keepers in Wales, and an account of the number of Welsh Rabbits consumed since the commencement of the Rebecca riots.

A BON MOT-TO.—The immortal WIDDICOMB has adopted as a motto the saying of "ALL THE SAME A HUNDRED YEARS HENCE."

PUNCH'S THEATRICAL GALLERY.

MESSRS. GLOOMLY AND HEAVISCOWL.

THESE two lights of the stage may be combined in one biography, for they are no less inseparable in private life than essential to each other in their professional capacity. Mr. Gloomly takes that wide range of business which embraces the usurping monarchs, the embezzling dukes, the disaffected nobles, the titled trustees, including all the unaccounting counts and the treacherous guardians. Mr. Heaviscowl is always engaged to play the "creatures" to the more aristocratic villains of Mr. Gloomly; and seven long years of mutual confidence in every description of theatrical rascality, has caused a friendship to spring up which not even death—that is to say dramatic death, inflicted nightly by the property sword—has been able to exterminate. If Mr. Gloomly has to aspire to the English throne, for one night only, as Richard the Third, Mr. Heaviscowl is always called upon to humbug the citizens as Duke of Buckingham. If Mr. Gloomly has half a dozen theatrical murders on his troubled conscience, Mr. Heaviscowl is sure to have had a share in them, and to have kept all the bloody daggers, and the forged wills, and the proofs of rightful heirship, and the confessions written out and signed, for no purpose whatever but to serve as "damning proofs" in the last scene, when the subordinate villain consummates his villany by betraying the villain-in-chief; who first "curses the caitiff," and then, in the usual phraseology of these matters, sends him "howling and helpless to his native hell" by a thrust from a blunt broadsword.

Mr. Gloomly being the more aristocratic scoundrel, generally wears a capacious cloak and an extensive plume of feathers, by which his real character is concealed until the dénouement, when he throws open the former and knocks off the latter, to the infinite horror of all the rest of the characters. Mr. Heaviscowl is, on the contrary, always "made up" for the part of the undisguised cut-throat, in black trunks slashed with red, to indicate the dark and sanguinary nature of his calling.

Occasionally the nature of the piece requires that they should turn upon each other, when what the bills call A TERRIFIC COMBAT OF TWO is the exhilarating consequence. The following conversation generally precedes the contest:—

Mr. G.—Ha! sayst thou? (*Aside*) Get to the O. P.
Mr. H.—Aye! by the mass! (*Aside*) Cut away.
Mr. G.—Have at thee then!
Mr. H.—Thy life or mine. (*Aside to the orchestra*) Now then.
Leader of the Band.—(*Aside*) 'Blood' is our cue.
Mr. H. (*looking daggers at the orchestra*)—(*aloud*). 'Blood'—shall wipe out blood. (*Aside to leader*) Now is that right—stupid!

Upon this the music begins, and the combatants strike each other's swords, muttering "one, two, three," to keep in time as they alternately advance and retreat from side to side for a few minutes. Presently the assassin makes a terrific blow at the nobleman's feet, who jumping up a yard high, and altogether forgetting his rank, places his hands upon his knees, and looking at his assailant, cries "No you don't!" amid the rapturous applause of the gallery. The fight is then resumed with vehemence, the professional assassin giving specimens of his skill by cocking up his leg, and aiming a blow under it, with other similar feats of dexterity. Suddenly he succeeds in knocking the sword out of the hand of the nobleman, who, however, finds one thrown on by some invisible aid from the wing, and, once more oblivious of his aristocratic condition, places his thumb upon the end of his nose, giving at the same time a protracted shake of the head at his plebeian antagonist. The necessity for both of them keeping alive to the end of the piece, in order that one may produce the bloody daggers, &c., while the other confesses his crimes and acknowledges the title of the "Walking Gentleman," to all the estates, precludes the possibility of the "terrific combat of two" being brought to any practical result, and they generally, therefore, resume their friendship, after having broken all the broadswords in the stock of the theatre. Though in public addicted to all kinds of ferocity, Messrs. Gloomly and Heaviscowl are in private distinguished by their preference for half-and-half, which they partake from the same tankard, with an affability that would astonish any one who had just seen them on the stage dooming each other to everlasting perdition. The audience would little imagine that the words "We shall meet again, Sir Count," addressed by Heaviscowl through a hoarseness cultivated for professional purposes—are to be realised after the performance over a leg of mutton and *garnitures* at the public-house next door to the theatre.

ROYAL VISIT TO GUILDHALL.

ON Thursday last the Duke and Duchess of Saxe-Coburg Gotha, and Leopold, prince of the same ilk, visited the Guildhall of the city of London, having resolved to play off another of the sly jokes, so much relished lately at Court, of pouncing down upon public places, like excisemen, when nobody is in the way, and bolting off again before anybody returns. Perhaps the royal party were less in fault upon the present occasion, as they had been informed that Sir Peter Laurie was always in the way everywhere.

At a quarter to eleven a special messenger was despatched from the Palace to stop the first Chelsea omnibus that passed Hyde-park-corner, whilst the distinguished visitors remained in shelter from the rain under the arch. At precisely five minutes to eleven a vehicle appeared; but, as there were only two inside places, the Prince mounted the box with great good humour and alacrity, preceded to the omnibus by the Lascar Broom-in-Waiting, and two privates of the Guards, who were crossing to the other side of the way. His royal highness wore the collar and cuffs of renovation, and upon taking his seat was invested by the driver with the apron of his order, after the cushions of state had been turned upside down for his convenience.

The royal party stopped at the White Horse Cellar for ten minutes, to inspect the plaster model in the window, and the various specimens of tea in the Chinese collection of Mr. Decastro, which are liberally exhibited gratuitously to the public by the proprietor. They then started off again, being driven at a very slow pace along the Strand, for the purpose of allowing his Royal Highness an opportunity of being seen by the passers-by, as they successively overtook the vehicle.

On entering Guildhall they were received by the various Boards of Repairs collected on the occasion. The Duke, who is particularly fond of architecture, was struck forcibly by several of the arrangements; as well as the readiness of the English to come down with the dust upon all occasions where foreigners are concerned. On arriving opposite Gog and Magog, as it wanted only five minutes to one, the Duchess requested the illustrious others to remain and see them come down to dine when they heard the clock sound the hour.

As none of the livery were in attendance, except the street-keeper of King-street, who kept the key of nothing but the fire-ladders, and everything else was locked up, nothing besides was to be seen. His Highness expressed a wish to look at the autograph of Shakspere, but on being told it was enclosed in an iron-safe, being seldom asked for on account of the disrepute into which Shakspere's writings altogether had lately fallen, more especially with royalty. The illustrious party then wrote their names upon one of the monuments, with the usual anxiety of foreigners to imitate English customs, that the aldermen might know they had been there; and resolved upon leaving cards as they returned at the Old Bailey Sessions-house, which the Duke appeared to regard as the Court of Common Council.

The royal visitors next partook of a perpendicular luncheon. They then returned by a similar conveyance, to join the dinner-table of her Majesty.

Awful Sacrifice!

WE copy the following from the *Chronicle*:—

"Yesterday evening several *tradesmen* received orders to be immediately *executed* at the Pavilion."

Shameful!

PUNCH'S CARTOONS.

FULFILLING our promise to "make known to the country the names of the artists and the prizes awarded to them," we now proceed to make the long-looked for and highly interesting announcement.

Cartoon, No. I.—Substance and Shadow

has been the careful study of LORD BROUGHAM. We had some difficulty in fixing on a suitable prize for his lordship, who would be satisfied with nothing but the great seal. We have, however, sent him our largest wafer-stamp.

Cartoon, No. II.—The Battle of the Alphabet

is an effort of the very accomplished JENKINS, who, in right of his employment at the *Post* Office, calls himself a man of letters; and is thoroughly competent to deal with them, as far as the Alphabet is concerned. The prize awarded to Jenkins is the best we could select from a parcel of shirt fronts, marked, "All these at *9d.*"

Cartoon, No. III.—John Bull's Idol

is by one we need hardly mention. It is only necessary to state, that the principal object is a pump with a coronet at the top of it, and the reader will at once exclaim—"Oh, the Marquis of Londonderry!" The prize is, an embassy to Coventry, whither his old allies, the Tories, as a reward for his interference in the Durham election, have resolved on sending him.

Cartoon, No. IV.—King Arthur's Court

is by the same hand as number one. It is "done in *oil*" by LORD BROUGHAM. Having already awarded this very variable artist a prize, we are at a loss what to do. If he will call at our office he shall have a PUNCH at the hands of Dick, who is quite ready to "give it him."

Cartoon, No. V.—Capital and Labour

is a joint production. The Labour, by an unknown artist, has been appropriated by LORD WILLIAM LENNOX, as part of his own capital. The prize we have awarded to his Lordship is a copy of the Waverley Novels, to facilitate his future literary exertions.

Cartoon, No. VI.—The Satisfaction of a Gentleman

is due to the pencil—we mean the lead—of LORD CARDIGAN, and is avowedly after the well-known design of the Duke of Wellington. The prize awarded to the Earl of Cardigan will consist of a summary of his merits on blank cartridge.

CONFESSIONS OF A BEGGING LETTER-WRITER.

EAR PUNCH,—You have doubtless seen an account in the London papers, quoted from the *York Herald*, of what the writer is pleased to call "a gang of ingenious and persevering swindlers" who lived by "begging letters, petitions, and memorials" to the humane and simple of the United Kingdom. It is easy enough, sir, to deal in dirty names; but the philosophic mind looks calmly down upon such foul-tongued spite, calmly as patience from the pillory. I was, sir, one of that "gang:" nay, I am proud to declare myself the sole author to the society. It is from my vigorous and versatile pen that all the aforesaid letters, petitions, &c., have issued. Every one of them was begotten by my goose-quill and ink. They are the children of my brain; and I am proud to own them. It is true, that every epistle was one tissue of lies; but then, how beautifully was the falsehood fashioned! True it is, that I obtained money by professing to be what I was not. Well, sir; I can place my hand upon my heart, and looking loftily around me, ask of men in the highest places, if they have been a bit more scrupulous in their way to advancement? I would shout forth the query, yea, in Downing-street, and if truth were permitted to speak there, should have no fear of the answer.

My present purpose, sir, is to lay before you a few of the letters (for I have kept copies) sent to various persons distinguished for their benevolence; and further, to their honour, to state the amount of aid awarded by each to my apocryphal necessities. Of course I wrote to no two persons in the same character; but accommodated my distresses to what I thought was the peculiar charity of the party addressed. The first letter I shall lay before you, was directed to the Duke of Cambridge:—

"May it please your Royal Highness,—

"I was in the depths of inconceivable despair, when a last Saturday's copy of *The Morning Advertiser* fell like a sunbeam upon my desolate hearthstone. Your eloquent and most melting after-dinner-speech at the festival of the 'SOCIETY FOR THE DOWERING OF POOR MAIDENS,' made my heart gush with a stream of hope! Never shall I forget the effect of that address, in which your Royal Highness (after dinner) dwelt upon the agonised condition of two fond hearts, burning, panting to meet, yet needing a fit-out: yearning for the golden chain of matrimony, yet without sufficient money to pay even for the first ring. 'Veronica,' said I to my daughter, at the time wiping a dewy tear with a bird's-eye from my cheek—'Veronica, read that.'

"I am an old soldier; not, possibly, so 'old a soldier' as your Highness—nevertheless, I have bled in the cause of my country, though, perhaps, not so much as your country has *bled* in the cause of you. I have not above 1,000*l.* per annum; and with the income-tax, what is that? Well, sir, Veronica is in love and desires to marry. I will be plain with you. I have not the money for the wedding-dinner: neither has Veronica's lover. He is a mild, amiable, young foreigner, a musician, whose sole fortune is a German flute.

"Let me restrain my bursting heart—let me tread this foolish pride beneath my feet; let me speak, as soldier in the simplicity of his soul should speak to soldier.

"Duke of Cambridge, will you send me a cheque for Veronica's fit-out?

"Your obedient Servant,

"ACHILLES BOMBSHELL, (Colonel.)"

To this question, I received the following brief communication.

"The Duke of Cambridge presents his compliments to Colonel Bombshell, and he *will* send the cheque!"

It wrings my soul to add, that his Royal Highness *never did*.—My next letter was to Lord Lyndhurst. I knew his Lordship's weak side, as will be seen.

"My Lord,—I am an Irishman, in the direst distress. To say that I am an Irishman, is, I know, a passport to the innermost recesses of your soul. I want something of about 300*l.* per annum; I will not refuse 400*l.* At present, however, I am destitute, and terribly

OUT OF SORTS.

You will have some idea of my condition, when I tell you that I have not tasted food these six weeks, and that I am so disastrously off for clothing, that the elbows of my shirt are hanging out at the knees of my breeches.

"Your Obedt. Servant, PATRICK MURPHY."

Lord Lyndhurst immediately answered this letter as follows:—

"SIR,—That you are an Irishman, is a sufficient passport to my fireside—to my purse—my heart. Come; never mind the shirt. With or without that conventional ornament, you will be equally well received by Your devoted,

"LYNDHURST."

Of course, I went to the house of his Lordship very often, but as often as I went, so often was his Lordship not at home.

My third letter was to Lord Brougham. I confess it, I had the most lively hopes of his lordship. I knew he was a philosopher, a statesman, a philanthropist, a wit; in a word, I knew he was everything; and therefore I appealed, as I thought, to what Mr. Carlyle calls his "many-sidedness." I give my letter:—

"My Lord,—I started in life as clerk to a Writer to the Signet. After some success in Edinburgh, I visited London; and, having entered myself for the English bar, practised in the Courts of Westminster, with more than ordinary prosperity. I talked so much, and so fluently, of liberty of the subject, education of the people, and such other marketable matters, that I got myself returned for a rotten borough, and was considered in the very fairest way to all sorts of honours. This, sir, *was* my condition. What is it now? I write to you from the Black Bull, Smithfield, being at this moment penniless, and, what is worse, without credit. The truth is, I might have done wonders in Parliament; but I was always bitten with a desire to shine and talk, not only at my own expense, but at the cost of my party. Hence, my lord, I gradually lost the confidence of all sides; and, sinking step by step, am at this moment harlequin and fire-eater to the successor of the late Mr. Richardson. A man, my lord, must have all the world staring at him—at least, *I* must, and therefore, here I am. I made a little sensation when I volunteered myself as 'bug destroyer' to the Court of Chancery, but the surprise wore off; and I am now harlequin—alas, my lord! an *old*

THE SHADOW DANCE.

(From the ballet of "Ondine" a *little* altered.)

Principal Dancer . . . . . MR. D. O'C——L.

harlequin; and, being so, consider myself in the very fittest condition to move your lordship's sympathies. "Yours, respectfully,

"ARLEQUINO PATCH.

"P.S.—Whatever you may send, please direct to me to 'the care of Mrs. Smallale, bar, Black Bull, Smithfield.'"

I subjoin his lordship's answer:—

"Lord Brougham presents his compliments to Mr. Patch; and, though his lordship can fully sympathise with the necessities of any harlequin, it would, his lordship feels, be a violation of the principles of philanthropy which he has ever laid down for his guidance, to give a shilling in relief of what is called distress. Such false compassion (*vide* Lord B.'s Parliamentary Speeches) is only a premium for profligacy and imprudence."

Not discouraged, my next application was to Lord William Lennox:—

"My Lord,—How sweet is it for unfortunate and unrewarded talent to appeal to the sensibilities of prosperous genius! I am an author, my lord, and starving: you are an author, my lord, and, by the grace of goose-quill and foolscap, rolling in wealth. I own, I am a bit of a plagiarist; but a man of your lordship's original mind will look down with compassion upon the poorer intellect, compelled by its own necessities to steal. I have read your *Tuft-Hunter*, my lord, and feel you to be such a lover of originality, that you will relieve me, if only for the striking novelty of the circumstance. Your obedient Servant,

"JOHN BARRINGTON.

"P.S.—Please direct to No. 2, Hampshire Hog Alley, St. Giles's."

Lord William—I will say this for his courtesy—immediately replied:—

"Sir,—That you have owned yourself a robber of other men's thoughts places you beyond the pale of my compassion. I refer you to one of the thousand of my original reflections in condemnation of plagiary, which emblazon my *Tuft-Hunter*. It is in vol. ii. p. 320, and runs as follows—(You will take it as an answer to your letter):—

"'The man who picks my pocket, steals yellow dirt; it was *my* property, it is now *his*, and has been a negro to thousands. But he who abstracts from me my own thoughts, robs me of that which renders him not a bit the wealthier, and makes me an object for the Union, indeed!' I am your obedient Servant,

"LENNOX."

Not at all discomfited, I sent an epistle to that patron of art (and Lord Mayor in the bud) Mr. F. G. Moon, Printseller, Threadneedle-street. It ran as follows:—

"Sir,—I am an artist. I know I have said enough: for you already feel as doting mothers sometimes say of their babes—'*as if you could eat me.*'

AN ARTIST LIKELY TO RISE.

"I have painted high art, sir, and am famishing. I have in my possession three portraits of mice caught in Buckingham Palace, with that of a honey-bee, which, in May last, flew in at a window of Windsor Castle, and settled on a camellia, in the bosom of our beloved Queen; a circumstance, as you somewhere beautifully say, 'so dear to the heart of every English mother.'

"Can you do anything with the pictures in the way of a raffle? I will take your own terms; for when I reflect upon that gorgeous piece of plate presented to you somewhere in a corner cupboard, by at least three English artists, and duly preached over by Doctor Croly,—can I doubt it—ought I to doubt the truth,—that you are the Painter's friend—*the* patron of native art? Your obt. Servant,

"TINTO VARNISH.

"P.S.—Could you send me five shillings to pay my coach-hire, as my wardrobe will not permit me to appear in the street?"

The very next day, Mr. Moon wrote to me as follows:—

"Sir,—I shall be very happy to permit my footman to show you the piece of plate presented to me by all the artists of England, Ireland, Scotland and the Isle of Man; I trust, sir, I know too well what is due to painting in the abstract, to deny so small a favour.

"As for the hackney-coach, if you are a young artist, eschew all such vanities. Walk, sir—walk; and, as a reward, I promise to show you my sheriff's carriage on next Lord Mayor's day. "I remain, your obedt. Servant,

"F. G. MOON.

"P.S.—When you come, you may leave with the servant the Buckingham Palace Mice and the Windsor Castle Bee."

These, Mr. PUNCH, are a few of my fabulous epistles, with the answers. For the present, I have no doubt they are sufficient: if needed, I have another budget at your service, and am Your obedt. Servant,

THE BEGGING LETTER-WRITER.

P.S.—Please to give the man who brings this a few shillings (I never name the sum to a *real* gentleman). Don't mind the hole in the bearer's breeches. He *is* trustworthy.

PUNCH'S PARLIAMENT.

A SCENE IN THE PEERS.

LORD CAMPBELL was beginning to address the House, when—

LORD BROUGHAM interfered.

A NOBLE LORD thought that it would be as well to hear what Lord Campbell had to say.

LORD BROUGHAM did not care what any one thought.

LORD CAMPBELL.—Why you have spoken twice already.

LORD BROUGHAM.—Well! and how many times would you have spoken if you could?

LORD WHARNCLIFFE.—There is nothing before the House, and this is irregular.

LORD BROUGHAM.—What 's irregular? I know I 'm regularly interrupted whenever I get up; and if there 's no motion, what 's that to me! It 's for the noble Lord himself who complains to propose one.

LORD CAMPBELL.—I rose for the purpose—

LORD BROUGHAM.—Of course you did; but any purpose may be no purpose—

LORD CAMPBELL.—Really I must appeal to the noble Lord on the Woolsack, whether—

LORD BROUGHAM.—Who prevents you from appealing to the Woolsack? I can do that myself, if that 's all.

LORD CAMPBELL.—I really have reason to complain of the very gross and extraordinary conduct—

LORD BROUGHAM.—Why you 've complained three times already. If you 're going to speak again, you had better let us have something in the shape of a motion.

THE LORD CHANCELLOR.—If the noble Lord (Campbell) has a motion to submit, he is quite in order; but if not, I think his proceeding to make any further observation would be irregular.

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.—I have listened to this conversation with some attention, and I do not think—giving my opinion as an old Member of this House—that there is much to be gained by it.

LORD CAMPBELL.—I was only going to say—

LORD BROUGHAM.—But you can't say it. Make your motion!

A DIVISION IN THE HOUSE.

LORD CAMPBELL then moved that the House adjourn, which was carried, and their Lordships broke up.

PUNCH'S INDIAN MAIL.

AJAH ROW, having planted his standard in the very eye of Meer Boy, had of course materially interfered with the views of the latter, who has been for some time blinded by the Rajah's extraordinary conduct. It having been whispered that the Sultan wished to pave his way to power, overtures of assistance from the Wooden Pavement Company had been made to him. The pacha's favourite slave had been attacked with chilblains, and Runjeet Sing had been a martyr to corns, which threatened to prevent his marching. Seedy Khan had been trying to revive his suit, but his attempt—owing to the threadbare nature of the subject—had proved wholly ineffectual.

A New Order of Monks.

LORD JOHN MANNERS made a speech a few days ago, in favour of the revival of monasteries. His lordship is not perhaps aware that his scheme might probably find favour in the eyes of the dignitaries of the church, for the Archbishop of Canterbury has shown his approbation of the system of wearing the cowl—by causing it to be placed on all his chimney-pots.

An Act

For the better Regulating the Theatres.

[This proposed Bill—concocted by the majority of the majors to undermine the minors—has caused the greatest sensation in the theatrical circles. All classes have evinced extreme anxiety to see the Act; but, as many spurious copies are about, *Punch* thinks fit, with his usual benevolence, to put forth the only true version of this important Play-Bill, as it is intended to be brought forward with entirely new decorations and effects in Parliament.]

Whereas it has been the custom of divers enterprising individuals, with more money than brains, at other times with more brains than money, and very frequently totally without either, to assume the management of our various theatres under the title of Lessees, in the wild idea of benefiting their treasuries thereby:

And whereas continuous and undeviating results have proved that the only benefit likely to arise from such monomania is that of the Act performed out of the house, rather than those perpetrated within, which has been the case in many instances, throwing scores of first and second citizens out of employ, and producing grievous results in the families of high-priests, rulers of the winds and rain, standard-bearers, and peasants, from sudden lack of occupation:

May it therefore please your Majesty that it be enacted: **And be it enacted**, for the comfort of the audience—meaning those inferior people who pay their money, and to the genial tastes of whom no allusion has yet been made in elaborate articles upon the decline of the drama and theatrical depression—and to draw them to the play, the following Rules be enforced.

That henceforth no young gentleman in the gallery, during an intense moment in the piece, shall be allowed to hail another with "Ullow! Bill Simmuns!" nor shall he audibly advise the Lynch-law of throwing anybody over whose opinions do not exactly coincide with his own: neither shall tapsters cry "*Porter—porter!*" at similar times, nor salutes of ginger-beer be fired in the middle of deep soliloquies, or children-in-arms get-up opposition *roulades* in opposition to the *fioriture* of the principal singer.

And be it enacted that, inasmuch as a knowledge of what is to come, or may be expected, destroys the illusion of all plays, and makes people care less to see them, the following enactments be attended to by all, but more especially at the minor theatres, to which this Act principally has reference: that henceforth, all such phrases as "*Never!*" immediately preceding a combat; "*that form! those features!*" leading to an affecting recognition: "*Where there's enough for four there's enough for five; and the spare loaf is never missed that is given in charity,*" to ensure applause upon a generous peasant adopting a foundling of the forest: "*Hist! some one is approaching!*" previously to the victim getting behind a side scene: "*Unhand me, sir; and know that the man who could insult an unprotected female,*" &c., from a woman in distress to an audacious miscreant, and other

BAD EXPRESSIONS,

be carefully expunged by the Chamberlain who is about to be appointed Lord High Stage Manager of England.

And be it further enacted, that henceforth no melodrama be licensed which merely contains a persecuted heroine, a virtuous lover, a vicious rival, and a dissipated comic cobbler, beadle, serving-man, or tailor, as the case may be: and that finally and for all, the plot of one person committing a murder and the other being taken up for it, and only let off in the last scene, immediately preceding his execution, be entirely abolished.

And that in pantomimes generally these lines—

"Ye faithful lovers thus, the sports begin,
As lively Columbine and Harlequin,"

or,

"Whilst by my magic power you shall soon
Appear as merry Clown and Pantaloon,"

be changed for something else; as well as the advice of the fairy in the half-dark penultimate scene—

"Unto my palace quick repair,
Where every blessing you shall share."

Which changes will throw a little freshness and novelty into the business.

Nor shall the clown in future make butter slides before the doors of respectable shopkeepers, in pea-green frock-coats, to throw down those customers by whom they get a livelihood; nor shall he steal a joint from a butcher's tray, and with great politeness say, "How d'ye do, Mr. Policeman—how is your Inspector? see what I've found!" upon being detected; nor shall he indulge in such hackneyed phrases as, "Here we are!" "Here's somebody coming!" and the like. Neither shall he make love to incidental milliners, lodging-house keepers, or nursery-maids, by poking them in the ribs, patting their shoulders with his hand, which he subsequently kisses; or jumping up before them, and throwing out his legs and arms whilst he utters a sound similar to that used to scare birds in the country.

COMPARATIVE "BEASTLINESS."

The Morning Post quotes the following:—

"A beastly fellow residing in Old Dover-road, Canterbury, on Saturday last, swallowed twelve frogs for a wager!"

This is bad enough of the "beastly fellow;" but what, *Punch* asks, is the swallowing of twelve frogs to the habit of JENKINS, who all his life has been a—*toad-eater?*

DUET.

FROM THE NEW OPERA OF THE "COPPER HORSE."

BY LORD WILLIAM LENNOX.

He. By those eyes that look me through,
Eyes of most unholy blue!
Tira-lai, tira-lu—
O'er the mountain let us wander;
She. Whither!
He. Thither—
She. Hither—
He. Yonder.
While you strike your light guitar.
She. While I strike my light guitar.
Both. While {you / I} strike {your / my} light guitar.

She. Yes, I will leave the festive scene,
The halls of dazzling light,
And roam with thee through forests green,
Beneath the silent night.
He. And I will take my Arab steed,
My steed and falchion bright,
And I will to the battle speed;
To shield thee in the fight.

Both. For we 'll live and love together
Through many changing years;
We 'll share each other's gladness,
And wipe each other's tears.
With a tira-lai, tira-lu—
lai-lu—
ai-u.

PUNCH'S LABOURS OF HERCULES.

LABOUR THE ELEVENTH.—HOW HERCULES OBTAINED THE GOLDEN FRUIT FROM THE HESPERIDES.

THE word, "Hesperides," means Western Maids. The Hesperides of classical antiquity were in possession of a certain little freehold, which was called their garden. Where it was situate is a point on which the learned differ. Apollodorus places it in the country of the Hyperboreans; that is to say, in the region beyond the north; whereby he proves himself a very poetically-minded person, by quietly giving to airy nothing a local habitation and a name. For we take it, that, beyond the North Pole, the John o'Groats' House of this terraqueous globe, there is nothing to be found but atmosphere. And the North Pole itself, there is every reason to believe, is all *nix*; which may be interpreted "all snow," or "nothing at all;" according to the Cockney or classical predilections of our readers. Hesiod transports the Hesperides beyond the seas, but he does not say for how long, nor to what place. Their residence, according to the more prevalent opinion, was near Mount Atlas, in Africa. They were said to be the children of Night; very probably because they were dark, as, on the supposition that they were Moorish maids, no doubt they would have been.

In one of those poetical gems whose coruscations illumine the infant mind, a question is put to a young lady of the name of Mary as to the nature of her horticultural produce. Had the reply been that it principally consisted of golden pippins, the only bump in the inquirer's head that would have been called into action, would have been that of "Alimentiveness." But had it also been that those pippins were really and *bonâ fide* apples of gold, the answer would have rather appealed to "Marvellousness;" and in case it had not been voted a great lie, would have aroused "Acquisitiveness" also. Eurystheus, it would seem, must have acted under these organs, for the eleventh task which he imposed upon Hercules was to rob the orchard of the Hesperides. The place (steel traps and spring guns had not as yet been invented) was guarded by a terrible

dragon, to which Hercules proved himself a St. George. He slew the monster and stole the apples. Another account states that he got Atlas (of that ilk) to commit the theft, and did him afterwards out of the booty. But since, in the same narration, it is averred, that, while Atlas was doing the larceny, Hercules supported the heavens for him on his shoulders, this story must be regarded as being, in every sense of the phrase, an instance of what is called in the vernacular "coming it strong."

The English Hesperides included other western people besides western maids. They mostly resided in a part of the west which was commonly called the West End. They were known by various denominations, whereof the principal were the "exclusive circles," and the "*élite* of *ton*." Their Gardens were chiefly "Spring Gardens" and "May Fair;" but they had also other Gardens of broad acres in many a district of fair England. The fruit of these Gardens was golden; that is, it was the fruit of gold. Some of it was good to eat, and very good; consisting, indeed, of fish, flesh, and fowl of the best; a good deal of it, too, was drinkable, true "*aurum potabile*," in the species of wines and liqueurs, which, could the ancients have tasted them, would have made them think decidedly small beer of Falernian. In short, it included all the luxuries and comforts of this life, in as far as they were procurable by money.

The exclusiveness of these Gardens was maintained by a variety of ingenious devices, and was practically enforced, not by a dragon, but by a degraded sort of human creatures, who bore externally a great resemblance to the monkey race, and were fantastically arrayed in garments of divers colours, red, and yellow, and green, and blue. Their attire displayed a great profusion of gold and silver hat-bands, buttons, buckles, shoulder-knots, and other decorations of the badge class, seemingly intended as marks of ignominy, which appearance was strengthened by the circumstance that their heads were besmeared with a mixture of an unctuous substance, called pomatum, with a white dust or powder. It was much in this way that a man was wont to disfigure his person when he played the fool or Merry-Andrew on the stage. However, these fellows were absolutely proud of their shame; and they were constantly to be seen, the very pictures of vanity and conceit, standing at the portals of the "exclusive circles," to prevent the entrance of all those who were not, in the language of the persons so called, who thought it finer than English, of the "*gens comme il faut*."

To obtain the golden fruit of the Hesperides, for the benefit of the public in general, was the endeavour and the work of Hercules. He was wont to repair, of a fine afternoon in June and July, to a place of public resort, nigh unto the region of that people, which was denominated (without any allusion, as some fable, to apples) Rotten Row. There would he contemplate the Hesperides, displaying the fruit, and arrayed in the flowers of their Gardens, to the great irrigation of the mouth, and excitement of the envy of Penury and Want, who, regarding the raree-show with eager eyes, cursed their own ill destiny, and coveted their neighbours' goods.

Now Hercules did not approve of this infringement of the decalogue, but he allowed that much indulgence was to be granted to a hungry belly and tattered back. He considered, also, that a rather more general distribution of the Hesperidian fruit, if it could be peaceably effected, would be desirable. For he could not but see that there was a superfluity of it in the hands of its possessors, which, as though not knowing what to do with it, they, as it were, threw away to the dogs, and principally to an alien pack of hounds, whose only recommendation was that their yelping was musical unto their ears.

Our hero had a discerning eye and taste for beauty; and he could not but gaze with much admiration on the fineness of form, grace of manner, and happy placidity of countenance, which the feeding on their golden fruit had, for the most part, conferred on the Hesperides. Nor did he not regale his sight by contemplating the flowery luxuriance wherewith their persons were decorated. But he considered that, had he still been a mortal, and had he not known of a world where the souls of the heroes repose among the happy immortals, in proportion as his spirit would have been elated, and his hopes encouraged by the sight of human nature in its brightest guise, so would his aspirations have been checked, and his heart chilled by the contemplation thereof, shrouded in the rags, and defaced by the squalor and coarseness and degradation, of Poverty. He felt, that, as the high-born, lofty-aired, gentle-seeming maiden, would have appeared but a little lower than the angels, even so would the she-savage of St. Giles's have seemed but dubiously above the brute. He reflected that the costermonger and the cabman would have well nigh put him from his faith in humanity—ay, and in divinity, too; that he would have been tempted to question if man, capable of such abasement, could possibly have a soul to be saved. He wished, therefore, to communicate in some measure to ordinary mortals the advantages enjoyed by the fortunate Hesperides.

Some say that he commenced his labour to this end, by sending Apollo and the Graces abroad among the people to cultivate and tutor their minds and to inspire them with a longing after the Hesperidian fruit. But the truth is, that he stalked forth himself in the character of the Schoolmaster, diffusing knowledge, and refinement, and taste, throughout the land, and using his club as a rod wherewith to chastise ignorance, and rudeness and vulgarity. Hereby he annihilated several sorts and conditions of men really deserving the title of the "lower classes" by reason of their brutishness and folly.

And now men's eyes began to be opened. Rank and title, by their very possessors, were regarded as humbug; and respect was entertained only for real worth. A general appetite for the Hesperidian fruit had been created; and all that now remained to be done, was to procure a due distribution of it throughout society. Hercules might have broken into the Gardens at once, and with the strong hand have stolen, taken, and carried away the golden fruit; but he did no such thing. He merely procured for their owners the liberty to sell them, or to bequeath them to whomsoever they pleased—a boon which they themselves thankfully accepted at the hands of the Legislature, their attempts still to maintain their supremacy over the ascending many having plunged them deeply in debt. Thus were their Gardens with the fruit of them gradually portioned out among the nation.

In a short time the village-dance beneath the hawthorn was as graceful, if not so showy, as an Almack's ball; the Benefit Club as gentleman-like an affair as the Travellers' or the Carlton. The English language was everywhere spoken and pronounced in its purity. Business was transacted over the counter with as much propriety of manner as at the Home Office. The milliner took tea with the Duchess; the Earl walked arm-in-arm with his tailor. Every one respected, and nobody cringed, to his fellow; and the maxim "Honour all men" was at length universally observed.

THE ARMS REGISTRATION BILL.

A CROSS BOW.

We beg leave to suggest the propriety of extending the provisions of this bill to the Burlington Arcade, the keeper of which ought to be made to register immediately that formidable weapon which he carries over his shoulder to deal destruction on the heads of those who endeavour to effect a passage with a bundle. This horrible implement is about seven feet long and ten inches thick, with a heavy knob of brass at the top, and we have seen it brandished savagely in the faces of boys, and thrust heartlessly into the bosoms of defenceless females offering to enter the arcade with pattens on. It was only the other day that we saw an omnibus cad stabbed to the badge with this formidable weapon, for trying to run after a passenger who had forgotten to pay; and, on another occasion, we saw the owner of an apple-stall horribly discomfited with the butt-end of the sanguinary implement. We need say no more to prove that the Arms Registration Act should extend to the brass-bound bludgeon of Burlington.

Literary Intelligence.

The following works are forthcoming, though they have not yet been advertised:—

1st.—Knightsbridge: its present Condition and future Prospects, including a Synopsis of its Resources and a General View of its Moral, Physical, Intellectual, Social, and Commercial Position.

2nd.—The Letters of "One who has whistled at the Plough" replied to by "One who has shouted at the Omnibus."

3rd.—Brompton and the Bromptonians. By "One who has lodged there."

4th.—A Winter in the Commercial Road, with some Account of its Institutions and a Critical Essay on its Government.

5th.—Lies of my Lodger; being a Sequel to The Tales of my Landlord.

6th.—English Bills for General Dishonour. By the Author of "A Run to America." Illustrated with one extensive cut, after an astounding number of drawings.

OPENING OF THE OYSTER SEASON.

Billingsgate was a scene of much gaiety on Friday morning last, when the Oyster season was opened with the usual formalities. Mr. Goldham, having given orders to feather the larboard oar, and unship the starboard scull, stepped from the official punt on to the nearest oyster smack. After a short consultation with the captain and crew, the word was given to land the oysters; when a rush was made towards the shore, and Mr. Goldham was unfortunately thrown with his figure-head against a sack of natives with considerable violence. Mr. Goldham had brought with him the Allegro of Milton, from which he had intended to quote a few passages applicable to Milton oysters; but things having taken a disagreeable turn, an address in the native vernacular was substituted.

The Rebecca Movement.

Our correspondent at Holborn Bars writes in good spirit, and says, that though there was at one time some reason to expect a visit from Rebecca, the inhabitants, by writing up in their shops "No trust," have saved Holborn Bars from the ruin that appeared to threaten them. A woman in a man's coat has been seen in the neighbourhood; but, finding herself watched, she moved on without being told, and all collision was thus avoided.

An Eligible Investment.

We understand that the Dredging Machine has been at work for some months in the vicinity of Waterloo Bridge, with a view to the recovery of some of the money that was sunk there. We have not heard whether a company is to be formed as in the case of the *Télémaque*, the wreck of which was rather recklessly speculated on. Nothing was eventually raised — though the projector of the scheme was brought up before the magistrates.

A commercial man has called *O'Connell* and the *Repeal Rent*, "a small *prophet*, and *quick returns*."

FIVE SHILLINGS CERTAIN!—TO DRAMATIC AUTHORS!

Messrs. Johnson and Nelson Lee, (from the establishment of the late Mr. Richardson, of Croydon and Greenwich, and formerly of Smithfield,) beg to inform the unemployed dramatic authors, with a view of alleviating their present destitute condition, that they offer the above prize for the

FALLING INTO A GOOD BIT OF PROPERTY.

best one-act tragedy, comic song, and pantomime, that can be played collectively in a quarter of an hour. The tragedy to be illustrative of the ultimate triumph of suffering persecution over wrongful usurpation and pulmonary strength, with a ghost at the end; the comic song to impinge upon rustic courtship; and the pantomime to relate to nothing in particular, but to contain at least two jokes, with situations for bringing in the following stock properties, viz.:—A string of sausages, a frying-pan to break over the pantaloon's head, and then swing him round by; a tea-pot with a squib in the spout, to introduce the clown's pun of "gunpowder tea;" and a trick tub, labelled "Best Hollands," for a little broom-girl to come out of, and dance a hornpipe.

The freedom of the fair will be presented to the successful candidate in a box made like a pear, containing also a set of wooden tea-things.

March of Refinement.

In the advertisement of the sale of the *Didlington* live stock, Mr. George Robins announces Ten Well-bred Colts and Fillies. This is very gratifying information, as we may possibly next hear of several Polite Pigs, Deferential Donkeys, Obliging Oxen, Genteel Geese, Courteous Cows, and Hogs of insinuating manners and elegant habits. Whilst noticing this progress of animal creation, we find, in a following paragraph, an account of a *singing mouse!*

Theatricals.

Mr. Bunn is the lessee of Drury-Lane Theatre, backed by the Governor and Directors of the Bank of England! Mr. H. Wallack takes Covent-Garden, supported by the East India Company!

Teetotal Intelligence.

Such is the impression produced by the visit of Father Mathew, that on Saturday night thousands of the poorer classes offered the pledge to the different pawnbrokers throughout the metropolis. Several pithy speeches were made, and indeed the larger term of spouting may be with justice applied to the proceedings on the occasion.

Foreign Intelligence.

From Berlin we have received Gloves up to Saturday, and our Brussels Correspondent puts us in possession of Sprouts down to the latest moment. From Calais we have no advice, and if we had, it is not likely that we should take it.

Great Fall in Public Amusements.

To those who are desirous of witnessing all the "effects" of the Glaciarium, without paying for the treat, we recommend a visit—any time after a shower—to watch the horses in Piccadilly going through their extraordinary evolutions on the wooden pavement.

Police Intelligence Extraordinary.

A board placed on the walls of a certain minor theatre has the following announcement:—"Any person doing an injury to this Theatre will be taken into custody." In consequence of this notice the principal dramatic author of the establishment is keeping out of the way, but the police are actively looking out, in case of his venturing to show himself in the neighbourhood.

Revenge in Bottles.

Lord Brougham begs leave to announce that he has a quantity of very superior Revenge, which he has determined on bottling up, and which will be ready for use by the opening of the next session of Parliament. He has likewise a very fine pickled rod, which may be seen hanging over the Editor of the Examiner.

Printed by Messrs. Bradbury and Evans, Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the city of London, and published by Joseph Smith, of No. 53, St. John's Wood Terrace, Regent's Park, in the Parish of Marylebone, in the county of Middlesex, at the Office, No. 194, Strand, in the Parish of St. Clement Danes, in the County of Middlesex.—Saturday, August 12, 1843.

THE STORY OF A FEATHER.

CHAPTER XXIX.—I MEET PATTY BUTLER IN NEWGATE—THE TURNKEY'S WIFE PLEADS FOR CURLWELL.

At the time—the good old time—I was in Newgate, there was a finer spirit of cordiality between the keepers and the kept than, at the present day, lessens the gloom of that great, yet necessary, evil. The departing spirit of romance still lingered about it. Fine ladies thronged the lobby to roll their liquid eyes upon the gentle highwayman; and housebreakers, though barred from liberty, were still treated as persons of distinction, indulgence being ever vendible for ready money. In those days, Bacchus and Venus were never denied by the grim turnkey; but received with a frank courtesy due to their large influence on the life of mortals. Hence, Newgate was not the stony terror of our day. True, it was not so clean; but then, in all the real enjoyments of life, how much more comfortable! Soap is but a poor commodity, exchanged against that agreeable licence which softens captivity. True, there was then the gaol-fever, that sometimes lessened the fees of the hangman; but then there was permitted ingress to all black-bottles, with no inquisitorial nose of turnkey, snuffing their contents. Even then romance gilded the prison flags, and cast a bloom, a lustre on the footpad and the burglar! Then was there popping of corks and rustling of lutestrings! And now is Newgate a hard, dull, dumpish reality; dull as a play-house. As if in mockery of the glad past, the gyves of Jack Sheppard hang, ignobly idle, in Newgate lobby. The imagination may yet play around them! but, alas! they are but as a satire and reproach to the poor, grisly ankles of the degenerate burglar of our time; to the living felon of present Newgate, as the Elgin Marbles to the dwarfs that gaze on tiptoe under them.

That Mrs. Traply should board and bed with her husband in Newgate was a part of that indulgence vouchsafed in the old, benevolent day: turnkeys are not now so blessed! Hence, I owed my introduction to the gaol, and my early meeting with dear, persecuted Patty. Mr. Traply quitted his connubial bed before daylight, called from his repose by the iron tongue of law. "Ugh!" he grunted, as he put on his clothes, "here's a day, I can tell, to call a man out! Pretty ride I shall have to Tyburn! It's pleasant enough in summer; but this weather's enough to kill a man."

"Never mind, Mike," said his wife; "I've got you what you love for dinner—rabbit and onions; so let the thoughts of that comfort you as you go and come."

"Ha!" cried Traply, "a man wants something, Heaven knows;" and with this saying he went upon his awful errand, an errand to be lightened by the vision of rabbit and onions!

When Mrs. Traply rose, she looked at me again and again, and vowing I should be a perfect beauty when a little put to rights, began to prepare breakfast. Suddenly she stopped; and then adding a second cup and saucer, said—"Yes, poor dear, she shall breakfast with me; and, as luck would have it, she's a feather-dresser; she can tidy it up for me." With this thought Mrs. Traply left the room. In a few minutes she returned, with Patty Butler, prisoner!

Poor thing! I thought to see her much changed; even more pale, more haggard than when carried from Bloomsbury. It was not so. Ill she looked—very ill. But to me she seemed as one who held constant communion with death, and was thereby comforted. There was sadness in her face, yet sadness glorified by sweetest patience. Sorrow seemed to ennoble her. She appeared no more sullied by all the hideous guilt and misery of the gaol than did the light of heaven that shone in upon her. Her eyes were mild and tearless; and at her mouth there was a smile of resignation; a smile that showed angelic might of heart; mighty from its very meekness. Her voice was changed; deeper, calmer.

"There, my dear child," said Mrs. Traply, whose heart was, after all, unchilled by the flints of Newgate, "there; make yourself happy with some tea and toast. Come; you seem a little down this morning. Ha! I don't wonder at it. I, who have been here these ten years—ha! my dear, when I danced at the race-ball with Sir Mohawk Brush, I never thought to come to Newgate. A little drop in your tea,"—and Mrs. Traply having gratified her own cup with some brandy, proffered the restorative to Patty.—"You won't? Well, you know best. I should never get through these days without it. I'm sure it's enough to work poor Traply to death. They hang six more next Monday."

Patty spoke not; but shuddered, then with an effort compressed her lips.

"Jack Ketch drinks George the Third's health every Monday," said the woman; "calls him the real father of his people, he does so well know how to correct 'em. Ha!" cried Mrs. Traply, casting a glance at a Dutch clock in the corner, "they hav'n't got to St. Giles's Pound yet; and such a day! Poor dear Traply! I feel for his rheumatiz. And going, they do go *so* slow, my dear."

Patty tried to speak; she could not.

"You couldn't have lived so long in London without seeing such a sight, my love?"

"I never did—never will," said Patty.

"Let us hope not; for though there's a sort of something that makes one long to see it—I don't know, but it isn't pleasant—no my dear it isn't," cried Mrs. Traply, with emphasis. "I was a young, giddy, happy thing, when I saw the first man hanged. Ha! my dear, little I thought of Newgate then. Well, we won't talk of it. We'll talk of your little trouble, my love. I'm sure I hope it will come to nothing. I'm sure, *I* think you innocent."

"I am innocent," said Patty, mildly.

"But my dear," cried the turnkey's wife, "what's innocence in Newgate? Bless you, it's better to be a little guilty and safe outside, than be as innocent as snow, and locked up. Still, you know, my dear, matters do look a little black against you. In case of the worst"—

"I am prepared, even for the worst," said Patty.

"I don't blame you, as a Christian, my dear; I don't blame you," said the woman. "But for all that, you wouldn't throw away your life, my dear? It would be murder, you know."

Patty said no word, but sighed heavily.

"And you're so young; and if you were once comfortable, I've no doubt would be very good-looking. Bless you! I shall live to see you a happy wife, and the mother of a dear family. Now, there's that gentleman, Mr. Curlwell—the man's a doting upon you. He says he'll lay out his last farthing upon lawyers and witnesses for you: and for money, in a good cause, there's kind-hearted people to be found who'll swear what they're told, my dear."

"I am sorry to hear it," said Patty.

"What! when they know you to be innocent, and will swear what will prove as much?"

"Never mind; we will not talk of it, Mrs. Traply. I have known but little to tie me to this world; and if it—if I say"—here Patty struggled with her heart; then observing me upon a chair, she said, her lips quivering as she spoke—"What a pretty feather! Is it yours?"

"Yes, my dear; though I don't wear such things now. Ha! the last time I wore that feather I danced with Sir Mohawk Brush—I think I've named him to you before. Ha! if he had only kept his word, what a sweet man he would have been. It's been tumbled, my love, lying by in my box; perhaps you can put it to rights for me?"

"Certainly: I shall, indeed, be glad; for you have been very kind to me."

"And I want to be kind to you, if you'll let me," said the woman. "Now there's Mr. Curlwell—"

"Pray, do not speak of him," said Patty.

"A nice, kind, affable man; older than you, to be sure; but all the better; for die when he will, he'll leave you snug. Suppose now—I merely say suppose, he could get you out of this trouble, if you'd only marry him: suppose, I say, there was nothing between death and the church, what would you do?"

Patty, who had been gazing at me, laid me down upon the table, and looking full at the woman, answered in a calm, deep voice—"Die!"

"You'd never be so wicked," cried Mrs. Traply.

"I will never be so wicked," said Patty, "so false, so cruelly deceitful towards any man, as to vow a love where my heart sickens."

"Yes, my dear, but to die"—said Mrs. Traply.

"But to live," cried Patty, with quick earnestness; "to live and be a daily hypocrite; to feel a daily heartache; to shudder at even a word of tenderness; to loathe one's-self for seeming content—happy! Where all this is, what *can* be life? Oh, no!" said Patty, with a gentle smile, "I have thought of death; and, indeed, I *can* die."

"Ha! my dear, that's often our pride and vanity to think so. But to die any way in our own sheets, with the doctor, and every other comfort about us, and to have all sorts of civil things said in a sermon made on purpose for us, even then, my dear, death is bad enough; but what, when you go out of the world with a bad name—with the world, my love, always to have something to say against you?"

"Terrible, very terrible," said Patty, placing her hand to her brow, "but I have thought of this, too; and it is little, very little, with the thought of innocence. The world," cried Patty, in a piteous voice—"what shall I be to the world? What to me the blame or praise of the world, when I am in the grave!"

"Yes, my dear; but you must own there 's a hard trial 'twixt Newgate and that. Ha! at this moment, poor things!"—and again Mrs. Traply looked at the Dutch clock—"at this very moment, they're taking their last sup at the Pound. Ha! there 's the trial, my love."

Patty trembled from head to foot, and I could see her small hands work convulsively—could see the fighting of her heart to keep the terror down, as Mrs. Traply, for the kindest purpose, as she thought, painted the horrors of the death-journey from Newgate to Tyburn.

"You don't know what it is, child, or you wouldn't talk in that way. Ha! my dear, it's very different to going with a party, and sitting at a window to see the poor things in the cart, and being one of 'em, you know. Innocence, my dear, is all very well; but I don't know any innocence that could bear to be stared at by thousands of people, all looking as if they had red-hot eyes upon you! And then to see the whole street swimming about you—and to have the blood like boiling lead in your ears—for a dear soul as was reprieved told me all about it—and how all the men and women looked like stony-faced devils round him—and how as he heard some of 'em laugh, it went like a knife into his heart—and how as the cart rumbled along, he prayed for the stones to open and bury him—and how when he got to Tyburn, ha! my dear, he was proved as innocent as you are, and yet he felt all this—and how, as I was saying, when he got to Tyburn—but you don't listen to me?"

The woman spoke the truth; for Patty had sunk beneath the struggle of her feelings, and lay insensible in the chair.

POLITICAL LEADER.

The attempt to convert the out-pensioners of Chelsea Hospital into warriors is one of the wildest designs ever undertaken by a misguided ministry. It is true that, in the agricultural districts the Chelsea pensioners—or at least, their effigies—are used as a standing army of light scarecrows, to preserve the crops; but to think of trusting these worn-out veterans with real guns, shows the insanity to which folly may drive a desperate Government.

It is a well-known maxim in ethics that "right 's right, anyhow;" and this beautiful doctrine has always been our guide, when contending factions have been snatching at the banner of the Constitution—a banner which we have often saved from their grasp by lifting up the pole—we allude, of course, to the public press—that is attached to it. But if we have been irritated on other occasions, where shall we find bounds to our anger now? If we have written in gall before, we ought now to dip our pen in the essential oil of vitriol.

Put arms into the hands of the Chelsea pensioners, forsooth! Why, it would be much better to put legs—wooden ones we mean—into those stumps which they are now called upon to stir at the bidding of a perplexed Government. When we look at Chelsea Hospital, our heart always beats quicker, our pulse throbs more frequently, and the blood of patriotism dances more vividly in our very veins; but now that the out-veterans of that fine asylum are to be called once more into active service, we shall blush for ourselves, to think that our posterity will find

A "NON SEQUITUR."

us so much behind our forefathers.

Sporting Intelligence.

The championship of the Strand was last week contended for by two Blackwall and Mile End omnibuses. Betting had been 2 to 1 on Mile End, but at starting Blackwall was the favourite. They had often run against each other before, and Blackwall had been backed against Mile End, on more than one occasion. Blackwall went off with the lead, when Mile End suddenly shot a-head, but they were axletree and axletree as they passed the *Punch*-office. Soames, the conductor of Blackwall, kept slamming the door, which is the usual signal for the horses to go on; but the driver of Mile End, trusting to the breeding of the team, kept inciting them to "go along," while he backed his own suggestion by sawing at their mouths, and applying the whip with vehemence. While the race was at its highest point of interest, Blackwall moved to the right and Mile End turned to the left, so that the championship of the Strand is still undisposed of.

PUNCH'S LITTLE TEMPERANCE WARBLER.

FRIEND OF MY SOUL, THIS WATER SIP.

Air—*Friend of my Soul.*

Friend of my soul, this water sip,
Its strength you need not fear;
'Tis not so luscious as egg-flip,
Nor half so strong as beer.
Like Jenkins, when he writes,
It cannot touch the mind;
Unlike what he indites,
No nausea leaves behind.

THE TEA! THE TEA!

Air—*The Sea.*

The tea—the tea—the grateful tea,
The black—the green—the strong Bohea;
Where by a mark—its price is found
It runneth from three-and-six a pound.
When mixed with the sloe, it cheats our eyes,
And like a wicked creature lies.
I like the tea: I like the tea,
And drinking it I would ever be;
With the green above and the black below,
And hot water wheresoe'er I go.
If at night I should wish awake to keep,
What matter?—with tea I cannot sleep.
What matter, &c.

I love—Oh how I love to drain
The foaming teacup again and again,
When its heat makes warm the silver spoon,
And the kettle whistles its grateful tune.
I ne'er heard a man for brandy roar,
But my tea I fancied more and more;
And off to my favourite chest I ran
Like a bailiff that fiercely seeketh his man:
And a bailiff it was, and is to me,
For I 'm always very much taken—by tea.

The milk was call'd at early morn
In the sober hour when I was born;
The grocers whistled—so much they sold,
And the Twinings took ten pounds in gold;
And never was heard such laughter wild
As welcomed to life the young Hyson child.
I have lived since then in calm and strife
A regular milk-and-watery life.
With cash to spend on gin or grog,
I never took aught but tea with my prog:
And Death, whene'er he comes to me,
Shall find me—over a cup of tea.

THE TURNCOCK.

Who is it, when we 're taken ill,
And slops require all day to swill,
The grateful cistern helps to fill?
The Turncock.

Who is it, when the dreadful sound
Of "fire" echoes all around,
Is hardly ever to be found?
The Turncock.

Who is it, when upon his beat
Will very often, for a treat,
Turn on the main and swamp the street?
The Turncock.

Who is it often comes to state,
The Company no more will wait,
But must insist upon the rate?
The Turncock.

Who is it waits another day,
And then no longer will delay,
But cuts the water right away?
The Turncock.

A GLASS OF WEST MIDDLESEX.

Air—*Here 's a health to the King, God bless him.*

A GLASS of West Middlesex fill, fill for me,
I prefer it to Walker's champagne;
No matter what sort, so a bumper it be,
Though drawn from the tub for the rain.
A man, when sobriety's point has gone by,
Finds many odd feelings possess him,
He 'll deal to his friend a sad blow in the eye,
And immediately afterwards bless him.

The landlords, we 're told, in the liquor that 's sold,
When too much have their customers quaff'd,
To dilute with pure water, *et cetera*, make bold,
The more profit to get from the draught:
They may pour Father Thames, if they like, in my glass,
Of his filth if they 'll but dispossess him;
Not shaken, well filter'd—round, round let it pass,
Here 's a health to the Thames, God bless him!

TOASTS AND SENTIMENTS.

"Water and the Constitution;" "Union is Strength, and so is the

Grand Junction;" "War to the Bottle;" "The Turncock the true Friend of the People;" "Our Homes and our Cisterns."

THE JOKE LOAN SOCIETY.

PERSONS requiring the loan of a few jokes for temporary purposes can be supplied at the Joke Loan Society and Benevolent Association for Humorous Endowment. The society has a paid-up capital of

One Million Jokes!

And every applicant for a loan is expected to deposit one pun in the hands of the secretary, which will be returned if the loan is not granted.

The object of this institution is to supply those with jokes who may be temporarily distressed for want of them.

The directors invite the attention of barristers to a very extensive stock of legal jokes, applicable to every occasion, from the motion of course to the criminal information, and which may be had by the year, term, or sittings.

The society has also purchased the entire stock of a retired punster, at a rate so low that the jokes—among which are a few that have never been used—can be let out on terms astonishingly moderate.

As a guarantee to the public that the articles provided at this establishment are of a superior quality, attention is directed to the following specimens of

JOKES FOR THE MILLION.

On passing a grocer's shop while a customer is being served, the exclamation of "That 's right—suit him to a *T* (*tea*)," will be found a good useful joke, which, from the frequent opportunities of introducing it, is particularly recommended to facetious families.

The following is a cheap joke for juveniles:—On passing a potato-shed, look in, and having cried out "Hollo there! Coals, Coke, and *Wood if he could!*" run away as fast as possible.

N.B.—Damaged jokes repaired, and old ones taken in exchange. Dramatic authors supplied on easy terms; and a liberal allowance on taking a quantity. Puns prepared at an hour's notice for large or small parties.

THE FINE ARTS!—IMPORTANT!

WE take the following from the *Morning Jenkins*:—

"Mr. F. G. Moon, the sheriff elect, was yesterday presented to the King of Hanover—by the Countess of Westminster."

Mr. Moon presented a portrait of himself, as Lord Mayor in 1850!—JENKINS is expected to follow.

STATISTICAL SOCIETY.

THAT most indefatigable member of society in general, and of the Twaddle-and-Squat Society in particular—Professor Porsoff, has for the last six months been unremitting in his exertions to procure the following statistics, which he begs to communicate to the world at large, and more especially, to that intellectual and enlightened portion of the community—the readers of PUNCH.

Statistics of Sticks.

(ABRIDGED FROM PROFESSOR PORSOFF'S OWN REPORT.)

I (says the Professor) have stationed myself, day by day, for the last six months, on London Bridge, during the hours 9, 10, 11, A. M., and 3, 4, and 5, P. M., and have carefully noted the following interesting phenomena connected with the walking-sticks and their possessors, that daily pass over that great thoroughfare.

In the first place, by a rough calculation, we find that the total number of sticks that passed over during that period was 1,490,720, thus giving a weekly average of $62,113\frac{8}{24}$; of these $62,113\frac{1}{2}$ sticks, $22,942\frac{7}{12}$ are oak saplings; 14,871 are veritable bamboo; 9752 are undoubtable blackthorn; $8864\frac{93}{108}$ are acknowledged Malaccas; $4114\frac{9}{12}$ were a heterogenous collection of sticks of all denominations, known and unknown; the material of the remaining $1568\frac{4}{1120}$ was unable to be distinguished at such a cursory view.

We have ascertained in the next place that, of the $62,113\frac{8}{24}$ possessors of these sticks, $18,917\frac{3}{11}$ have some defect of locomotion; $6412\frac{18}{96}$ are afflicted with disease of the organs of vision; $11,431\frac{821}{4812}$ are boys under 17 years of age, and $11,754\frac{60}{72}$ are men under 5 feet 6 inches, and $10,461\frac{83}{504}$ being principally the holders of the oak saplings; thus leaving a remainder of 3136; of which, on inquiry, 972 were found to be tag; 999 rag; and 1165 bobtail.

Several other walking-sticks of a peculiar species were also observed; generally speaking, they were carried between two young ladies, or revelled in the luxuries of wash, woodstock, and patent leather.

TYRO.

MILITARY.

GRAND Review of several regiments of Infantry took place yesterday in Hyde Park, in the presence of her Majesty the Queen, his Royal Highness Prince Albert, Field Marshal the Duke of Wellington, the Marquis of Anglesea, and several other distinguished Officers.

The 12th Light Pop-guns acquitted themselves very creditably, and discharged several rounds of pellets with great effect and precision.

The 1st Life Squirts also highly distinguished themselves, and kept up a smart shower of ditchwater for upwards of a quarter of an hour on the 10th Trap-bats; who vigorously returned the compliment by volleys of two-penny balls.

The very clever manœuvres of the Royal Hoops gave general satisfaction.

The Hop Scotch Greys went through their evolutions in admirable order.

The Kite Division deployed in fine style in the direction of the wind, which was S.E.

The Squib and Cracker Brigade performed a series of very splendid operations, showing the high state of efficiency into which they have been trained. They may be now pronounced perfect in the use of their formidable missiles. Their performance evidently gratified the Royal and Illustrious spectators exceedingly, and afforded a high treat to the little boys who were looking on.

We are happy to state that notwithstanding the greatness of the crowd not the slightest accident occurred, except to Master Smith, Lieutenant of the Taw Buffs, whose eyebrows were singed by a squib.

On the conclusion of the day's proceedings, each of the youthful warriors was presented with two-pence halfpenny, and received a bun and a glass of ginger-pop.

POLICE-OFFICE ANNOUNCEMENTS.

THE following has been stopped:—

A tooth with some gold about it.

Insane person found. He describes himself as about to become the lessee of one of the National Theatres. His friends are particularly requested to come forward.

Found a large quantity of lead in sheets. It was inclosed in some paper, with the words Tuft-Hunter, by Lord William Lennox, on the first page. If not claimed, it must be thrown away, for it could not be sold to pay the expenses.

Absconded from his friends—Lord Brougham. He is supposed to be looking after a place. He has several written characters, one of which lately appeared in the Examiner newspaper.

JENKINS AGAIN!

Dear Jenkins—when the Opera closes he will be found at Gravesend for the benefit of his health, and has promised to write to us very often—our own Jenkins has tried to put off a new trick. He has been writing some more of his incomparable English, which he would fain fix upon the goose-quill of an old French Jenkins in the time of Louis XVI. Our own Jenkins would adapt the words of his ancestor to the living Cerito :—

"With her black ringlets falling on her fair neck, with her light gossamer dress floating round her form like a downy cloud, she looks adorable—she appears to have stolen the graces and the girdle of Venus—whilst her movements are so surprisingly aerial, that you might take her for the Camilla of mythology, who flew over the *fields of ripe corn* without crushing an ear."

We have no doubt that Cerito—even if she were twenty stone weight—could stand upon Jenkins without *crushing a single ear;* and here is the proof!

THE CLERKENWELL EARTHQUAKE.

(from our own reporter.)

This frightful phenomenon broke out at Mr. Jones the greengrocer's. Nature and Middleton-street, have received a shock that they will not soon recover. The last accounts, however, stated that Nature was rather better after the shock, and that Middleton-street was as well as could be expected. It seems that the igniferous properties of a piece of lighted paper from a "gentleman's" cigar, entered into a combustive combination with the gaseous particles of the common sewer; and the atmospheric pressure being as one to fifteen, blew up the iron grating, putting the inhabitants of the neighbourhood to sixes and sevens. The turncock was fortunately present but obstinately refused to act, and luckily was not wanted. Several squares of windows were converted into blown glass by being blown from their frames: and the Commissioners of Sewers when they heard of the grating being displaced, appointed a select Committee to sit upon it. A member of the Geological Society has been to examine the spot; and the Common Sewer has been in the handsomest manner thrown open to him. He has explored the ruins of a lamp post; but we regret to say that he has not been met in a proper spirit by the gas company, who have restored the interesting subject of inquiry to its original state before he has had time to pursue the investigation to its proper limits.

FATHER MATHEW IN HYDE PARK!

GRAND TEMPERANCE MEETING OF THE ARISTOCRACY.

There was no government procession to greet and do honour to the arrival of Father Mathew in this wicked, bacchanal city of London; there was no gathering together of the Patron Moralities of the many virtuous associations of this our naughty metropolis; no assembling of comely crowds with white favours and banners, and sonorous bands, playing anything but "Drops of Brandy," at the railway terminus; neither did the bishops, in raven row, walk hand in hand—a blessed and blessing brotherhood!—to welcome the aqueous new-comer. Father Thames—a potentate having peculiar interest in the mission of Father Mathew—did not, to the eyes of men, rise an inch to do honour to his champion, but went on his idle, shining way; and as for the water-nymphs still dwelling, despite of the gas-works, above and below bridge, they, fair deities, with a want of curiosity uncommon to their sex, kept quietly at home; or if, indeed, they graced the first appearance of Father Mathew, it may have been they were disguised, as water very often is disguised, in other liquor!

Such, indeed, may be the thought of the foolish and unreflecting! But, indeed, it was otherwise, as we have been minutely informed by our "own reporter;" an intelligence, which, regardless of expense, we engaged under the express contract that he would be in every needful place at one and the same moment. Hence we learn that when Father Mathew stept from the railway carriage, the engine, as with a mighty and rejoicing expansion of heart, puffed and snorted like a dragon at gambols, and the steam rose and rose above the Father's head, and, catching the sun's rays, shone as a magnificent rainbow over him! And this was a proper homage of water to water's own apostle.

And then, says our reporter, all the members of the English episcopacy presented themselves to the Father, and pledged him—one and all—in a bumper from the flowing spring; and the Archbishop of Canterbury begged that Father Mathew would send his luggage to Lambeth, whilst the Bishop of London hoped he should be honoured with it at Fulham; and at length there was a complete struggle and scramble among the bishops for the carpet-bag of Father Mathew, who, with the sweetest smile, declined every invitation, observing that he had already taken apartments at the sign of the Dewdrop, a Temperance tavern.

And whilst all this was going on at the station, many and curious were the evidences, far and away throughout London, of the influence of Father Mathew's advent! In a thousand shops ginger-beer corks went off with loud report—fit ordnance to salute the coming of the Priest of Temperance—and the white milk-like fluid, from tens of thousands of bottles, played and played, as upon holidays play the fountains at Versailles! And again, in the cellar of many a Gin-palace, there was a deep, a thunder-groan, as of the burst heart of Bacchus! And the Gin-palace King trembled in his bar throne—and his fainting Queen screeched for peppermint—and many of the little Juniper Princes and Princesses sucked their thumbs in growing wonder and dismay! In these places, smitten by quick despair—the list of bankrupts burning their wild eyes—three publicans swallowed *coculus indicus*, grains of paradise, and other condiments intended for their customers.

Terrible was the malt-quake in the vats of Barclay and Perkins! Whitbread and Co. ceased to feel themselves entire! Draymen became hysterical; and drayhorses stood with the untasted clover in the rack!

Ominous and peculiar were the changes in out-door signs! Every bunch of grapes—purple or golden, over vintner's door—wept water! The Spotted Dog became pale with fear; the Saracen's Head looked mild as Mr. Pease, the quaker; and the Belle Sauvage changed colour, like any parlour-boarder. His dearest friend would not have known the Brown Bear; whilst for the Blue Posts, they never looked *so* blue! There was not a Red Lion about town that did not look nervous and ashamed of himself; and the Cross Keys fairly rattled together in despair. Waiters gnashed their teeth, and convulsively twisted their diaper; whilst potboys, ceasing to whistle, had all a regicide look, like pewter Oxford!

Nor was this all: the imaginative eye (we quote our "own reporter") might see a sort of half-diabolic, half-human expression in many a London pump. New River shareholders sent out tickets for a tea-party; whilst the Chancellor of the Exchequer felt a most oppressive fall of spirits.

And there were other strange, significant signs. Dirty, bestial

"THE GREAT WIZARD OF THE NORTH,"

Performing his celebrated *trick* of

POURING FOUR DIFFERENT LIQUIDS FROM ONE BOTTLE.

men (yes, and women) washed and dressed themselves ; and the faces of thousands of poor children looked bright and shining ; and gin-bottles were broken, and there was talk of tea-cups and amendment ; and of the certain Sunday dinner, and cleanliness, and peace between man and wife, and comfortable thrift, and all to come with the pledge and the medal !

And Father MATHEW laid his healing hand upon thousands ! And the blotched and ulcerous mind of the drunkard was made whole and sweet ; and wherever the Father appeared, drunkenness was converted, and Bacchus overthrown ! And as Father MATHEW laboured, a sudden blight fell upon the vineyards of France and Portugal, and Spain ; whilst the tea-shrub, the odoriferous Congou, and all its temperate family, tended by Celestial chopsticks, smelt sweeter and waxed stronger ; and the Brother of the Moon, although he knew not the Irishman, felt a strange yearning of tenderness towards the barbarian MATHEW !

And so Father MATHEW laboured, and gave pledge after pledge. And Mile-End forswore the uncleanness of her ways, and flung away the gin-measure ; and Kennington rose up, and vowed she would have no more to do with three-outs ; and Marylebone protested she would never touch spirits more ; and sundry other places renounced for ever and ever the tempting yet destructive kiss of burning alcohol ! And everybody thought that Father MATHEW had ended his mission in foul, bibulous London, that henceforth was to drink like the hart, "at the water-brooks," eschewing for aye the gin-palace, the tavern, and the beer-shop !

And then, sundry people in high places asked—is drunkenness the only vice ? Is there no other intemperance save that of the pottle-pot ? And May-Fair rose, and took counsel with herself ; and asked —"Is Houndsditch so leprously foul, and am I so pure ?" And St. James inquired of Tothill-street—"Are you so full of blotches, carbuncles, begotten and nursed by gin—are you so bestial in your ways, and have I no taint, no spot beneath my purple and fine linen ?" And these questions were put in the dead stillness of night ; and after brief interval, Cavendish-square called to Portman—and Portman gave tongue to Grosvenor—and Grosvenor hallooed to Belgrave, and the shouting went from one to the other ; and as we have said, they all took counsel, asking—"Is there no intemperance save of the bottle ?—Is there no drunkenness of avarice, arrogance, pride, selfishness ?—Is there no intoxication of the soul, making the heart of man more blotched and bloated than the face of Silenus ? We will all take the pledge !" And echo from ten thousand chimney-pots cried, "All ! All !"

Balmy and beautiful was the day—it happened only a week since, albeit the event was strangely overlooked by the morning papers—when Father MATHEW took his place in the centre of Hyde Park for the purpose of administering the pledge to what JENKINS, that frail and foolish vessel JENKINS, would call "the world ;" that is, to the few thousand folks who do, will, or can, subscribe to Her Majesty's Theatre. As Saint Giles had taken the pledge, it was a matter of more than curiosity to see how Saint James would comport himself on the like ceremony.

Father MATHEW took his station just in front of the trees at the end of the Serpentine, on a platform erected with great care and at much expense. The platform was covered with white linen of the finest web ; and at the foot of the Father was a large basket, the work (as "our own reporter" was informed) of a certain Countess and her daughters, which was filled with thousands of BEES blown in various-coloured glass, with the words "*All things by work*," in little letters on the wings. These BEES were the pledges, and could be worn as pins, studs, or buttons. They were sold at fifty pounds each ; the money—we can scarcely trust ourselves to specify the immense sum gathered on the occasion—to be given to the various metropolitan hospitals.

The ground was crowded by her Majesty's Ministers, the Bishops, Members of both Houses of Parliament, and, indeed, all the members (the sick and the halt excepted) of the fashionable world. An extra body of police had been very judiciously provided, but we are happy to say that the conduct of the mob was, throughout the day, orderly and respectful. About twelve o'clock the proceedings began.

Father MATHEW stept forward, (on his right was the King of Hanover, on his left the Duke of Cambridge and Prince George,) and said,—in all his travels, in all his experience, he had never met with so heart-warming a spectacle. He had wrestled with the demoniacal giant, drunkenness, in the houses of the poor ; and hard buffetings he had met with ; he trusted, however, he had given as good as he had received. (Laughter and cheers.) The present sight was, however, what in his fondest dreams he had never hoped for. It was hard to convert vice when it ingrained poverty ; but it was harder still to cut away selfishness from the soul when bound thereto with what was stronger than adamantine bonds—he meant gold. (Cheers.) He would not detain them from the more solemn business of the meeting. (Cries of "Go on," and "Bless you, Father," from the Duke of Cambridge.) He came there that day to administer the pledge to regenerate humanity. ("Very right," from the Duke of Cambridge.) The pledge he should require of them would be a solemn promise to renounce all vain-gloriousness, all arrogance, all pride, and selfishness ; ("No objection—no objection," from the Duke of Cambridge ;) to feel their wealth as an instrument for the happiness of others ("Certainly—of course," from the Duke of Cambridge) ; and so to dispense that wealth, that they should be looked upon as the almoners of that Providence which had chosen them for its dearest service. ("Only proper," from the Duke of Cambridge.) Father MATHEW then exhibited a pledge—one of the BEES. He said he had chosen this simple badge as a type of innocent and untiring industry, showing at once the dignity and the prime utility of labour. He would begin the work of the day with a royal batch, observing that any one who took the pledge must, if possible, give some immediate proof of the conversion of his spirit.

Here the KING of HANOVER,

A MAN HE *IS*, TO ALL THE COUNTRY *DEAR*,

and the Duke of CAMBRIDGE, knelt down before Father MATHEW ; and his majesty in a loud and distinct voice not only renounced his pension as Duke of Cumberland, but promised to pay back all he had received in that character since his Kingship. The Duke of Cambridge, in the like manner, renounced the 3000*l.* per annum lately voted for his daughter Augusta, and at the same time handed in 5000*l.* to be applied to the funds of orphan schools. Each Duke then received his *bee*, which he placed in his stock, and seemed, indeed, highly gratified with the treasure.

The whole bench of Bishops next took the oaths and the bees. The Bishop of EXETER observed to Father MATHEW, that it had long been a custom at public dinners to give the toast of "The Church," which toast had always been followed by the song—

"With a jolly full bottle let each man be armed."

This (the bishop said) should henceforth be amended ; and the toast, in future, be followed by the song of—

"By shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals."

Our space will not permit us to give one-twentieth part of the names of the nobility and gentry who took the pledge ; hence—with the royal and episcopal exceptions—we shall give none. We can only say that about 10,000 *bees* were disposed of, and that another meeting is deemed necessary to administer the pledge to the whole of the aristocracy panting to take the bees. We shall give due notice of the ceremony. Q.

SPIRIT OF DISCOVERY.

RAPID COMMUNICATION WITH JERICHO.—The General Steam Company's ship, *via* Folkestone, Marseilles, and Malta, considerably abridges the time in this popular journey. It is, therefore, hoped that the thousands who are so constantly recommended to go there, will avail themselves of the advantages thus offered, and proceed at once.

SPEEDY TRIP.—A gentleman at one of the West-End Clubs was sent to Coventry the other day in less than five minutes.

The invention of the *screw* as applied to ships, has been claimed by a large number of pursers in the navy, who affirm that they were perfectly acquainted with the principle long before it was brought into use. A society has been formed to take the matter into consideration, and Mr. Hume is appointed chairman, from his intimate knowledge of putting on the screw generally.

The Aerial Ship Company, and the Nelson Monument, are both in the same predicament, for both are at a stand-still for the want of a *capital*.

I'D SEEK THE SOFTEST WOOLSACK.

Air—*Four-leaved Shamrock.*

I'd seek the softest woolsack,
And there recline with ease;
I'd turn the coat upon my back,
And Peel and Graham please.
I would not waste my idle talk
On Radical or Whig;
But in the House contented walk,
And carry on the rig.
Thus I would play a double part,

AN INDEFINITE ARTICLE.

And scatter words around;
So not a free contented heart
Should in the House be found.
Oh give to me the Woolsack,
The Woolsack give to me!

To Wellington I'd smirk and smile;
To Aberdeen bow down;
On Stanley's face the frown beguile,
And Lyndhurst's wishes crown.
And Ernest, who'd been long estranged;
And Campbell, who'd grown cold,
Should find that I my tone had changed,
From what I was of old.
Thus I would play a double part,
&c., &c.
My heart, that had been mourning
For wig, and mace, and seal;
Should find them all returning,
Graced by the smile of Peel.
And Dan should launch his crazy bark
On the rough Atlantic sea.
And I, the near extinguished spark,
Would safe from sinking be.
By playing thus a double part,
In casting words around, &c.

Literary Intelligence.

THE proprietors of the *Spectator* newspaper have invented a new method of producing artificial cold. They now manufacture the back stock of the paper into ice-pails and wine-refrigerators; and have opened spacious premises adjoining the office for subjecting excited authors to the cold water cure, which precious liquid they have an unreserved power of throwing upon everything in any quantity.

THE AERIAL TRANSIT COMPANY

HAVE determined upon applying to Mr. Hume for assistance; since, not only from that gentleman's experience in raising the wind is his advice calculated upon, but from the length of time he has been engaged in building castles in the air, he may possibly furnish the company with some account of the scaffolding and materials that he employs. The only thing to be said against this arrangement is, that according to our own humble notions, Mr. Hume is not calculated to take any part in an aerial scheme, his undertakings having invariably fallen to the ground.

New Comedy.

WE understand, in consequence of the enormous success which has attended the play of *Moonshine*, that Lord William Lennox is hard at work upon a new comedy, to be called—*Twilight!*

THE REBECCA DRAMAS.

FROM the interest which the proceedings of this extraordinary personage have created, all over the country, a very attractive subject has been thrown open for the majority of our dramatists, who, for some time past, have been in a sadly unemployed condition. Shoals of pieces founded on the riots of South Wales, in which the ringleader forms, of course, the principal character, have been sent in to the various managers, and through their kindness, by reason of the honourable estimation in which Mr. PUNCH is held by them, we are enabled to gratify our readers with the leading features of each.

There are only two amongst the leading houses which will not bring forward the subject, viz.:—Her Majesty's Theatre and Covent Garden. At the former, the approaching close of the season prevented a *libretto* being sent to Donizetti, that he might compose an opera to it by that day week; and at the latter, the previous uncertainty with respect to its ultimate fate—whether it would become a concert-room, flower-market, riding-school, tepid-bath, tea-garden, or eating-house for the million, prevented any author from sending in his piece.

DRURY LANE THEATRE.—The grand opera of *Rebecca and the Templar* will here be revived, with such alterations as may adapt it to existing circumstances, Front-de-Bœuf's castle being changed, for the attack, to the Cardigan Tollbar; and the Lists at Ashby to the Swansea Copper Works. The whole of the *Jewess* armour will be routed out and furbished up for the Carmarthen Cavalry; an "extra pit door" will be opened to accommodate the rush; and there will be, of course, an incidental ballet.

HAYMARKET.—A two-act drama, to be called the *Maid of Brittany*. Rebecca is the daughter of an emigrant from St. Malo. She heads the revolution and releases her lover, who is in prison. There is a good part of a countryman for Mr. Webster; and a nervous constable, to be supported by Mr. Buckstone.

ASTLEY'S.—Probably this will be the grandest spectacle of all, embracing as it does "the whole unequalled resources of the establishment." We have been favoured with a proof of the bill, by the politeness of Mr. Widdicomb, under whose superintendence the piece is to be got up. This gentleman well remembers the great Welsh riots of 1272, which ended in the defeat of Llewellyn by Edward the First, and has arranged several effective *tableaux* from his experience. The programme of the scenery, incidents, &c. is exceedingly elaborate, and displayed in all sorts of type. We quote a small portion:—

"THE LLANRWMCHBOLLYN TOLL-BAR, by MOONLIGHT!

AND DISTANT VIEW OF THE WELSH RABBIT WARREN!!

Grand procession of the Bar-breakers of the Mountains,

CLAD IN COATS OF MAIL,

headed by Merthyr Tydvil, on his high-trained palfrey!

DOUBLE COMPANIES!! TRIPLE PLATFORMS!!!

ARRIVAL OF THE WILD HORDE OF THE BLACK FORGES!!

ON THEIR UNTAMED STEEDS!

THE RESOLUTION! THE REVOLUTION!

MYSTERIOUS APPEARANCE OF

REBECCA,

The Hag-fiend of the Blasted Furnace of Brecknock!!!

THE HORRORS OF THE ATTACK;

DESTRUCTION OF THE TOLLBAR; ENCOUNTER WITH THE MILITARY,

and

FINAL TRIUMPH OF BRITISH VALOUR AND THE CARDIGAN DRAGOONS!!!

Vivant Regina et Princeps. *No Money returned.*

SURREY.—The piece here will be a melodrama, produced under the entire superintendence of Mr. R. Honner. An engagement is pending with Mr. N. T. Hicks to reappear on these boards in the part of *Rebecca.*

He will have to fall from the flies in one scene, and then, after hanging by his leg half-way down, to go through the stage and disappear. The incidental Welch Melodies will be arranged by Mr. G. Stansbury, and the *Barricade of the Copper Works* will be constructed to bring in Mr. Risley, who will throw his son through the tiles of the roof with despatches in his mouth.

Victoria.—A domestic drama, of painful interest, called *Rebecca the Wronged One, or The Trials of a Servant Out of Place*, ending with the one before the Caermarthen County Assizes. The cast will embrace *The Father*, Mr. Dale; *The Lover*, Mr. E. F. Saville; and *Rebecca*, Miss Vincent.

In addition to these amusements, the heads of the Polytechnic Institution and Adelaide Gallery have despatched an artist to make sketches for a new series of Rebecca Dissolving Views, which it is hoped may be emblematical of the visions of the insurgents. And Messrs. Beard and Claudet are each struggling to get the first photographic likeness of this celebrated character, from which Madame Tussaud will model a wax figure for the Chamber of Horrors, as a companion to Murat, simultaneously with a woodcut appearing in the *Illustrated News* and *Pictorial Times*.

A ROUNDELAY
FOR AN OPHYCLEIDE ACCOMPANIMENT.

I have watch'd the playful heifer
As it rollick'd on the lawn,
The light and floating zephyr
(At twelve-and-six) I've worn.
With revellers, light-hearted,
I have joined in pleasures round;
And for this I've often parted
With my watch, to raise a pound.

I have seen the lamblings skipping
In sunshine and in mist;

RISING WITH THE SON.

I have read the news of shipping
In Lloyd's most lively list.
I have seen the sunbeam darting
On its wild uncertain way;
I have watch'd the packet starting
For Margate and Herne Bay.

But heifer, zephyr, pleasure,
Cash, lamblings, sunshine, ships,
E'en music—to its measure
When youth light-hearted trips,
Are nothing—now, nor ever,
As any thing can be,
If doom'd—dear girl—to sever
From love—from hope—from thee.

Then meet me by the river.
Oh! say not that you won't!
But come where the aspens quiver,
Or even where they don't.
Where'er I go, I care not—
Camp, cottage, castle, cot—
All 's blank with thee I share not,
But with thee, love—all 's not.

A New Locomotive Power

Has been discovered by Mr. T. Matthews, who it appears has constructed a truck or cart, the body of which is composed of a flitch of bacon, and the wheels of four cheeses, which runs without any visible power. It will be put into action under the auspices of Mr. W. Bradwell, in one of the forthcoming pantomimes.

THE STATE OF WALES.

We have been given to understand that the Dowager Lady Lyttelton has not been insensible to the necessity of explaining to the Prince of Wales the unhappy condition of the locality from which his Royal Highness derives its title. Her ladyship, we believe, introduced the subject in the following delicate maner:—"Ah! do they agitate his little principality, and ruffle his little feathers for him, a dear? Does Miss Becca pull down the nasty turnpikes? Oh, shocking! But we 'll send a little body of policemen, won't we? Though they are all sent back again with horrid fleas in their poor little ears. Hushaby baby! Don't him cry, nor wet him little lace frock all over with him little shiney, piney, whiney, tiney tears! And do the wicked men go about dressed up like naughty women, and pull the little gates off their little hinges? But they shan't do it any more; no, that they shan't, for we 'll send the little dragoons, and keep his little peace for him in his little principality. A little duck! won't we?" This beautiful elementary lesson on the state of the nation gradually goes off into the charming romance of "Baby baby bunting," which has the effect of making the Prince do that which all wise princes ought to do on a question of great importance—"Sleep on it."

POETRY OF THE PENSIVE.

The following touching little ballad was written in a fit of despondency by an individual in humble life. It is addressed to Jenkins, and is the production of one to whom he owes—more alas! than he will ever repay. Need we say that it is written by his washerwoman:—

Air—*Mary, I believed thee true.*

Jenkins! I believed thee true,
And I was done in so believing;
But now I mourn, that e'er I knew
A chap so given to deceiving.

Few have ever scrubb'd like me.
Oh! I have washed to tatters nearly,
The few, few shirts possessed by thee;
Alas! you wore them too severely.

Fare thee well! Yet think, ah do!
On one whose bosom bleeds to hurt thee;
Who now would rather trust than sue,
And lose her cash than not clean-shirt thee.

Fare thee well! I 'll think on thee,
Thou leav'st me many a bitter token:
For see, distracting Jenkins, see
My mangle 's sold—my washtub broken!

THE ENTOMOLOGICAL SOCIETY

Have made liberal offers to the proprietors of Covent Garden Theatre for the purchase of all the flies in the event of the stage being taken to pieces. There is also said to be a very fine collection of British moths in the wardrobe, especially amongst the Shakspearian dresses.

Alarming Incident!

Yesterday, in the dusk of the evening, Police Constable B 52 observed a man enter a dirty lodging-house, carrying in his hand a pen—a sheet of paper—and a penn'orth of ink! That man was—Jenkins!

A Commercial Problem.

Q. How can a junior partner be taken into a house over the senior partner's head?—*A.* By the senior partner sitting in the shop, and the junior partner being taken in at the first-floor window.

Foreign Intelligence.—A grand jubilee has been held at Gottingen by the Professors of the University, in commemoration of a whole month's absence of the King of Hanover.

PUNCH'S DREAM.

THE other night we had a dream. We thought we saw a caterpillar trying to spit at a sunbeam. We woke, and found JENKINS—the Man of the People, JENKINS, in the *Post*—squirting ink at the memory of La Fayette! The creeper squirteth as follows:—He

"Who cared for the world only as a theatre, and men as the audience, to applaud mouth-virtue and mock sentiment, can never be too thoroughly exposed to the contempt of those whose admiration would only prove them grosser fools or weaker madmen than himself."

Punch having read this, fell asleep, and had another dream. We dreamt that the ghost of La Fayette presented a plate of white-bait and a glass of Blackwall port to the said JENKINS, whereupon the Man of the People immediately wrote as follows:—

"La Fayette was a hero in the noblest sense. Great in the field, great in the senate; and for his knowledge of men, his brain was crowded to excess with that minute power of observation which is so characteristic of true genius."

THE MARKETS,

DONE INTO VERSE BY OUR OWN REPORTER.

BARLEY is very dull,
And wheat is rather shy;
Oats keep their prices full,
But there 's a fall in rye.

In oil, the chief transaction
Has been confined to flasks
Sugar gives satisfaction,
Some has been sold in casks!

There have been strange devices
Pepper to sell in bags;
But all the trade in spices
Materially flags!

The cotton-trade lies fallow;
Nothing is done in bales;
Th' attempt to get off tallow
At present sadly fails.

Hyson is getting higher;
Of rice they 've sold one lot;
And there has been a buyer
For—porter in the pot.

A WET CELLAR.

A SAFE PRECAUTION.

THE summer has been so bad this year, the Royal Humane Society are taking every precaution against an early winter. One of their new arrangements is, that, instead of having the poles marked, as hitherto, "Dangerous," they intend mounting them with copies of the "MORNING POST," as they consider that this will be the most effectual means of preventing daring persons approaching places of danger.

PATENTS GRANTED.

LORD WILLIAM LENNOX, for improvements in the use of copying machines. Lord Brougham, for "universal joints" and "eccentric movements." as applied to *turning*.

Preserved Peel.

SIR ROBERT PEEL is, it seems, constantly watched after by the police. It has been asserted that they might be better employed; but surely it is a legitimate part of their duty to keep their eyes on all bad characters.

Important Sale of Rebecca Property.

MR. GEORGE ROBBINS

Has received instructions from the Trustees of the Welch Tollgates to submit the whole to public competition. Every one is familiar with the

UNRIVALLED SCENERY OF WALES,

and there is no doubt that any one determined to

Distinguish himself at the Bar,

may now have an opportunity of doing so. The Gates are held on the

GOOD OLD ENGLISH TENURE,

unvalued in the glorious principle of

Self Defence

and such is the confidence of the surrounding population, that

TICKETS ARE NEVER DEMANDED.

Particulars may be seen in the papers of the day; and it is almost needless to add, that there will be no reserve whatever, but the whole of

The Gates must be knocked down

in the most summary manner.

THE WEATHER AND THE CROPS.

OUR own correspondent writes to tell us that he has been caught in a shower, and his letters speak cheerfully of some French beans; so that our information is, on the whole, satisfactory as to the weather.

KENT.—The harvest has commenced at Gravesend amongst the lodging-keepers. The late heavy rains have in some instances damaged the crops, from the inefficiency of the gossamers which covered them and the lack of umbrellas, but they are now ready for cutting.

DAMAGED CROPS.

In the neighbourhood of Fulham, a row of peas has been stuck, and the growers are in the highest spirits. The market gardeners say that the potatoes now in the ground may be dug up at the proper time, if nothing happens to prevent it. The parsley crops are very abundant, and sweet herbs are so plentiful that thyme is being thrown away in every direction.

Aquatic Intelligence.

THE cry of "Lambeth a port" is being now raised in imitation of the agitation to make "Norwich a port," which some years ago existed. It is true that Lambeth has the advantage of an isthmus of coal-barges, bringing it within a short distance of the Milbank continent; but the communication with the peninsula of Vauxhall would perhaps render any closer approximation almost superfluous. One of Lloyd's agents has been seen on some of the fourpenny steamboats; but on enquiry, the agent of Lloyd was found to be attempting to dispose of some cheap publications. If the project for making "Lambeth a port" should ultimately be carried out, there is no doubt that attempts will be commenced to give to Milbank a civil importance, which it has not enjoyed hitherto.

A Patriot.

WE understand that *Jenkins*, hearing of the Opium Compensation Bill, has offered to surrender into the hands of the Government the whole of his unpublished manuscripts.

AWFUL DISTRESS.—Mr. Cochrane, speaking of Don Carlos, said, "The *malheureux prince* had only 1,200*l.* a year." We recommend the prince to apply to the Mendicity Society.

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THE STORY OF A FEATHER.

CHAP. XXX.—PATTY IS VISITED BY MRS. GAPTOOTH AND CURLWELL—OFFER OF MARRIAGE.

"If she hasn't fainted!" cried the turnkey's wife jumping from her seat to the side of Patty. "Poor little lamb," said the woman, as she applied restoratives to the girl, and chatted calmly the while—for her prison experience had taught her composure at such moments—"Poor little kitten! A stout heart she has for Tyburn! No, no; I shall dance at her wedding yet! Dear me! well, she *is* gone. Ha! I'm sure when Traply first asked me, I thought I'd be torn to bits first; and now—well, it might be worse." In this wise, the turnkey's wife continued to talk to herself, when at length Patty sighed heavily. "Yes, yes," said the woman, "she'll cry soon, and then be nice and comfortable." At this moment there was a knock at the door. "Come in," cried Mrs. Traply, not stirring from her charge.

The door was opened, and Mrs. Gaptooth and Curlwell the valet immediately entered.

"La! and is it you?" cried Mrs. Traply. "Here she is, poor thing; but she'll be better now you're come, Mr. Curlwell;" and the woman threw what she believed to be a very speaking look at the valet, graced, too, with a pretty bridling of the neck.

"Poor soul! poor heart! Well, if ever!" cried Curlwell; and he then stared at Patty with knitted eyebrows and open mouth. "Who'd ha' thought it!" he then cried. "If Newgate hasn't made her all the beautifuller. Ha! Mrs. Gaptooth, she's a lily that would grow anywhere; a golden flower she is."

I could perceive that Mrs. Gaptooth had the most contemptuous opinion of Curlwell's taste; and this opinion she telegraphed to the turnkey's wife, who, by her mute acknowledgment of the intelligence, showed that she too considered the valet as a poor, fascinated, lost man. As, however, Curlwell looked for some sort of affirmation from Mrs. Gaptooth, that well-practised woman awarded to him one of her most elaborate smiles.

"She's coming round, a dove!" said Mrs. Gaptooth. "As time's getting short, Mr. Curlwell, and as I wouldn't have you throw your money away upon an ungrateful person"—

"I'll spend a hundred pounds upon her," cried the valet, with magnanimous energy.

"Not upon another man's wife, I should think; you'd never be so extravagant as that, Mr. Curlwell?" cried the full-fed oily hag.

"What do you mean, ma'am?" asked Mr. Curlwell. "Another man's wife, ma'am?"

"Certainly. If the gal will marry you, why you know best, and may buy your wife out of Newgate; but if, like a proud saucy jilt as she may be, she won't have nothing to do with you, why, you're only saving an ungrateful thing from Tyburn, to be, for what you know, wife to some other man. That's *my* meanin, Mr. Curlwell," said the hideous woman.

"To be sure," said Mrs. Traply, "the gentleman oughtn't to lay his money out in the dark. He ought to know what's what first; it's but reasonable."

"I'll spend a hundred pounds upon the dear creature!" repeated the valet.

"You'll do as you like, Mr. Curlwell; but, as your friend—though, the Lord help me! real friends are held cheap now-a-days—as your friend, and as the trial's coming on next week, you ought not to throw away your money, the reward of your honest labour—the very sweat of your brow, as I may say—without knowing what for. So let the gal speak out, once and for all. For my part, I'm upright and downstraight, and can't abide pigs in pokes. And now," cried Mrs. Gaptooth, dropping with physical emphasis upon a chair, "now you know *my* mind!"

"She's coming to," said Mrs. Traply.

"Go into the next room—he may, my dear, mayn't he?—and when the girl's quite recovered, you can get an answer." Thus counselled Mrs. Gaptooth.

Mr. Curlwell again muttered his determination to lay out a hundred pounds, and passed into the adjoining room. Mrs. Gaptooth slowly turned her head, following him with a most pitying sneer. She then rose, and approached Patty. "A hundred pounds! And for a nose like that! if the blessings of money arn't thrown away upon some people!"

"She's getting better," said Mrs. Traply; who continued, in a low tone of confidence—"You're right, Mrs. Gaptooth. Men are fools, ma'am; when they get a fancy in their heads, quite fools. Noses, indeed! The noses, and the eyes, and the complexions, too, that I've seen taken out of the dirt, carried to church, and stuck up for life in carriages. People talk of beauty; but I do think there's often great luck in solid ugliness. She's getting better. Men *are* fools."

"They are, my dear," said Mrs. Gaptooth; "and perhaps after all, it's as well it is so: it makes all the better for the weakness of our sex. She'll do now." And Mrs. Gaptooth turned aside, as Patty unclosed her eyes, and looked drearily about her.

"There, you're better; to be sure you are," said Mrs. Traply, "and it was very foolish of you to take on so. Bless your poor heart! you'll never suffer anything of the sort, not you. No, no; you've too many good friends about you, if you'll only let 'em be your friends."

"I am better," said Patty, leaning her brow, as if in pain, upon her hand—"it was weak of me to—but pray say no more of it."

"There; your colour's coming like a carnation," said Mrs. Traply; "and since you've been ill, some friends have come to see you."

"Mr. Lintley?" cried Patty, with sparkling eyes and animated face.

"No; not Mr. Lintley, but—"

Ere the woman could end the sentence, Mrs. Gaptooth showed herself, approaching Patty. I shall never forget the two faces. They seemed the incarnated expressions of confident wickedness and alarmed innocence. When I first saw the old woman at Madame Spanneu's, I confess I was tricked into a respect for her; she seemed *so* meek, so mild, so matronly! And now, perhaps—it was from seeing her in contrast with Patty—I felt for her a loathing, a disgust. This feeling was strengthened by what I witnessed in the turnkey's room.

The old woman, overlaying her broad, ripe face with a smile—a laborious look of complacency—made up to Patty. As she approached, the face of the girl changed to marble paleness; her eyes looked darker and darker; and her mouth became rigidly curved with an expression of mingled fear and scorn. Once, as from some ungovernable impulse, she shivered from head to sole. She grasped the arms of the chair, and still shrank back as the old woman came nearer to her. She seemed possessed by some terrible antipathy—some irrepressible loathing that, in its intensity, made her powerless. Still, Mrs. Gaptooth, with her undaunted smiles, advanced. She was about to lay her hand upon Patty, when—with almost a shriek—the girl leapt from her chair. "Creature! touch me not," Patty exclaimed with a vehemence that surprised me. She then passionately seized Mrs. Traply by the hand, begging protection from that "horrid woman."

As Patty spoke the words, the shadow of a black heart darkened the woman's face: in one brief moment, I beheld within it the iniquities of a long, noisome life. The old crone stood for a moment eyeing the girl like a baulked witch. It was a hideous sight.

"You're a foolish, fly-away puss," said Mrs. Gaptooth, rallying herself, and again essaying her customary smile; though I could see the harridan, still shaking with passion. "I came to do you good, and you call me wicked names. Ha! you have much to answer for—you have."

"I know the good you would offer," said Patty; "you have offered it before. I was helpless, alone—without a friend; and therefore you offered it. Oh!" and Patty cried as from a crushed heart—"shame upon you!"

"You silly little child," said Mrs. Gaptooth, still striving to trample upon her passion, "you foolish little pet," she cried, and laughing, would have playfully pinched Patty's cheek, but the girl with a look repelled her—"there, you silly creature," she continued, "all I said about a lord, and a fine gentleman, and a carriage, and gay clothes, and all that, was only a tale—a story to try you. Now, there is no lord in the case; but an honest, worthy gentleman—"

"You lose your pains," said Patty, again restored to her composure.

"He can, and will take you out of this place," cried the irascible Mrs. Gaptooth, "and make you his lawful, wedded wife. Do you hear what I say, child—his lawful, wedded wife? What say you now, Patty?"

"I say again to you," answered the girl, with the natural dignity of a pure heart—"I say again, you lose your pains, woman. Go."

"Patty had overcome the patience of Mrs. Gaptooth. That ignominious word—woman; that name so stung its unworthy possessor, that the old crone gave up her tongue to most unlimited indulgence. In a deep contemptuous tone she first begged to ask Patty what she thought of herself, that she called her betters, woman? "You, indeed!" exclaimed Mrs. Gaptooth. "You! woman, indeed! And in such a place! In Newgate, madam—Newgate! Or, perhaps Miss—I say, Miss—you have forgotten where you are."

"Indeed, no; nor the cause, the wicked cause which brought me hither," said Patty.

"Clickly Abram and a gold watch," cried Mrs. Gaptooth, with a loud, malicious laugh.

At this moment I observed the door open, and Apothecary Lintley, followed by some one whose face I could not see, was about to enter. He, however, shrank back, the door remaining ajar. The noise caused by Mrs. Gaptooth enabled Lintley to make this backward movement without being noticed.

"I was happy, at least I was content, when you—like some bad thing"—said Patty—"when you beset my daily walk; when you followed me to my home; when you uttered words to me—you, an old woman that should have advised, have comforted a helpless creature like myself—when you tempted me with—but you know the wickedness, the shame. It was to avoid you, who seemed to taint my life, I left a comfortable home—lost the means of certain bread. I was driven—by want and sickness driven to the miserable house, where the most cruel accident"—

"Accident! Ha! ha!" chuckled Mrs. Gaptooth. "Accident put a gold watch in a lady's bed! And do you know what comes of such accidents?"

Patty looked pityingly upon the hard-hearted creature, saying—"Yes; I know."

"And now, you would have the impudence to abuse me—who would have been your best friend—you, standing there, so bold and glib, do you know that you mayn't have another month to live?"

"Oh! Mrs. Gaptooth!" cried the turnkey's wife, moved by the fiendish malice of the hag.

"She does not hurt me; let her speak," said Patty, with a patient, yet a worn and wearied look. "It is very true," she then said, turning to the wretched woman, "another month—or less—and I may be with the dead. I do not fear to go to them; and that, your own heart will tell you so—none better—that is much. Let me then seem to you a dying creature; and with my dying breath, let me—poor, wretched woman!—let me pray you to repent. Consider it; what a weight of broken hearts is upon your soul! What daily misery, what nights of horror, fall to your account. Repent, I say; or what, indeed, will be the last hour to you? What the thoughts of helpless, happy, thoughtless creatures, snared and killed by your wickedness. Again, I say, repent!"

There was a moment's pause. The old woman had recoiled, shrunk beneath the quiet energy of soul with which Patty addressed her. There was a pause; and the woman with a tenacity of evil—a daring resolution not to be awed and beaten by a girl—shrieked at her. Many of her words were unintelligible from their shrill volubility: they seemed to me the sounds of some fierce, brutish thing. "What you! you! you!" at last I distinguished. "You to preach to me! To me! Now, I tell you what—I tell you what," screamed the harridan, approaching Patty with clenched trembling fists—"I'll see you hanged—I'll see you hanged! If I give twenty guineas for a window, I'll see you hanged—I'll see you hanged! Twenty guineas! Twenty guineas!"

The door opened, and Apothecary Lintley, followed by Mr. Inglewood—whom we trust the reader has not wholly forgotten—entered the room.

"What wretched creature is this?" asked Lintley, looking at Mrs. Gaptooth, as she stood writhing and spent with execration.

She, however, made one last raging effort; for, bursting into a loud hysteric laugh, she exclaimed, "Twenty guineas to see her hanged! Twenty guineas!"

And screaming, the old demoniacal woman rushed from the room.

FASHIONS FOR THE WEEK.

THE half-crown shooting-blouses with a watch-pocket at the side, warranted to hold all the grouse that will be shot by the wearer, are now in great vogue. For Gravesend excursions the favourite article in waistcoats is none at all, and the shirt is decidedly *décolté*, saving the annoyance—and expense—of a neck-handkerchief. An elegant substitute for the cravat is a bit of *mousseline de laine*, a few inches long, or a piece of broad shoe-string, to which the *récherché* name of "Byron tie" has been given. We have observed nothing new in trowsers, except the ingenious method of lengthening last year's old ones, by going without braces, and keeping the shooting-blouse closely buttoned to conceal the untidiness. The last thing in gloves, and certainly the last thing we should patronise, is the fourpenny men's Berlin. We have seen a very pleasing effect produced by a *dégagé* shoe, slightly down at heel, and affording a glimpse of a very rich, elaborately-darned sock, which is also allowed in some cases to show by a side fissure in the *chaussure*, which is slightly slashed to admit of it.

MUTUAL VERBAL EXCHANGE.

SIR,—Among the evils of our social system, one of the greatest is the want of sympathy which exists between the higher and lower classes. This, it appears to me, might in some measure be remedied by a mutual interchange of those advantages which are at present peculiar to one or the other order. For instance, on the one hand, parliamentary language might be introduced into the manufactories, and the current phrases of polite society be adopted in the necessary conversation which takes place between various artisans conducting any operation in concert. "Oblige me with that hod," and "Have the kindness to hand me that gimlet," are phrases which might be well substituted for a request to "chuck" or "fork up" "this here" and "that 'ere." On the other hand, the more elevated ranks might learn a few things from their inferiors, which, if unattended with any other benefit, would enlarge the sphere of their amusements. There is a species of harmless diversion in which operatives of various kinds—individuals who drive cabs and omnibuses, and other persons of their grade—are very prone to indulge, whereunto the aristocracy are at present strangers, but which, in a modified form, would greatly tend to enliven the dinner party or the *soirée*, and would much enhance the pleasantness of those little *causeries* in the Opera box, which your friend Mr. Jenkins talks about. The diversion to which I allude is denominated "Chaff." It consists in certain playful allusions, sometimes to the profession, sometimes to the personal peculiarities or the costume of the individual addressed, to a misadventure of which he has been the hero, to an affair of gallantry wherein he has been concerned,—in short, to anything which may create an innocent laugh at his expense, without

PUTTING HIS METAL UP.

Now this description of *badinage* would be a great improvement upon the common-places and inanities of which fashionable dialogue too often consists. I propose to show how it might be adapted to the circumstances of the world of *ton*. The superior classes might "chaff" each other as follows:—

Ah! my Lord Duke; permit me to ask what your Lordship would feel disposed to accept for your coronet?

Pray, Mr. Secretary, how are you circumstanced with respect to red tape?

King-at-Arms, will you oblige me by informing me of what material your Garter is composed?

I believe, my Lord, you are a Knight of the Bath; pray, is your star at present in the possession of your Lordship's uncle?

Mr. Attorney-General, can you furnish me with any information on the subject of parchment?

My Lord High Admiral, your lordship is getting stout; may I suggest, under existing circumstances, the propriety of "letting out a reef?" Could you dispose of a little of that adipose surperfluity to my noble friend the Marquis here?

Sir Henry, upon my honour, you would have a fine Roman nose, if it were only curved the other way.

My lady, there is not the slightest necessity, I assure your ladyship, for placing your hand upon that cushion, we are all perfectly well aware that it is extremely handsome.

I suppose your Grace flatters yourself that you are creating a strong sensation in that tunic?

Mr. High Sheriff, am I mistaken in supposing that that sword of yours came from Sheffield?

We rather imagine ourselves *distingué* with those mustaches; do we not, Captain?

That is a spirited animal of yours, Count; did you purchase him at Smithfield Market? Fine display of anatomy about the ribs! How all the dogs stare at him!

I hope, Sir Thomas, you enjoyed the cool bath you had in that odoriferous watercourse, the other day, at the steeple-chase.

Ah! my honourable friend, allow me to congratulate you on the amusement you afforded the House the other night. Perhaps, when next you make a motion, you will endeavour to learn your speech.

I heard of a noble Earl who slightly inserted his foot, the other day, in an attempt to break the ice; surely it could not have been your Lordship?

Ah! Lord William, when are we to have something fresh in the style of Sir Walter?"

Hoping, *Mr. Punch*, that the adoption of the suggestion above made and exemplified will promote mirth among the nobility and gentry, and fellow-feeling between them and their inferiors, I am, &c.,

PHILANTHROPOS.

A FINANCIAL DISCUSSION.

On moving the order of the day for going into a committee of supply,

The Chancellor of the Exchequer said he should ask a vote for miscellaneous estimates. These were necessarily large, but the House would see that if a given sum were inadequate, a further sum could not be refused; and as honourable gentlemen on the other side of the House asked for reductions, he (the Chancellor of the Exchequer) would not say that they (the Opposition) acted improperly (*hear*); but this he would say, that looking at all things together, it might not—nay, he would go further and say it could not be considered expedient. (*Cheers.*) Last year something was said about corn. (*Cheers from the Ministerial benches, and ironical cheers from the Opposition.*) Corn was in everybody's mouth, but now there was a change, and they (the Opposition) had nothing on the tip of their tongues but sugar. (*Laughter.*) Well, he (the Chancellor of the Exchequer) did not undertake to say—in fact, he was not in a position to justify his saying it—but he would like to ask gentlemen opposite, what they would have done with timber, even if they had got rid of the sugar embarrassment? (*Hear, hear.*) It was true that his honourable friend on the other side of the House had been prepared to deal fiscally with the raw material; but surely the House must feel—and he said it without any desire to detract from the well-earned reputation of another honourable friend, who sat in another part of that House—he (the Chancellor of the Exchequer) did think that the House must feel strongly on a point which he (the Chancellor of the Exchequer) from motives the House, he thought, would appreciate, (*Cheers*), refrained from any further dwelling on.

Lord Palmerston was glad to see that the Chancellor of the Exchequer proposed to look at timber in another light. (No, no, *from the Chancellor of the Exchequer.*) Oh then, the honourable gentleman did not mean to look at it in another light. Then he (Lord Palmerston) would ask the Chancellor of the Exchequer to define the light in which he did mean to look at it. (*Hear.*) There were the Colonies, that wanted your iron, and your

PIG-LEAD,

and were thrusting their own sugar down your throats, and you would not take it, while your Canadian subjects were offering their timber, which you thrust back upon them till you crushed them with it. (No, *from Sir James Graham.*) Well; but it was so. Look at the East, or even take the West. (*Hear, hear.*) The day might come, when the scaffold-poles of your new buildings should be made of the very timber that now you refused to have anything to do with. All the great powers were watching you, and before you have got your exchequer into a flourishing state, you might find yourselves compelled to ask your enemies for your tea, and look in vain to your friends for your gruel. (*Loud cheers.*)

Mr. Hume was very anxious to know what were the views of the Government as to fruit, and particularly what her Majesty's ministers meant to do with raspberries? (*Hear.*)

The Chancellor of the Exchequer complained of being taken by surprise.

Colonel Sibthorp would ask Mr. Roebuck whether the influence of the Tariff had been felt by British asses. (*Hear.*)

Mr. Roebuck thought the gallant Colonel was the best judge of the subject. (*Laughter.*)

Both the honourable members explained, and the estimates were ultimately agreed to.

PRINCE ALBERT AND THE PROROGATION.

It will be seen that Prince Albert, who formerly upon state occasions sat on a little chair, has had a large one made for him. At the last prorogation, he was allowed a moderate-sized seat; but now he is favoured with one in every respect the same as that prepared for her Majesty. What has Prince Albert lately done to entitle him to a larger share of elbow-room than was formerly allowed him? The Prince has evidently been "looking up" ever since his marriage. On his first taking part in state ceremonies, he used to sit upon footstools, hassocks, or anything he could get; but he was soon promoted; and we find him at one of the levees of last year suddenly elevated to a music-stool. In the course of time, he was placed on a regular chair; but it was always lower than that of the Queen, until the recent case of the prorogation, when "a pair of golden elbows" were ordered to be made exactly alike for the royal couple. We did not see the little chair for the Prince of Wales; but we believe it was fitted up with every comfort for its juvenile occupant, and covered over with the richest crimson velvet.

KING O'CONNELL'S INTENDED HOUSEHOLD.

Supposing the present agitation in Ireland to end in a repeal of the Union, and that O'Connell should be proclaimed King, by the title of Daniel the First, it would be a matter of speculation to consider how he would form his household. We should imagine the following list of officers to be as accurate as possible:—

Comptroller of the Rent.
Brazen Face in Ordinary.
Wooden Shillelah in Waiting.
Hereditary Grand Mendicant.
Solicitor-General of Subscriptions.
Groom of the Grab.
Keeper of the Privy Purse and Holder of the Hat.
Steward of the Tail.
Clerk of the Kitchen.
Scamps of the Scullery.
Lords of the Wash-house.
Hereditary High Humbug.

A Week at Chelsea for One Pound.

A Steam-boat will leave London Bridge on Saturday next, to take a limited party to Chelsea, who will be landed again in a week at the place they started from. The charge will be only one pound, and the party will be free to all the amusements of the place, including access (every other night) to a dry skittle-ground. A guide will be in attendance twice in the course of the week to take the party to the Old Bun House and the other antiquities of the place. The fare during the whole of the term will be the very best that can be had (for the money), and the first twenty subscribers will be entitled to two suppers of oysters in the course of the week; the next ten, to one supper of oysters; and the remainder to one pound of pickled salmon, to be raffled for. There will be an excursion once in an omnibus, and everything will be done to keep up an uninterrupted round of gaiety.

ST. STEPHEN AND THE GROUSE.

Had the biography of St. Stephen been properly penned, we should have had a thousand anecdotes in proof of his devotion to grouse. It is true that in the times of St. Stephen (long ere he took an English Parliament under his nominal protection), fowling-pieces were not; nevertheless St. Stephen, in his young wild days—for is it not an approved apothegm that the wilder the sinner the sterner the saint?—brought down the game with a bow, a long bow: a weapon, sooth to speak, much used by many nobs of the calendar. His passion for the sport made him forgetful of most important business. Hence he would away from his house, without deigning to cast so much as a look upon the Bills that were presented to him; Bills in which the interests of thousands and thousands of poor people were concerned, and which, as a person taking upon himself the regulation of their affairs, it behoved him to look after. But no; August came; he heard—or thought he heard—the grouse call from the heather; and St. Stephen cocked his cap at justice, put the end of his thumb to the tip of his nose (a gesture, according to a paper read by Lord Lennox last week before the Society of Antiquaries, as old as the Phœnicians), and was off shooting—or, as the old manuscript before us has it,

"A shootynge withe ye longe bowe."

From this manuscript—unaccountably overlooked by all the biographers—we have obtained many disreputable truths illustrative of the character of St. Stephen. Certainly, these truths prove him to have been an idler—a hard talker—an expensive, dissipated, hypocritical swaggerer. Mind, all this was when he was plain Stephen, long before he was canonised. Now, of course, he is a gentleman of rose-coloured character, and in every way worthy of the fine houses that Mr. Barry is building for him!

Well, this manuscript avers that Stephen was sent to bamboozle the poor folks to choose him as a sage, discreet person, to make rules and regulations for them, and, indeed, to let him have the fingering of their pockets. Yes; the fellow had so oily a tongue, that the simple, unsuspecting people permitted him to do what he liked with their own. And the knave Stephen was such an unscrupulous varlet, that he would do any antic, eat any dish, tell any lie, to get

himself into the confidence of the multitude. He has been known to drink metheglin, and ale, and sack, with butchers, and kiss their wives afterwards, to wheedle himself into their good graces.*

STEPHEN was an unscrupulous blackguard. Let it not be said, we use a foul, disreputable word. Certainly not; it is a good piece of verbal sinew, and in certain cases—and the present is one—not to be slighted for a more dainty, barley-sugar phrase. Dr. SOUTHEY has applied the word "blackguard" to BUNYAN, the immortal tinker; and we are convinced that, in some future dictionary, a lexicographer peculiarly adapted to do honour to the term, will arise, and shew its comprehensive power. STEPHEN, we repeat it—before his canonisation—was a blackguard; and the manuscript on our desk gives ample proof of it.

We therein learn, that when the said Stephen, by lying, flattering, cajoling, and, as the modern word goes, *hocussing*, and dancing with his neighbours and their wives—when by these mountebank and vagabond arts, he had obtained their confidence, and they had all sworn to make him their lawgiver and their purse-holder for seven long years to come,—he then, having them fast, gave himself up to all sorts of idle talking, and kept late hours, and wasted heaven's precious time—and sometimes dressed himself in a white neckcloth and white waistcoat—and heaped about him a lot of papers—and when he feigned himself to be most busy, was, indeed, most incorrigibly idle. And he would sit for whole nights splitting hairs, and winding off cobwebs, and winding them up again; and sometimes, when the people whom he had sworn to solace and advise, and out of the abundance of his wisdom, to make happy and content,—when they came before his house, in rags and tatters, with starvation in their chalk-white faces, and their pockets turned inside out, then would STEPHEN (remember, reader, that was before he was a Saint), then would he throw his toothpick in their faces, and say he was not at home; or, in the strange idiom of those days (as appears from the manuscript before quoted) declare—"There was noe house."

And in this way STEPHEN laughed at the gulled folk; although, at times, he would show himself with red eyes to them, and swear that he did nothing but weep for their miseries, and their ignorance—of which much of their misery was the bitter fruit—and that he would do anything to have them taught to read their breviaries, and to make such amendment that he would cause every man to have his side of bacon over his chimney-board, and his geese gaggling in the pond. And when he had said this, he would take counsel with himself; and, after much meditation, or professed meditation, he would declare that he thought the best thing of all things to do was, verily, to do nothing!

And so STEPHEN would go on from day to day, and night to night,

until the time came, when he thought he heard the cry of the grouse; and then, in a skimble-skamble way, he would hurry through a few forms; and, putting off all serious matters for nine months, STEPHEN would don his sporting-coat, and go out to kill the grouse.

"Shootynge witthe ye longe bowe."

Be it remembered all this was before STEPHEN was SAINT STEPHEN!

How is it now with him and his children? True it is, at a certain season they sally forth, they kill grouse: but then they have accomplished all the worldly work expected of them. They have left no remedial law abortive, half-made; they have shuffled off nothing for the coming year. Oh, no! They have done all things necessary, beneficent, and the people kneel before the Houses of St. Stephen, and as his children, peers and commoners, come forth, the contented, happy, grateful people, call down blessings upon their percussion caps, and pray that, defended from the dews of heaven, they may keep their powder dry! Q.

* *Nil sub solé novum!* At a trial at Stafford, on the 14th inst., Robert Ferrand, Esq., formerly Conservative Member (says the *Morning Post*) of the borough, was sued for 10*l.* 3*s.*, the price of brandy-and-water, &c., ordered by the then embryo M.P. for the electors and their wives. Hear the evidence:—

"Elizabeth Williams remembered Mr. Ferrand telling several females to go into the parlour and make themselves comfortable, as he had ordered something for them. He *also patted her on the shoulders, and made her have something to drink his health.*

"Mary Hubble—I remember dancing with Messrs. Ferrand, Gifford, and Garrot, at the King's Head. *There were forty ladies in the room.* Mr. Ferrand was very merry, and *kissed the ladies—every one in the room.* (Roars of laughter.) *We had plenty to drink.*"

KING O'CONNELL!

OF the great Irish meeting at Tara, on the 16th instant, the *Times* gave a very faithful account, save in one instance. It unaccountably omitted the ceremony of the coronation of DANIEL O'CONNELL at that almost sacred spot! The crowd assembled at the ceremony was immense.

O'CONNELL addressed the multitude. He said:—

"Tara is surrounded by historical reminiscences which give it an importance worthy of being considered by every one who approaches it for political purposes, and an elevation in the public mind which no other part of Ireland possesses. We are standing *upon Tara of the Kings*, the spot *where the monarchs of Ireland were elected*, and where the chieftains of Ireland bound themselves by the solemn pledge of honour to protect their native land against the Dane and every stranger. *This was emphatically the spot* from which emanated every social power *and legal authority*, by which the force of the entire country was concentrated for the purposes of national defence. On this important spot I have an important duty to perform."

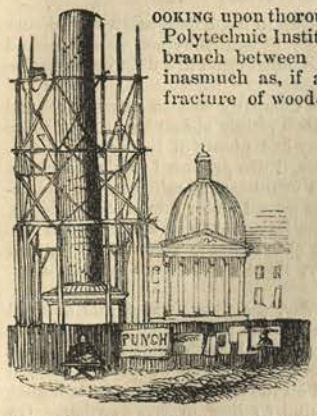
The crowd (although the *Times* says nothing about it) immediately took the hint; many rushed forward; the chair and robes of state were, in a twinkling, forthcoming; and the Lion of the Fold of Judah, being unavoidably absent, Doctor CANTWELL (what a *curiosa felicitas* of name!) assisted by Drs. O'LOUGHLIN and KEATING, anointed O'CONNELL,—

REX HIBERNIÆ, BLARNEI GRATIA!

The artist of *Punch* being, of course, upon the spot, was immediately favoured with a sitting by his Majesty.

KING O'CONNELL AT TARA.

THE PEOPLE'S HAND-BOOK TO THE POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION.



OOKING upon thoroughfares as the arteries of London, the Polytechnic Institution may be termed the anastomosing branch between Regent-street and Cavendish-square, inasmuch as, if an aneurismal gas-pipe or compound fracture of wood-pavement was to stop the current of vitality, this establishment could still keep up the circulation by its valves or doors, at either end, communicating with both these places.

The Polytechnic Institution is founded for the exhibition of objects of art among its curiosities, and occasional objects of nature amongst its visitors. It is best approached from Regent-street, by the grand postern, outside which are displayed the banners of the establishment. The passage is guarded by a retainer, who lies in ambush upon the right as you enter and who is empowered to exact the toll of one shilling from all travellers. In exchange for this you receive a bone medal, which is meant to act as a check upon your further progress, until you have undergone a rigid examination by another sentinel upon the left, at the entrance of the HALL OF MANUFACTURES.

If you have any concealed arms about you, they are immediately seized, as well as all sticks and umbrellas; but a small pasteboard guarantee for their safe return is presented to you, on which the lover of literature may peruse the proclamation issued by the secretary against any bribe being offered to the Usher of the Canes in Waiting. The Hall of Manufactures is a very singular place, and has the air of a street of shops all knocked into one by the abolition of party walls and windows. But this part of the exhibition is generally inspected last, from the eager anxiety of the visitor to behold the hidden wonders of the interior.

On proceeding, the first thing that arrests your progress is a specimen of wood pavement, which generally catches the toes of your boots, and trips you up. Although this has been down some time, with a constant succession of foot passengers across it, and merely a substructure of level stone flags, it exhibits no symptoms of decay. *You now, to your astonishment, find yourself upon the first story instead of the ground-floor of the establishment, which you forthwith enter and commence inspecting its marvellous contents.

People of weak nerves should venture very cautiously into the Polytechnic Institution. For, at first entrance, there is such a whirlwind of machinery in full action—wonderful things going up, and coming down, and turning round all at once, that the mere view of them, acting through the retina, might well addle the brains of ordinary visitors. But having recovered from the first confusion, you proceed to inspect the Tank, and all its "means and

APPLIANCES TO *BOOT*."

A careful analysis, by the professor of chemistry, of the fluid in this wonderful triumph of human ingenuity, has proved it to be river water, containing a large proportion of saltpetre, resulting from the explosion of the little ship which is frequently blown up therein, (as well as the man who conducts the experiment should it not succeed,) with bulls'-eyes in solution, heedlessly dropped in by juvenile visitors, peeping over the ledge. Every accommodation for playing with it is afforded by numerous pumps, squirts and beer-engines fixed round the edge, which are constantly in work from morning till night; and impinging upon the large reservoir are two small basins, in which the water is politely bewitched for the lovers of galvanism.

That real subaqueous Temple of Temperance, the Diving-Bell, is hung under the gallery at the end of the canal, and somewhat resembles an immense thimble, fitted up as a house, with windows and skylights. There is also a knocker humorously affixed inside, having a distinct action from knockers in general, being used for getting out of the bell instead of into it, as well as, under peculiar circumstances, for raising the wind, which two results have both the same object in view, although in a different sense—keeping your head above water. An extra shilling is demanded for the submersion, and no trust is given; it is, therefore, impossible to get over head and ears in debt in the diving-bell, for divers reasons. The book tells us that "a powerful crab is employed to let down the bell and pull it up again." We were not favoured with a view of this gigantic creature, who doubtless lives underground, but believe it to be the first application of shell-fish power to machinery. Visitors are enlivened by a gratuitous concert in their ears during the whole time of the submersion.

At the edge of the tank is the wringing-machine, for drying clothes by centrifugal force. Several pieces of flannel are introduced as examples of its power, and the most advantageous social effects are looked forward to with respect to wet blankets in general.

There are two monstrous discs at the extremities of the gallery, used to cook beefsteaks by reflection; by which method also a great many people dine, in that contemplative repast which may be had for nothing outside an eating-house window—especially those fortunate individuals attached to science or literature, who depend a great deal upon reflection for their subsistence.

There are two lecture-rooms attached to this institution. One, on the ground-floor, is chiefly for subjects of natural philosophy. We learnt there, last week, that, in the lecturer's experience, plants had four stages of existence—viz., germination, development, reproduction, and decomposure. We, ourselves, only knew of two, before, which were comprised in 1st, being exchanged at the door for old pairs of boots; and, 2dly, invariably dying the next morning. But it is a great thing to have one's intellects expanded. On the top of the house, visitors are regaled with microscopes and dissolving views, as well as the offering of the electrical pledge to various batches of visitors. The former exhibition is conducted by an invisible gentleman (who may be termed a scientific jack-in-the-box), and contains three jokes, which, unlike the electrifying-machine in wet weather, never hang fire, but are always applauded. The two first are the enlarged representations of a piece of delicate cambric and a fine needle, about each of which the lecturer makes a speech: the thread of the former and the point of the latter are never lost upon the audience. The remaining joke consists in the display of various animated tadpoles of restless habits, who perform an intricate quadrille amidst the cheers of the spectators.

At the end of this, the lecturer becomes nearly as exhausted as the receivers of his own air-pump, and a band of music supplies his place, to illustrate the dissolving views, or art of phantasmagoric evaporation; at the conclusion of which the lamps are turned on, the oxy-hydrogen turned off, the visitors turned out, their heads somewhat turned round with what they have seen, and the turn-up bedstead of the resident man-of-all-work turned down for his own especial solace and refreshment, as he turns in for the night. And having come to the end of the exhibition, to which we may some day possibly once more allude, we will ourselves turn to another subject with the hope that we have done a good one to the Polytechnic by thus describing it with such a perfect

"COULEUR DE ROSE."

THE LIBEL AND DEFAMATION BILL.

BY the new Libel Law it is a punishable offence to demand a sum of money, and to accompany the demand with a threat that, if the money be not paid, something of or concerning the party applied to shall be published. We beg leave to warn attorneys against the danger of writing letters for payment of debt, threatening to issue a writ if the demand be not complied with. The issuing of a writ certainly amounts to a publication; and a demand for money accompanied by a threat of a writ in the event of non-payment, would certainly fall under the "wholesome" provisions of the new Libel law. An announcement of an intention to outlaw, is undoubtedly a horrible case of defamation; and it is to be hoped that the slandered individuals, whose names are made to figure every now and then in the libellous list published by the Sheriff, will take advantage of the admirable new law in their favour.

PUNCH'S THEATRICAL GALLERY.

MRS. GRIMSBY GREEN.

HIS very accomplished artist has for many years cultivated that branch of the profession which includes the broken-hearted wives, the distressed mothers, and the assertors in general of the incorruptibility of British females. In those parts where the husband is in arrear with the rent and the landlord takes the opportunity of this little pecuniary irregularity to make improper overtures to the wife, Mrs. Grimsby Green is appalling in her denunciations of the heartless recreant, who would use the paltry power of pampered and perverted wealth to pour his blasting poison into the unwilling ear of a poor—a helpless—a defenceless—but still a virtuous woman.

The chief portion of the professional life of Mrs. Grimsby Green has been passed in theatrical huts, fixed in the dark recesses of melo-dramatic forests, exposed to the pitiless pelting of the property storm, and subject to the howling of the (prompter's) elements—including the box of peas (for hail), the whistle (for the wind), and the sheet-iron (for the thunder).

Perhaps the greatest point in the acting of Mrs. Grimsby Green is the fervour with which she requests the lightning to have the goodness to "blast the wretch who would insult the sex that gave him birth, and endeavour to sting that helplessness which he ought rather to cherish." In "bits" of this description she rises almost to sublimity, and she has been known to abash the heavy villain to such an extent, that he has been happy to hide his face in the folds of the woollen nightcap, which seems essential to a stage smuggler—a character that always appears to have a special design on Mrs. Grimsby Green's professional constancy.

The portrait that accompanies this brief account shows the lady in the act of "withering" the heavy villain, by one of those appeals to the sky-borders, for which Mrs. Grimsby Green is so remarkable. Her denunciation of the "monster who" &c., &c.—is usually followed by an assertion of confiding which is generally repaid by a chord in the orchestra, a knock at the door—and the timely bursting in of one who tells the heavy man to "draw"—which, by-the-bye, he seldom does—at least in that sense of the word which is best understood by the treasurer. Mrs. Grimsby Green is equally great in the Meg Merrilies and Helen Macgregor school, and her majestic use of the clothes-prop—an invariable appendage to the line alluded to—has been pronounced perfect, by one of those who have witnessed it.

A new Appointment.

MR. COLBURN has been graciously pleased to appoint Lord William Lennox as his *joiner* and *undertaker* in ordinary, in the room of Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer, dismissed.

THE MINISTERIAL WHITE BAIT DINNER.

(BY OUR OWN REPORTER.)

IT is an annual custom of the Ministers to luxuriate, after the labours of the session, in a "Day at Greenwich." Saturday last was appointed for the grand "*out*"—would it might be understood in a different sense!—of the Government.

A boat belonging to the Watermen's Company was in attendance, and the steam was soon got up; Sir R. Peel pithily observing, that "there could be no want of hot water, for they had plenty of it in every direction." The party being rather numerous, it was proposed to elect a chairman for the day, and Lord Stanley was unanimously called to the paddle-box. The necessity for stooping, as he passed under one of the bridges, induced him to report progress, and ask leave not to sit again, which was at once granted him. As the vessel glided by the Temple stairs, and shot along the side of the *crazy pier*, three cheers were proposed for Lord Brougham.

Fun having been the order of the day, the illustrious guests entered into facetious conversation with the crew, and Sir R. Peel asked permission to steer, but the party would not allow him to guide them. Lord Lyndhurst jokingly asked Sir F. Pollock whether he would like to take his place; and Sir W. Follett insisted on the latter moving a little higher up, for he was quite tired of remaining so long in one position. On reaching Greenwich, a report arose that a wooden pier had been thrown from the steps of the tavern, and some fears were expressed for Lord Londonderry; but it was found that the pier in question was to facilitate the landing of the company. As the Ministers left the vessel, the band struck up "We met and we parted," whichwas changed to the "Echo Quadrilles," as the rear was brought up by the gentlemen who never speak in Parliament but to say "Hear, hear" to all that falls from the lips of their leaders. The party amused themselves for a short time in the Park, the Premier having proposed to "take a turn," which, on the part of his immediate followers, was not at all objected to. One of the most amusing things of the day was the seeing Sir R. Peel and Lord Stanley running very rapidly down the hill, and rolling over and over, amid the laughter of their party, when they got to the bottom. The dinner was of course sumptuous; and, though there were several sorts of fish, Mr. Horace Twiss complained of being able to get "no plaice," amid loud laughter.

The festivities were kept up till a very late hour; but we are unwilling to pursue political parties into private life; and we feel that though we may criticise them while sitting at the Board of Green Cloth, we have nothing to do with them at the table of white damask. We are not among those who charge Ministers with robbing the country all through the Session, and going to Greenwich at the end of it "to spend the money."

PUNCH'S LABOURS OF HERCULES.

LABOUR THE TWELFTH.—HOW HERCULES TRIUMPHED OVER THE ENGLISH PLUTO AND CERBERUS.—HIS LAST GREAT WORK.

BETWEEN the son of Jupiter and Alcmena, and the hero who presides over these pages, there is in certain particulars a very strong resemblance. *Punch*, like Hercules, settles everything with his club; and if he does not destroy reptiles and beasts of prey, he knocks bailiffs, constables, churchwardens, and other monsters of that class, daily on the head. *Punch*, moreover, triumphs over Jack Ketch, as also did Hercules; and his concluding achievement is a victory over the enemy of man. How far in this respect he and Hercules are analogous, the reader will learn ere he is ten minutes older.

There was once a Tartarus in England. A Tartarus it truly was; although in one very material particular it differed from the place where the lawyers are. It was not the habitation of Dives, but of Lazarus. It was the place of punishment for the Poor.

The place of punishment for the Poor! Why, cries the reader, what a set of heartless, cruel, impious miscreants our forefathers must have been! Whether they were or not, such a place had they established in the land; and the name thereof was "THE UNION WORKHOUSE."

How, it will be asked, came this great national crime to be perpetrated in the face of Heaven? There had sprung up in England a sect of wiseacres who were called Political Economists. Economist is often used as a mild synonym for miser; and these persons were in fact Political Misers. The great question with them was how to maintain the poor at the least possible expense. Not to keep them at all would have been the plan most to their taste; but experience had proved that people, when starving to death, are apt to become unruly—to demolish houses, burn hay-ricks, cut throats, and do other mischief; and the Political Economists had a

high regard for their own goods and carcases. To legalise the murder of the unfortunate paupers may be supposed to have been a measure which naturally occurred to their minds; but it would have been difficult to draw the line exactly between rich and poor, and to fix the property qualification at which life should be entitled to protection. For this reason, probably, this scheme was never put into practice; but so far was it approximated to, that every possible temptation was held out to the needy mother to destroy her offspring, which if she did, the act was followed by this useful consequence, that she herself was hanged; the population thus being reduced by two. The discouragement of vaccination amongst the inferior classes would also perhaps have been tried by these humane system-mongers; but the disease is no respecter of persons. There was no help but to keep body and soul together; and barely to do this and no more was the principle of Political Economy. But further, it was an object of that science to prevent poverty; to deter people from getting poor; for its professors quietly assumed that a man's indigence was owing to his own fault. The corollary of this proposition was, that nobody had any business to be born necessitous, or weak in mind and body, or to fall sick, or break his leg, or lose his eye-sight, or labour under any natural disadvantage, or meet with any accident which might hinder him from getting his bread; that all such things, which the ignorance of mankind had before regarded as misfortunes, were crimes and vices, deliberately committed by an abuse of free-will. This dogma would, in these millennial times, undoubtedly qualify its propounder for Bedlam; but our ancestors had a great many notions, and did a great many things, which we should now attribute to insanity. It is difficult, when we look at an old picture of a State Procession or a Lord Mayor's Show, not to conclude that the actors in such exhibitions were not deranged. This, however, is a wide digression; for your turtle-eaters and beef-eaters were anything but german to the workhouse.

In order to effect the very benevolent object of preventing poverty, the Political Economists hatched a certain enactment, which was called the New Poor Law. The Old Poor Law (we do not mean the Statute Law, but a law much older than that—a law then upwards of eighteen hundred years' standing), bade, that if one's brother man were hungry, he should feed him, and if thirsty, that he should give him drink, and the food and drink were to be what he would cater for himself; his self-love being the measure of that which he was to bear to his neighbour. Water-gruel, therefore, for instance, was not exactly the sort of aliment which Christian charity would have prescribed to want; it entered not into the dietary of the *Old* Poor Law; but it was a staple article in that of the New: moreover it was very strong of the water. The remainder of the bill of fare was of nearly similar quality, the whole of it constituting a "coarser kind of food" than that used by human beings in general. For the Political Economists very sagaciously divined that rather than be reduced to live on the "coarser kind of food," a man would strain every nerve; they also wisely perceived that the said food had the recommendation of being cheap as well as nasty.

But this was not all. The board provided by the Samaritans of the New Poor Law for the distressed was admirably matched by the lodging. The Union Workhouse was made to look externally as much like a jail as possible, and its interior arrangements were just such as were calculated for the accommodation of the rogue. It had dungeons for turbulent maturity, and whips for obstreperous youth. Thus it was very judiciously rendered just the sort of place that nobody who had the least notion of comfort would choose to live in. Its incommodiousness was enhanced, too, by several very ingenious expedients. For example, was any wretched inmate detected indulging in the solace of a morsel of tobacco, he was instantly deprived of the luxury; nor was the benevolence of the friendly visitor permitted to sweeten the cup of Misery with a lump of sugar. But the masterpiece of cleverness in the workhouse system was the separation of husband from wife; for nothing would have tended more to lighten their affliction than mutual sympathy—and this would have been anything but desirable. And the bitter tears, perchance of an aged, fond, couple, now for the first time separated since the days of their youth, were a highly instructive example to the beholder.

It must be added, that the persons confined—for confined they were—in the workhouse, were obliged to have their heads cropped, and to wear a dress of shame, for the more forcible impression of others with the dread of coming to their condition.

Such was the English Tartarus. Its Pluto was the minister who presided over it for the time being; and its Cerberus, the triple-headed monster in which was vested the Poor Law Commission. Nor must we omit to mention a great fat, ill-favoured, surly-looking, red-nosed whelp, his offspring; namely, the Beadle.

As Hercules of old dragged Cerberus from his den, so did he, by main force, drag the Cerberus of England, in spite of his barking and biting, into the light of day. He revealed the secrets of the prison-house; he thundered them into the ears of the nation; nor did he relax his exertions till his shout, "Down with the inhuman Poor Law!" was re-echoed from John o'Groat's House to the Land's End. The cruel enactment was repealed; mercy was at length shown to the naked and hungry; and from

that instant, to the shame and confusion of the Political Economists, the nation began to prosper. The gift to the poor proved to be a profitable loan.

Hercules had now performed his second set of Twelve Labours; but he determined to do a baker's dozen. His last achievement was—

LABOUR THE THIRTEENTH,

Concerning which we shall be brief. Hercules, by way of a finish to his great actions, paid the National Debt. This tremendous task he effected, by persuading the proprietors of *Punch* generously to devote one-tenth of their returns to that truly patriotic purpose.

The success of Hercules's Labours rendered England an example to the world; and very happily the world took it; hence the universal peace and happiness in the midst of which we are now living.

SHIPPING INTELLIGENCE.

A DUTCH SMACK.

THE *Morning Post* on the breakers in the Strand. All hands were called to the pumps; when JENKINS, among others, was caught hold of. Water was rising fast in the hold, and when our last accounts came away, there were serious thoughts among the owners (all of whom were in the vessel) of throwing JENKINS overboard.

THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION AT CORK.

As a drowning man sometimes catches at a straw, this sinking Association shows its tact in trying to hold on at Cork. Cork is also well adapted for the meetings of this Association, on account of the ancient castle of Blarney being in its immediate neighbourhood. We understand that another inducement to the Association to pitch its tent this year at Cork,

THE COVE OF CORK.

was the hope that the well-known Cove of that place might perhaps be induced to attend some of the meetings.

Among the earliest papers to be read at the Society, one will be devoted to an Essay on the Ruins of Blarney, including a plan for its restoration. If Blarney is to be restored at Cork, the best way of effecting the object is to allow the British Association to be permanently located there.

There is also a Cave in the neighbourhood, so deep that no one has found the end. We trust the Association will explore this cave, and need hardly say we shall be glad to hear of the whole Association being at the bottom of it.

Perhaps the most interesting thing about Cork is the vast number of lumps of stone, vulgarly called David's Altars. The London public saw something of them last year in the opera of *Norma;* and it is said that the lessee of Covent Garden has, in the handsomest manner, placed some of the flats on which they are painted at the disposal of the Association, who have declined the offer, on account of their having already more flats than they know how to accommodate.

We understand that Professor Wollops has prepared a paper on the eccentric motion of the common jack-towel round the ordinary roller, and he hopes to follow it up next year with a dissertation on dust, preceded by a few facts on flue.

The authorities of Cork are doing all they can to meet the wishes of the Association, and one of the corporation has already sent round cards containing the terms of his "Evening School for Adults." The station-house will be open at any hour.

Professor Spooney's prize essay, on "The Phenomena of Fixed Weather-cocks," will be read on an early day,; and in the course of the week, the same Professor's paper on "Suspended Animation, in connection with Suspended Payments," is expected to follow.

Summary of News and Public Opinion.

A GENERAL strike took place yesterday at noon in the clock shops of High Holborn, which was accompanied by a turn-out of the military over the large dials in the window. A meeting of the workmen took place also at one in the great room of the Alamode Beef House adjoining, where the principal objects of their attendance were discussed. They returned quietly to work at two, and on Saturday evening were soon persuaded to receive their usual wages.

The accounts of the harvest from every part of the country are most cheering. The grass in the streets of Folkestone has been cut, since the opening of the railway, and yielded an excellent crop. There was a report of an extensive fall in the Mark Lane market on Monday, which was subsequently found to have been brought about by a weighty agriculturist putting his foot on a piece of orange peel.

Mr. O'Connell has arrived at Clogher, to inspect the large chasm which has opened in the market-place. From his known ability in getting together all sorts of rents—ground or otherwise—he is soon expected to close it.

SONGS OF THE POLICE FORCE.

DRAW the staff, ye gallant crew,
Strike for order and the law;
Hearts are stout, if hands are few,
Draw the staff, policemen, draw.

While in Scotia's Yard you stand,
With your buckles flashing light,
Ne'er did such a goodly band
Meet the passing stranger's sight.

Draw the staff, and strike the blow,
Hit about on every side;
Lay the noisy cabmen low,
Shins belabour, groans deride.

Let the lantern be your guide,
Darkness you may boldly spurn;
Draw the lantern, lift the slide,
On the foe the bull's-eye turn.

Draw the staff, policemen, draw!
Boldly brandish, smartly smite;
Never fear! the pliant law
Gives the bold policeman right.

JENKINS ON "THE DRAMA."

JENKINS is a thief—a pickpocket; yea, an unblushing prig! JENKINS threatens to "write" a series of papers on the stage! And, in Brydges-street, we saw a wretched monkey, escaped from the arms of a Savoyard, frisking over the portico of Drury-Lane Theatre. The little presumptuous beast approached the statue of Shakspere; and now pawing the face of the bard with its foul and fetid paws, and now pulling his nose, and scratching the poet's leg, the filthy little brute squatted itself upon the head of SHAKSPERE, and there sat, screeching, and whistling, and making all sorts of monkey noises. That was the shadow of the coming event; that was JENKINS (unsavoury Man of the People)—JENKINS *on the Drama.*

Proceed we to the felony of JENKINS. He says—

"Every successful national drama has more or less hitherto represented the prominent temper or habits of its age. . . . . What then is the course adopted by our modern writers? for we cannot *conscientiously* [think of the *conscience* of JENKINS!] call them dramatists. Instead of searching in the actual habits of the time being for themes or thoughts, they but repeat the extinct expositions of extinct existences, in feebler and more deadened colours."

Much of this is truth, and was therefore never discovered by JENKINS. No; the whole of it has been stolen from the critic of the *Times* (a gentleman as far above JENKINS as man is above a toadstool), whose theory it is—a theory he has all along expounded with gentleness, fine taste, and high scholarship; and now comes in the petty-larceny JENKINS, and steals the discovery for his own!

THE DO-NOTHING POLICY.—Ministers used to be known for their "*savoir faire;*" but Sir Robert Peel seems to be distinguished for his *savoir* RIEN *faire!*

LORD BROUGHAM seems to have a vivid recollection of his having been Lord Chancellor; and yet no man is more frequently forgetting himself.

A BLANK PETITION.

LORD BROUGHAM presented several thousand signatures the other night to the House of Lords, and having dilated on the importance of attending to the wishes of such a large body, found that he had got no petition attached to the long list of names he had been so eloquently speaking of. No man is better fitted than Lord Brougham to represent a blank sheet; and the signatures of men who had not said what they wanted, were most properly entrusted to his Lordship.

TOO GOOD BY HALF!

A POOR-LAW COMMISSIONER, at Bath, has discovered a system by which he can make out of a pint of water a quart of milk, and have enough left to make cream for the Commissioners' tea!

"Great Cry, but very little Wool!"

THE Tories must find Lord Brougham a troublesome ally;—and so they will, till they have given him *the sack.*

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THE STORY OF A FEATHER.

CHAPTER XXIX.—CURLWELL'S SUIT IS REJECTED.—APPEARANCE AND GRIEF OF THE WIDOW CRAMP.

"HAVE I not heard of this woman, eh, child?" said Lintley, taking Patty's hand. "The wretch! must she follow you even here? But now we will not talk of her. This is Mr. Inglewood, a clergyman, my friend. He had heard your story, and wished to see you."

"You will pardon me, I hope," said Inglewood. "It was impossible to suppress such a wish, learning such a history. I came—I felt it my Christian duty—to counsel, comfort you. I find you well prepared; so well, many might learn their best lesson of you. Young woman, the sorrow that has fallen upon you becomes, through patience, a sweetness and a beauty. It is a fiery trial, this,"—said Inglewood, with a slight tremor of voice—"and proves the purity of your immortal spirit."

Patty made no answer; but with downcast eyes and flushing face, seemed to shrink and tremble at the commendation of the speaker. Her agitation increased: her feelings had been overwrought in the past scene, and now the voice of tenderness and sympathy overcame her. Still grasping Lintley's hand, her big heart relieved itself in tears.

(Let me seize this moment—for I would fain explain matters as I proceed—to account for the appearance of Mr. Inglewood. As I afterwards discovered, he had become known to Mr. Lintley through Doctor Wilson, who, it may be remembered, was physician to the Countess of Blushrose and her child; and whose recommendation had introduced Lintley, albeit too late, to the Earl's house. When Inglewood renounced his chaplain's office, he sought—but vainly sought—for the humblest curacy. Promises, promises, were, after a time, almost his daily food. Still, often dinnerless, he put a blithe look upon ill-fortune, descending from his garret to the world, as though he came warm from every household comfort. And then it happened, that as his purse shrank, his health failed. When he appeared in the prison he looked a disappointed, patient, dying man. Had he made his condition known to the Earl of Blushrose—the Earl's nephew was out of England—that kind, good-hearted nobleman, had placed him in employment. Often, the poor parson promised himself to make the appeal; and then something put off the hour. That something could not have been pride; for Inglewood himself was the last person to suspect it.)

"Come, Patty, I have some good news for you," said Lintley. "The man Abram is taken—is now a prisoner in the gaol."

"La, sir, and if he is," said Mrs. Traply, vexed that the secret should have escaped, "the judges won't take his word for the young woman's innocence, supposing he can be brought to swear it: and if he's a chance of slipping his own head out of the rope—oh, sir, I know what Newgate is—he won't mind whose head he puts into it. As for Mrs. Gaptooth, why, she's as good a heart, I'll be bound, as ever beat; but temper, sir—temper spoils the best of us. I'm sure I should be sorry, very sorry, if anything was to happen to the girl; and if you'll take my advice"—here, Mrs. Traply beckoned Lintley and Inglewood apart, and lowered her voice to a confidential whisper—"take my advice, and persuade her to marry the gentleman in the next room. He'll lay out any money on witnesses. And he's quite struck with her; quite foolish like; and more than that, really means honour and nothing less."

"Of what gentleman do you speak?" asked Lintley.

"Mr. Curlwell," answered the turnkey's wife.

"Mr. Curlwell, pray walk into this room," said Lintley, opening wide the half-closed door, and discovering the valet, who, stationed close beside it, had overheard all that had passed. Curlwell, somewhat abashed, awkwardly complied with Lintley's request. Patty, who, for the first time, was made conscious of the presence of her old persecutor, instinctively approached Lintley, as for protection.

"Your servant, Mr. Inglewood; hope you are well, sir. Strange place to meet in, Mr. Inglewood," said Curlwell, whose visits to the Earl's housekeeper, Mrs. Pillow, had made the person of the chaplain no stranger to him. Moreover, the valet wanting a subject to relieve his discussion, availed himself of the readiest that offered.

"I have heard of you, Mr. Curlwell," said Lintley; "and, as the friend, the protector, of this young woman, desire a little plain speaking. Why do you follow her?"

"Honour, sir; all honour," answered the valet, throwing back his head, and spreading the fingers of his right hand over his heart. "I hope, Mr. Lintley, sir, I'm a man above prejudice; and I'm not ashamed to own it. I don't think Miss Butler at all guilty; and to prove it, sir, if a jury should think as I do—and as I've had lawyer's opinion, there's little doubt all may be made straight, if we go the right way to work;" and here Curlwell slightly laughed, and slightly winked; "why, sir, then"—

"And then?" asked Lintley, in a tone not to be mistaken.

"And then, as I said before, sir," answered Curlwell, "I offer Miss Butler my hand, my purse, my heart. Can any gentleman do more?" cried the valet with a self-approving smile.

"Well, Patty," said Lintley, "it is now for you to speak. If Mr. Curlwell has followed you"—

"All love, nothing but love and honour," exclaimed the valet. "Nothing but that could have made me follow her as I have done; seeking her out in all corners. Oh, sir! the work I had before I found her in Bloomsbury—that will prove I'm in earnest. I know, I don't deny it, I've been wild, like other young men; but a man may repent, eh, Mr. Inglewood?"

"I hope you feel he may," answered the parson.

"Never was more certain of anything," said Curlwell; "and so, as I said before, if Miss Butler will let me try to clear this matter up, there's my hand, my purse, my heart."

"Patty," said Lintley, "it is for you to speak."

Patty, in a most calm, collected manner, as though she had gathered her energies for the one effort, quitting the side of Lintley, approached Curlwell. The valet was plainly flattered by the action, and stood smiling, and working his fingers, ready to seize the hand that he was sure was to be resigned to him. "You would have my answer, Mr. Curlwell? I believe, I am sure, you are sorry for the pain you have given me; from my very heart I pardon you. I thank you, too, for the offer of your help; I cannot, on your terms, accept it. Still, sir, indeed, I thank you. Grant me one kindness—but one. Never again—whatever may be my fate—never waste a thought, a word upon me."

Thus Patty, in the most clear and passionless voice, destroyed the hopes of Curlwell.

"Well, you know best," cried the valet, with a face of scarlet, violently putting on his gloves, and with equal violence trying to smile. "You know best; I meant well; and if things shouldn't turn out as some other people would desire, at the last moment don't blame me." Saying this, Curlwell stalked towards the door. Pausing a moment, he returned, approaching Patty. "Still," he said, "if you should alter your mind, remember there's my hand, my purse—yes, my purse and my heart." And then Curlwell disappeared, though unable to divest himself of the conviction that his offer must be accepted at the last; how, indeed, could it be otherwise!

"And now, Mrs. Traply," said the apothecary, "let me thank you for your goodness to my young friend here. I hope we shall not much longer trouble you. Dear me! I had almost forgotten! Here are the drops I promised you," and Lintley drew a phial from his pocket. "Take about twelve drops when you feel the fit come on."

"You're very kind, doctor. Nobody knows what I suffer from vapours, sometimes. And it's no wonder; I wasn't brought up to Newgate. When I was a girl at Chester—do you know Chester?" and Mrs. Traply sighed.

"Very well," answered Lintley.

"You don't know the family of the Brushes?" and again Mrs. Traply sighed.

"I can't say I do; but I have no doubt—from what I have heard you say—they are very excellent people;" Mrs. Traply having, in her short acquaintance with the apothecary, again and again talked of Sir Mohawk Brush and his high relations; insinuating, moreover, that she had never been troubled with the vapours at Chester; which desolating complaint—real or imaginary—had enabled Lintley cheaply to show his appreciation of Mrs. Traply's kindness to Patty. Hence, the phial.

"Inglewood, I have some business in the prison: I will not be long," said Lintley, hastily quitting the room, as though animated by some sudden reflection.

Inglewood for a moment looked confused. His face flushed, and when he appeared about to address Patty, words seemed to be denied him. And then he sighed heavily, and looking at the wretched girl, melancholy, like a deep shadow, fell upon him. For a moment he buried his face in his hand; he then rose, and walked rapidly up and down the narrow room.

"You don't look well, sir," said Mrs. Traply: "it's the weather."

"It is," answered Inglewood listlessly, casting his heaviness of heart upon the all-suffering atmosphere.

"Will you try the Doctor's drops, sir?" and the woman proffered the phial, the harmless fraud—well would it be were all frauds so harmless—of Lintley. "With me the sky sometimes rains vapours:

but then my nerves are like any cobwebs. Like me, sir, perhaps you 're not used to London. Now, when I was at Chester—"

"I wish somebody would take you there, and never let you come back again," said Mr. Traply, entering the room, and bringing with him, well-nigh dissolved in tears, the widow Cramp. "Here, make this lady comfortable, if there 's room," cried the turnkey, glancing at Patty and Inglewood.

"Why, there 's nobody here but Miss Butler and—" the turnkey's wife was proceeding—

"Butler! That 's the young woman I wished to see! Oh, my dear child! How is he? A blessed creature! How is he?" cried Mrs. Cramp. "Doesn't he ask after me? Isn't he dying to see me?" exclaimed the widow, seizing Patty's hand.

"What is it—of whom do you speak?" asked Patty.

"Of whom? Why, of Edward—dear, suffering, innocent Edward," exclaimed the widow.

"She means Mr. Clickly Abram, the gentleman that 's stole a watch," cried a voice; and looking, I observed the faithful Becky, Mrs. Cramp's maid.

"He did no such thing!" cried Mrs. Cramp. "Dear slandered creature! he's as innocent as the baby at the bosom. And you 're innocent, too," said the widow to Patty—"at least, I hope you are; but at all events, you can clear him, my dear girl, can't you?"

"Truly, madam," said Inglewood, "you seem to forget that the man Abram—the crime committed by him has caused the misery of this innocent young woman—it is he who must clear her."

"There—there—you 're all alike—all against him; a dear, noble fellow. But he 'll overcome his enemies yet! Yes! if I sell my bed from under me, he shall. I don't want money; no, thank heaven, I don't want money."

"Don't, missus; don't," said Becky whispering, and edging close to the widow.

"'T will be all right enough ma'am," said Traply; "never a doubt of it. Can't it be easily proved Mr. Abram was fifty miles from the place where the man was stopped, and the watch taken?"

"To be sure, no doubt," cried Mrs. Cramp. "*He* steal a watch! That noble, generous soul! with the sentiments he possesses! He 'd have died first. Ha! they little know Edward; and so my good girl"—and again the widow, in the very childishness of her grief, turned to Patty—"so you can prove that you knew nothing of him? That the watch found with you was given to you by somebody else—that however you came by it, dear Edward knew nothing of the matter."

"I must beg your silence, madam. I have already told you, the young woman is a victim—a helpless, ignorant victim of the atrocity of the man Abram; and again I beg"—said Inglewood.

But he was permitted to say no more; for Mrs. Cramp, again bursting into a passion of tears, loudly exclaimed that everybody was set against the charming creature—that all the world thirsted for the life of her dear Edward.

IMPORTANT TO CRICKETERS.

THE other day some Berkshire Justices, who, it must be confessed, were "hard hitters," fined two boys fifteen shillings, or a fortnight's wages apiece, for playing at cricket on Sunday.

Lord John Manners, who interests himself in the "Amusements of the People," brought the subject before Parliament, when it was laid down by the Attorney General, that if the lads were playing within their own parish, they were innocent; but if batting, or bowling, beyond the parochial bounds, that they were violating an Act.

A nice distinction, that ought to be known to our provincial Pilches and Lillywhites, lest, by playing in one field instead of another, they become guilty of wickedness instead of wicketness, and in getting a run, make a notch in the statute, or send the ball slap in the face of the law. Strange that folks may travel on Sunday, from London to Gravesend, by steamboat or by railway carriage, but they must not "stir their stumps" out of one parish into another!

Foreign Intelligence.

THE Chelsea-phobia has again burst out with fresh vigour at Battersea, and it is not improbable that war may yet be the consequence. It seems that the old Chelsea sore has been again scarified by the insulting arrogance of the Batterseanians. It seems that a party had gone over from the shore to the opposite coast to fish, when they were hailed from the heights; and, not answering at once, a stone was thrown at them. A boy was hit, and the Chelsea consul has given notice that he only remains till he finds a convenient opportunity for going. The War party are as usual very violent, and insist on the fulfilment of the terms of the treaty of Cremorne House, which, it will be remembered, provides on a moderate scale for the reception of strangers.

ESPARTERO.

(*From our own Reporter.*)

KNOWING our readers would be anxious to obtain every possible information with regard to the Regent and his movements, we have watched them with our usual narrowness.

It is quite true that the *suite* of domestics only includes three men and a woman. The men are on board wages. We have no reason to doubt their fidelity to the Regent; but they appeared to be somewhat of *exaltados* when under the influence of some Guinness's stout which they had been indulging in. The woman is engaged as a servant of all work; and if she has to "do for" the Regent's family besides the tribe of ministers, secretaries, and military officers who have come over with Espartero, the poor young woman will have a tolerably hard place of it.

The Regent, though at present at Mivart's Hotel, is looking out for lodgings. He is in good spirits, and has seen several apartments, none of which will suit him. We understand that the Regent requires at least two floors, including a turn-up bedstead for Don P. Gomez de la Servia (the Minister of the Interior) in the kitchen.

When the Regent landed at Hungerford, he was received with a verbal salute from the authority at the Suspension Bridge.

It will be seen that the Lord Mayor has been called upon, by a requisition from the citizens, to do honour to Espartero. Several public companies have evinced their readiness to make his exile as agreeable as possible; and, among others, we understand the Hammersmith Bridge Company have sent his Highness a season-ticket. The iron steamboats were washed on Saturday, in honour of the Regent's arrival.

The Regent is very affable to those with whom he is in contact. He talked to the captain of *Waterman*, No. 9, in French, but was not understood by the gallant tar, who, nevertheless, hitched up his trowsers, and bowed repeatedly in a style becoming a British seaman.

Espartero is still treated by those around him as *de jure* Regent of Spain; and on a washerwoman being sent for to Mivart's, a regular appointment was drawn up, signed by the Minister of the Interior, and countersigned by Don Juan Mendidagoitia, his secretary.

It is said by some, that the Regent's Quadrant will be fixed upon by Espartero as his permanent residence; so that his address, when known in Spain, may be, to a certain extent, an evidence of his being received here as *de facto*, in the place of Regent. This, however, is mere speculation—and rather a bad speculation, too, as far as we are yet able to judge of it.

SONGS OF THE POLICE FORCE.

At evening's hour abroad I rove
Forth to my beat and beauty;
But while my time I give to love,
I ne'er neglect my duty.

The true policeman never fails,
But still the house is guarding;
While the fair housemaid, through the rails,
Is with her smiles rewarding.

Trust not the smile of one who swears
Affection o'er the tea-cup:
'T is for the meal he gets he cares—
'T is that which makes him speak up.

In the policeman's vows confide,
No cupboard love believe him;
He must perforce remain outside,
Till the next batch relieve him.

THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION AT CORK.

MONDAY.—Professor Luddyfuddy read an ingenious paper on the probable length of the whiskers of the Aborigines of ancient Jericho.

TUESDAY.—The Association tried a series of experiments with the ordinary knife and fork, which were followed by some singularly interesting researches into the power of perpendicularity contained in the human body under the pressure of wine, beer, and spirits.

WEDNESDAY.—The Association revisited the Lunatic Asylum, an invitation having been sent to the members to make themselves quite at home there.

THURSDAY.—Mr. Professor Wibblewabble, who was to have read a paper on the cylindrical action of the common isosceles triangle in connexion with the rhomboid drum, did not attend the meeting. He, however, sent a substitute, who had forgotten what he had come about.

Dedication to the Queen.

MADAM,—

BY the instigation of my own vanity I lay at your Majesty's feet the following treatise upon the Useful Knowledge necessary to the education of his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales.

Your Majesty has peculiar claims upon the devotion—the loyalty of *Punch*. True it is, I have vegetated under many of your predecessors, but I flourish under Queen Victoria.—Queen Anne cared not for my creature-comforts; the three Georges were alike neglectful of me. Nor, although I wrangled with my wife, and took my glass, was my philosophy a bit more acceptable to George the Fourth. William the Reformer never gave me a tester.

It remained for your Majesty to discover the deep wisdom, the indomitable gaiety, the delicate sentiment, the sublime aspirations for all things pleasant and profitable within me, and to reward the many excellencies in a manner worthy of yourself and—*Punch*.

I was a foot-sore vagabond, squeaking in the streets; I am now a householder *, keep a pony-chaise, and am, of course, respectable. The society of all the world adores you. And, (to use the words of my own Henry Brougham in his dedication to you of his *Philosophy*, which you have *not* read,) "that your Majesty may long reign in tranquillity, foreign and domestic, over a free, a loyal, and a happy people, is alike the prayer of that society, and of

"Madam,

"Your faithful and devoted subject,"

PUNCH.

* *Note*, for Captain ROUSE.—*Punch* has a vote for Westminster, price 10*l*.

WHO SHOULD EDUCATE THE PRINCE OF WALES?

WE were left sole guardians to a certain Maid of Honour; we never from the first admired the duty; but we could not refuse the request of a dying parent; and the consequence is, we are guardian to—but no, we will not name the lady. Hence it is, we are frequently called by our office to Buckingham Palace. We were in the royal gardens last week, and, the weather being hot, we laid ourselves down beneath an umbrageous mulberry-tree, the ripening fruit of which did somewhat stimulate our salivary glands. In a sweet day-dream we fell asleep. Now we sleep with our mouth open. All men of genius do. We had slept about an hour, when we awoke with something sticking in our throat: we jumped to our feet, and saw the laughing Prince of Wales! His governess, the Dowager Lady Littleton, approached and begged us not to be alarmed, as his Royal Highness, in the most benign playfulness, had only dropped into our mouth one dead caterpillar and a live snail! Knowing that since royalty began, its subjects had ever had much to swallow, we gulped the indignity, and took our hat. Nevertheless, we thought (as the sentry presented arms to us), "that poor child's education will be horribly neglected."

This idea haunted us to our home; and we had already resolved upon writing a fat folio on the matter, when our tiger (Jenkins's cousin—we had him cheap, with his skin upon him from his last place)—when our tiger handed to us, upon a new japanned salver, a pamphlet published by our friend Effingham Wilson, with this thunder-clap of an interrogative for a title:—

"WHO SHOULD EDUCATE THE PRINCE OF WALES?"

We were wrathful that we had been anticipated in the subject, and sat down as savagely to the book—savagely as Jenkins to a supper of periwinkles! We were speedily mollified by the intelligence—the fine spirit of compliment displayed by the writer, who at once pointed to *Punch* as the only moral pedagogue for his Royal Highness, now in petticoats! We are not surprised at the choice; nevertheless, we acknowledge the wisdom of the pamphleteer. He says—

"It were invidious to mention a man whose qualities may be such as to direct the finger towards him, but whose age or other circumstances may negative the election; but why not show by a living example what I mean?—first asserting, in the most solemn manner, that I never came in personal contact with him. There *exists a man of letters, a poet, who, did not age interfere, were, as far as can be publicly known*, THE MAN. *An elegant Scholar, a poet of the highest order, with a mind stored with all that is lovely, great, worthy, or tasteful*: his themes have been patriotic; they have been those of the mind surrounded by the bland affections of the heart; they have been lays of passion, but passion as free from sensuality as the strain he writes in is pure; and, to crown the fitness, one who has never shown a political feeling."

If this be not *Punch*, we should like to know *who* can be pointed at? Our poetry, our scholarship, our want of political bias (for, do we not very handsomely abuse all parties alike?), are all honoured in the above; nor, we will say it, honoured above their merits.

Well; we have talked it over with ourselves. Young princes are, generally, cantankerous little dogs—snappish as the Countess of B.'s poodle when Jenkins wants to wash and comb him; nevertheless, our country calls upon us, and *Punch* WILL educate the Prince of Wales!

The writer, addressing *Punch*, observes:—

"Though I would desire our future king to listen with attention and profit to the dignitaries of the church, no churchman must teach him to rule—the world has seen enough of that; the statesman must be quite as objectionable; there exists no one of these who does not belong to some party or other: I stop not to repeat their names, because for my question it is of no importance whatever. The instructor I should choose, should have a mind so truly devoted to the adoration of truth, that he could not possibly belong to any party, or in other words, be a partisan."

Punch agrees with part of this. We would not put the poor little boy under a bishop; but this we *shall* do:—When the Prince tears his breeches, persists in sucking his thumbs, or pokes out the eyes of his sisters' dolls, then shall we, for punishment, take him to Percy-street Chapel, there and then to hear Satan Montgomery preach. If this cure not his Royal Highness, *Punch* must despair of his charge.

Punch particularly admires the following:—

"His (*Punch's*) income must be fixed for life, beyond the control of caprice or dissatisfaction."

And when this is fairly done by both Houses of Parliament, won't we buy a cane!

The writer, once more, significantly points at the fitness of *Punch*:—

"He must have a feeling heart, a gentle disposition, *a love of children*, and clear and quick perception of juvenile character; a tact that will teach him how to mould the pliant mind, and, although exercising *the greatest indulgence* for their *little failings*, must have withal so firm a purpose as never to be turned aside by their blandishments from carrying out a principle, or to allow that which is wrong to pass unheeded. And, to sum up all—he must love his task, he must think it his mission, it must be the sole object of his life;"

the pension, of course, excepted. Our love of children has passed into a proverb; so has our firmness. In the matter of children, in sooth, we are a mixture of sugar-candy and adamant.

"Masters *of various kinds* may pay their daily visits to the royal pupil, but our Instructor should never undertake *one particular branch of knowledge;* he must direct, he must judge of fitness of quantity and time, and must take care that his charge may never be so unduly forced to his studies as to make them hateful to him."

We shall have the Prince taught all things by all men. The Wizard of the North shall instruct him in the necessary art of shuffling: it is, necessarily, a kingly accomplishment. What says the apothegm? *Qui nescit shufflare, nescit regnare.* We shall also have him taught the mystery of the pea-and-thimble: he shall also learn to toss the pieman—funk the cobbler—fly-the-garter—swim-the-hedgehog—shoe-the-cat—spin the cockchafer—draw the salt-box—race the maggot—nim the fogle—and a thousand other things, which Gargantua himself knew not of. These we call the rudiments of a kingly education; and nearly all history proves them to be so.

"As regards the attainments of the Prince, they should all have reference and be subservient to the one great end. Let his studies be so liberal as to enable him to appreciate merit of every kind. Let him *love our beautiful poets*, but let *him never be set to make a verse:* let him be taught justly and tastefully to admire *the wonders of painting* and *sculpture, but let him never assume the pallet* or the chisel."

He may love the poets as much as he pleases, but we shall take especial care that he does not violate the principles of English royalty, by ever giving them anything. Neither shall he ever see one at his table; unless, indeed, the poet should chance to be a banker, and able to write verses on the back of his thousand pound notes. We do not think a *little* painting would do the Prince much harm; nevertheless, we would take care that he should never make great proficiency in the art, and so would have him instructed by some of the Royal Academicians.

"Let him never touch *lathe or tool*: we have seen how excellent at their own craft are lock-making kings."

We think he might learn to "turn." Though, to be sure, as in the case of George the Fourth, all heirs-apparent instinctively acquire the art on becoming monarchs.

"Let him dance like a gentleman, [*or*, the Baron Nathan,] not like a professor; let his ear and heart be *accustomed to the delights of music*, but not effeminately or too frequently; let him be led to love it as a soothing rational relaxation, but not as a performer."

All this is quite wrong. We shall bring up the Prince—if we may say it—on the rosin of a fiddler. When he wakes in the morning, either the Jews'-harp or the Pandeans shall be in his mouth; and if he do not take his lessons kindly, he shall, for punishment, be compelled to read Jenkins on the *dilettanti*, the *cognoscenti*, and the *virtuosi*.

We now come to bed:—

"It must be with him a bed of rest, not of indulgence: wearied with exertion of *mind or body*, let him seek his bed for refreshment."

We shall take care of this; and, that his Royal Highness may copy the great example of Wellington, and not be able to remain in his bed after his first sleep, we shall have it continually supplied with a legion of industrious fleas.

"Let his chambers devoted to customary living and study be surrounded by the portraits of all who have done real honour to human nature, so that he may live, as it were, beneath their eyes. No one will be there with whose noble exertions he will be unacquainted, and he cannot glance at them without all they have done recurring to his memory, and directing him to *go* and DO likewise."

Among these inciting portraits shall be one of the excellent Duke of York, in order that the Prince may go and *do* as many tradesmen as his late lamented Highness. There shall also be portraits (all duly brought for previous inspection by our own Moon) of the King of Hanover and the Duke of Cambridge, that our Prince may learn gentleness, philanthropy, and liberality of purse, from the contemplation thereof. Among these portraits we would have a sprinkling of such men as the late Mr. Barrington, Ikey Solomons, the late lamented Mr. Levi (an indefatigable exponent of the beauties of the law of arrest), the late Dando (kings being large consumers of natives), and others of kindred kidney. Again, for the tutor:—

"He should be as able and as willing to inhale the breath of morning, and gather health from a sharp gallop through the royal park before breakfast, as his pupil: should give or strike a ball at cricket; pull an oar, or buffet with sinewy arms the stream itself."

Much of this we shall do by deputy. As for the "gallop," that we shall consign to our venerable friend WIDDICOMB. For cricketing, we will consent to make the brandy-and-water and notch; and for swimming, we promise to see the Prince properly secured in a cork-jacket. We have always been too intellectual to become a great dab at athletic sports; but this we promise; whenever her Majesty gives the Prince his pocket-money, we hereby bind ourselves to play at cribbage with the dear child for the amount thereof.

"Windsor Park should be for the Prince a Sherwood Forest; he should be its Robin Hood and his tutor its Little John. I do not mean that he should play at quarter-staff with a Pindar of Wakefield, or entrap my Lord Bishop of Norwich; that he should rob any 'little, round, fat, oily man of God,' in order to make the fortune of some old woman whose red cloak, *white apron*, or *savory cakes* might take his fancy; but *on foot or horseback*, he should know every inch of that beautiful and various forest which surrounds his palace; there should not *be a plant or an animal* in it with whose *nature, qualities*, and *habits* he should not be acquainted, before he was ten years old."

With much of this we disagree. Indeed, it will be our endeavour to entrap, one by one, all the bishops into Windsor Park, and test the intelligence and perseverance of the Prince, by seeing if he can make anythingprofitable of them. If he can, then may the nation rejoice. As for his knowledge of plants and animals, their natures and habits, we shall—to combat Puseyism—make him learn the deadly nature of monk's-hood, and familiarise his intellect with the intelligence of larceny magpies and jackdaws; for they *have* been to kings what the pigeon was to Mahomet, and taught them much of their creed. We would also, with reference to his future court-life, have the Prince deeply studied in all the varieties of "small gilded flies," spiders, and many-coloured caterpillars.

The next is very important:—

"The papers should not 'prate of his whereabouts,' as,—'Yesterday morning his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales rode out, accompanied by his equerries,' &c. &c.; no, let him and his tutor sally forth at earliest dawn; [rather say twelve at noon: we hate early rising;] let the latter, as being the stronger, and for no other reason, bear the wallet of plain cold provisions for the day."

We have no objection to bear "the wallet;" which, however, shall be provided with two sets of provisions: the one simple and homely for the Prince, the other luxurious and toothsome for our own mature stomach. *We* will have *dindon aux truffes*, with hock and Burgundy. The Prince shall rejoice in a captain's biscuit (or a half-pay lieutenant's) and a

A SCENE IN WESTMINSTER CIRCUS.

CLOWN TO THE RING (*loq.*)—"Now, Mr. WELLINGTON, is there anything I can run for to fetch—for to come—for to go—for to carry—for to bring—for to take," &c. &c. &c.

polony; or, to keep in his remembrance his Hanoverian descent, a "small German." This he shall wash down with frothing imperial pop; and as he drinks, *Punch* will philosophise to him upon his future royal orations.

The next is important:—

"He and his guide must pass unheeded and unknown, like Haroun Al Raschid and Giaffer, from the shade of the greenwood tree to the busy haunts of men. It must be the part of his guide to lead him to visit scenes of distress as well as of splendour."

This we certainly shall do. If, one night, he have the splendour of a juvenile court-ball, the next he certainly shall spend between two sweeps in the gallery of the Victoria. If, one night he dance with a duchess's daughter, the next he shall certainly suffer Miss Vincent's *Susan Hopley*.

Next, it is intimated that the Prince should visit prisons:—

"Like Télémaque with his Mentor, he should gather wisdom at every step; wisdom the more precious, as laid up for the most pious use, to teach him how best to make others happy. Few tales of fiction contain matter so nourishing to heart and mind as the beautiful episodes of the histories of the prisoners in the Fleet, in the charitable visit of Clements and 'the Fool of Quality' to that dreary abode of misery—*the heart never forgets such lessons.*"

We will take care that the Prince shall never forget them; and to this end, we shall follow a plan of our own. This it is. We shall dress the Prince in a proper suit of rags; chalk his face, notch his hair, take the shoes and stockings from his feet, and, as far as possible, make a royal prince appear a begging pauper. (Experience proves that this may be faithfully accomplished.) Let him—having been kept without food for about three days (a practical knowledge of the pangs of hunger may do him great good in aftertime), that his cries of supplication may have the true famine note—let him supplicate of any passenger two or three pence to purchase lucifer-matches to set him up, a miserable trader, for bread. He will, of course, be snapt up by some mendicity-officer, and carried off to a police-office; where, the charge of hunger and destitution being proved against him, he will be sent off in the police-van to gaol for a fortnight's imprisonment.

Now, the good resulting from this little scheme is incalculable. The Prince will feel what hunger is, and look meekly down upon his velvet and ermine; he will know what kind of men are sometimes made magistrates; and he will perceive, among the victims of a gaol, how many have been first taught evil-doing by the negligence of the government; and afterwards punished for being such very apt scholars.

And now, on the iniquity of war and the loveliness of peace:—

"It must not then be the object of our Governor only to contrast the blessings of peace with the horrors of war, to compare the happy reigns of the peaceful and just with the whirlwind passage of the ambitious conqueror; but it must also *be to diminish the attractions*, so seductive to the young, belonging to the trade of a soldier."

To this end, whenever a soldier is flogged at any of the barracks, we shall take the little Prince to the show, that he may hear the yells of the "child of glory," and see the skin and flesh, and blood torn and spirting from his back. Sometimes, too, we will take him to Chelsea Hospital, that the veterans may show him their stumps. And again, when we would prove to him that the rank of Colonel is attainable by the meanest understanding, we will get the child to chat awhile with the Marquis of Londonderry.

The pamphleteer says—

"But, let me entreat that he be made a good English scholar: he is, he must be essentially English in his habits, pursuits, and mode of thinking."

Very proper this: and to this end, the Prince shall constantly visit the Opera; having, indeed, no other place of public recreation.

"He must love poetry—a prince who does not love poetry is an anomaly. He is or ought to be the *sublime of his kind*; so is divine poetry the sublime of human thought, and when reading it he ought to think it *his own peculiar language.*"

The more especially the lines—

"I am monarch of all I survey,
My right there is none to dispute!"

These, he should engrave upon his heart, and ponder on always. Indeed, they are the only lines worthy of dwelling in a monarch's brain.

"The king of a great, free, and intellectual people should despise the idle pageantry that disgusts the thinking and observant; he should let his domestic hearth be the resort of rational cheerfulness, should let his bed be the white sanctuary of chastity, and his table an example of liberal temperance."

Can *Punch*—in furtherance of these principles—do better than constantly hold up to the eyes of the Prince, the example of that finest gentleman in Europe—George the Fourth? As for his table, we shall give an order to Mr. LANCE to paint a leg of mutton and turnips (things that embalm the memory of George the Third) to be hung in the Prince's dining-room. And then, for idle pageantry, it shall not be our fault, if the future subjects of the Prince do not see him go down to open Parliament in a safety-cab.

We totally disagree with the following:—

"The Prince must be made sensible that our king is a magistrate, honoured greatly, paid most amply; let him therefore be taught that every portion of the wealth he enjoys is the product of the sweat of the brow of his subjects, for the preservation of general order, freedom, and security, and is not confided to him as the means of procuring sensual pleasures, extravagant splendour, or vicious indulgence."

Nonsense. The Prince must be made to look upon all his subjects as a Lincolnshire breeder looks upon his geese; things produced by Providence for no other purpose than to be plucked.

We have not shrunk from the call that has been made to us. We have now laid our plan of education before the Queen and the Country, and have no doubt whatever that we shall be appointed by Parliament and the rejoicing kingdom as Tutor to his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales. And when countless years have passed away, and the King sleeps in St. George's Chapel, his epitaph will be considered to contain all that can be said in praise of royal dust, when it shall have these words:—

WHO SHOULD EDUCATE THE PRINCE OF WALES?

ANOTHER PROPOSAL.

HIS is a serious question; and though we have looked through the advertisements of Morning Governesses every day for the last week, we are compelled to admit we have seen nothing that seems likely to suit—at least, at present. There is a somewhat tempting offer of French at twenty-five lessons for a guinea; and when the Prince is old enough, we should be inclined to recommend the country to close with the advertiser, if he has not previously made his fortune and retired. It is no doubt a very serious consideration, how the young ideas of the Prince of Wales should be taught to shoot so as to hit the mark; and it is, unfortunately, not so easy to train up a royal child, though the railroad pace at which education travels renders it necessary that he should be put into a first-class train as soon as possible. Awfully impressed with the deep importance of the question, we have made an humble endeavour to answer it in verse as well as in prose; and if the hints are of any service to the nation, our object will be fulfilled, and our ambition will be gratified.

WHO'LL teach the Prince?
I, answered Punch,
With my cap and hunch;
And I'll teach the Prince.

Who'll write his books?
I, answered Brougham,
With my goose-quill plume;
And I'll write his books.

Who'll make him dance?
I, answered Peel,
For I can turn and wheel;
I'll make him dance.

Who'll teach him logic?
Says Hume, I've the right,
I can vote black is white;
So I'll teach him logic.

Who'll teach him dancing?
I, lisp'd Baron Nathan,
'Mongtht tea-cupth, jughth, and bathin;
I'll teach him dancing.

Who'll teach him writing!
I, said Lord William,
Because a copyist with the quill, Iam;
And I'll teach him writing.

Who'll teach him politics?
Said Graham, that will I,
That he every side may try;
So I'll teach him politics.

Who'll pay the piper?
I, said John Bull,
On me will come the pull;
I *must* pay the piper.

126508

Decoration of the Houses of Parliament.

THE Cartoons are not to be the only productions of art by which the Houses of Parliament are to be adorned, but everything about the building is to be the subject of artistical competition. The Commissioners of the Fine Arts have determined that no opportunity shall be lost sight of to encourage native talent, and we understand the following will shortly be announced as fresh subjects for competition:—Specimens of hat-pegs, each peg to have some historical event hung upon it. Specimens of key-holes, each key-hole to present a glimpse of some great national incident. Specimens of door-knockers, each knocker to contain the portrait of some political lion. Specimens of bells, each bell to contain the likeness of some statesman who, in former times, allowed himself to be made a handle of.

THE SPRINGS OF LONDON.

ST. CHAD'S WELLS.

THE gratifying results of Father Mathew's mission to London, coupled with the success of Dr. Granville's work upon the Spas of Germany, have given a vivid interest to the various waters of the metropolis. The cold-water-cure has also brought the pure element into high repute, so that altogether water may be said to be rising fast, and people are beginning to think higher of pumps than they have usually been accustomed to do. As such, with the idea that imaginary invalids may just as well spend their money at home as at the German *brunnens*, we publish the following Handbook to the Waters of London; but more especially to ST. CHAD'S WELL.

These celebrated Mineral Springs, to which the public attention is not sufficiently directed, are situated at the extreme end of Gray's Inn Lane, on the verge of the King's Cross Frontier, and touching the limits of the Grand Duchy of Battle Bridge. They may be reached on foot or in omnibus, by the *routes* from Holborn or St. Pancras. The former excursion is perhaps the most agreeable, from the constantly changing scenery of the Gray's Inn Road, and the occasional glimpses, on the right, of the heights of Clerkenwell, which look down upon the district of Bagnigge-Baden—another celebrated chalybeate to be hereafter noticed. And the antiquarian may be gratified by learning that the "Wells" are exactly opposite the former site of the celebrated Cinder Heap, which, in opposition to the Roman Barrows at Pentonville, was composed entirely by English ones. It is also mentioned in the Illustrated British Ballads (London: Birt, Seven Dials), as having been the spot where the dawn of genius burst upon a celebrated literary character of the nineteenth century, who was by profession a dustman. In the metrical romance now before us, he is made to say that the taste for learning, which subsequently raised him to fame and popularity,

> ——"first did peep
> On Battle Bridge, 'tis plain, sirs;
> You recollects *the Cinder Heap*,
> *Wot stood in Gray's Inn Lane, sirs.*"

On arriving at this point, the eye of the traveller is attracted by an inscription upon a board over a double gate and railings, simply setting forth that these are "ST. CHAD'S WELLS." There is a bell-handle in the door-post, but as nobody comes if you pull it, the best plan of entrance is to open the gate yourself and walk in. The road now divides into two, upon each side of an oval shrubbery, whose trees grow in the wildest luxuriance; but as they both meet again at the opposite point, it is perfectly immaterial which path you choose, both coming to the same in the end.

Entering the Pump Room, by the method common in establishments of this kind, of going through the door, the first thing to be observed is the Pump itself, standing against the wall on the right—a chaste structure, very like a common one, and ornamented with two brass cocks and a handle. It is surmounted by an image of Victory, in Paris plaster, indicative of the triumph of Temperance, tilting forward upon tiptoe and holding a wreath over the marble font below; as well as the Joans of Arcs, which doubtless embody some hidden allegory connected with the fortitude necessary to drink the water. The pump is defended by a semicircular bar of painted wood, upon which the miraculous fluid is retailed at a fixed sum the ginger-beer-glassfull.

The priestess of the institution, who dispenses the inestimable draught, was at the bar when we entered. But upon our appearance she started with affright, and fled like a timid fawn to some inner chamber under the double influence of surprise and hair-papers, for it was yet morning. But she left in her place an interesting boy, who upon being asked "how much of the fluid was an average dose?" ingeniously replied, "Thrippunce a pint;" and then inquired "whether we liked it with the chill off?" For an instant we turned away in anger, imagining that the youth took advantage of our defenceless position in such a wild region of solitude, to insult us. But we must do him the justice to say, however, that contrary to his question being the application of a common phrase, there were actually the means of warming the water for delicate stomachs.

The taste of the waters from ST. CHAD'S WELLS is certainly more peculiar than pleasant, being something between ink and Epsom salts,

A *BONE BOUCHE.*

with a dash of soapsuds, held in solution. This is the most correct conclusion we could arrive at, from a hurried analysis made on the twenty-third of the present month.

We asked the boy what the water was chiefly good for, and were told in reply, that it was good for everything; at the same time, as nothing is usually the matter with those who drink it, it is equally good for nothing. We endeavoured to gain some intelligence respecting its qualities, but received no answer beyond the offer of buying a book, for two-pence, on that particular subject. This interesting *brochure*, of eight pages, in a little blue cover, is entitled, "A TREATISE *on the Characteristic Virtues of the* ST. CHAD'S WELLS *Alterative and Aperient Springs*," and from it we gleaned the information that nothing at all was ever known concerning the time, place, cause, or circumstances which led to the discovery of the springs; but that they were of high antiquity. This statement is certainly borne out by surrounding objects, including a grand piano of the middle ages, which is ingeniously placed against the door in such a position as to hit everybody in the stomach the instant they enter, and, by exciting that organ, prepare it to receive the invaluable draught. The opposite door of the room opens upon a romantic wilderness, in which we were told that the well was formerly situated; but the innovating spirit of the age, not content with leaving well alone, removed it to the present position. It further appears that St. Chad himself was the first Bishop of Lichfield, and not of Wells, as might possibly be supposed.

Upon the authority of Jonathan Rhone, who was gardener and waiter at St. Chad's Wells for sixty years, in the middle of the eighteenth century the waters were in high repute, and frequently were visited by eight or nine hundred persons in a morning. The consternation which our own appearance created, leads us to infer that the times have altered; for although the same number of individuals visit the building every day, yet they do not stop, but merely pass along the pavement in front of it, on their way from one spot to another.

"Of the waters," continues our treatise, "it may be said, with great emphasis, that they approach nearer to that universal remedy, so much sought after by mankind in all ages, than any yet discovered. They will keep for any length of time in bottles well corked [we do not in the least doubt it]; and a hamper, containing two dozen, may be forwarded to any part of the country, upon the receipt of an enclosure of *1l.*"

This is as it should be. The temperance movement will make such presents most acceptable to country friends; and we doubt not, should the feeling progress, that next Christmas "Sample Hampers" will be advertised by the spirited proprietors, containing—

> One bottle old Sir Hugh Myddelton;
> One do. West Middlesex;
> Two do. Peerless Pool;
> and, as a *bonne bouche*,
> Two bottles of strong unsweetened ST. CHAD (for mixing).

CAUTION.—The public are respectfully informed that the true St. Chad's Spring can only be obtained, where it is allowed to be drunk, on the premises. Unprincipled individuals have christened a thoroughfare leading from Myddelton Square to St. John Street Road *Chadwell Street* (observe the subterfuge of the *Chad*), to mislead valetudinarians, and foist their New River trash upon the public as the real article. None is genuine unless visitors go at once to the Fountain-head.

N.B.—Please copy the address—St. Chad's Wells, opposite the other side of the way, Gray's Inn Road.

12830

PROROGATION OF PARLIAMENT.

KNOWING the day appointed for the Prorogation, the sun, who had been probably reserving himself for the occasion by keeping out of the way all the morning, broke out in a fresh place towards the afternoon, and met Her Majesty, as if by appointment, just opposite the Duke of York's Column.

The sudden activity of the police to get front places for themselves announced the arrival of Her Majesty; and the Horse Guards having pranced along the toes and switched their horses' tails in the faces of the assembled throng, the state carriage was presently visible. On arriving at the House, Her Majesty read the following Speech, which we have taken the liberty of putting into poetry. We have selected a light measure, in conformity to the subject, for no measures of any weight are touched upon.

Royal speeches, though ostensibly containing the sentiments of the Sovereign, are, in fact, those of the Government. If the Queen had written the Speech herself, the same subjects might have been treated of, but it would have been in a very different manner. Knowing, as we do, Her Majesty's sentiments pretty well, we have placed in parentheses what the Queen would probably have said, could she have been unfettered in the delivery of her opinions.

My Lords and M.P.s of the Commons: the state
Of business admits your dismissal, though late,
From further attendance (*the nation and you*
Will equally profit by this, it is true).
I thank you for measures, to which you agreed,
By which you enabled me quite to succeed
In giving effect to some treaties (*oh! stuff,*
The treaties already were binding enough).
I freely have given assent to the bill
For endowing additional ministers (*still,*
If my private opinion I publicly said,
I think parsons are not so much wanted as bread).
To settle the church, you for Scotland have passed
An act greatly wanted (*you did it at last,*
But so slowly to business the Government went,
All the mischief was done that the act could prevent).
Assurances friendly I get as before
(*I've said that so often it's now quite a bore*).
To the Commons, my thanks I especially owe
For supplies for the year—(*it's ridiculous, though,*
To be thanking the Commons for liberal sums,
Not a farthing of which from their own pocket comes:
If they paid it themselves, I should look rather funny,
When I asked them for so many millions of money.)
Some districts of Wales, I am sorry to say,
Are disturbed in a very unusual way!
Inquiry I've caused—(*do the Ministers call*
The appointment of poor Mr. Magistrate Hall
A proper inquiry? Excuse me, but pooh!
That's humbug, I think—Lords and Commons, don't you?)
I've lately observed, with the deepest concern,
Repeal agitation is taking a turn.
(*Now isn't it only what might be expected,*
When you think how the Irish were always neglected
By Peel, and the whole of his party? I knew
Their Government never for Ireland would do.)
It has been, and ever will be, my desire
To do what the dictates of justice require.
(*All that from my Ministers sounds very fine:*
They know very well they at once would resign,
If the justice they talk of in language so high,
Myself were determined in practice to try.)
The Union, firmly, I mean to maintain,
(*There goes the old story—all over again;*
For what is the use of a joint legislature?
The Union they want's of a different nature.
If rightly the Ministers acted their parts,
They'd go for the genuine union of hearts.)
I've hitherto asked no unusual force
To keep down the malcontents (*oh! then, of course,*
The Waterford trip I'm supposed to forget,
When the soldiers got dinnerless, harassed, and wet;
At this splendid manœuvre of Peel and his party,
At the palace, we've oft had some laughter right hearty.)
My subjects in Ireland will not refuse
Their influence firmly and quickly to use,
With energy, promptitude, courage, and zeal,
To check the wild outcry that's raised for repeal.
(*Now, really, without the least atom of joke,*

A SUBJECT BADLY TREATED.

Such nonsense as this is, I never yet spoke;
To talk of the influence others have got,
When I know, very well, they haven't a jot.
But stop—in the woman I'm sinking the Queen)—
Well, well, my good people, you know what I mean.

SPEAKING MACHINE.

THE announcement of the Hamburgh correspondent to the *Athenæum*, that, M. Faber's "Sprach-machine" or figure, to talk by mechanical power, was a novel invention of great interest, has produced a lively discussion in England—all sorts of individuals coming forward to claim the merit of the discovery. As our own columns, at the present moment, appear to be the only medium of getting anything before the public, the claimants have taken this method of putting forward their priority. From numerous communications we select the following:—

No. I.—TO PUNCH,
Greeting.

PUNCH,—I am more English at heart than you take me to be; do not let a foreign country claim an important invention. The idea of the "speaking-machine" has evidently been taken from myself, who have been, for some sessions past, at the opening and closing of Parliament, compelled to utter whatever my ministers thought proper to make me.

Thine, VICTORIA, R.

No. II.— PUNCH, ESQ.

RESPECTED INDIVIDUAL,—Although diametrically opposed to each other in various ways, allow us to assure you that it was under our influence that a "speaking-machine" was first established in the person of Lord Brougham. We have the valves, bellows, and pedals of his lungs, larynx, and tongue, so completely under our control, that, by playing upon them, we can make him utter whatever we wish, upon whatever side of the question we choose. We are, your obedient servants,

WELLINGTON,
RUSSELL,
PEEL,
O'CONNELL,
FATHER MATHEW.

Prizes awarded by the British Association.

	£	s.	d.
1. DAVY DODDLE, Police, Section A, for continuing observations at Charing Cross on the ordinary omnibuses, and for applying to them the principles of perpetual motion, by means of the ordinary time-keeper	0	2	6
2. Mr. Charles Green, for an experiment with a captive balloon, which was detained at Brighton on account of the refusal of the wind to grant a passport	0	1	6
3. Mr. Bunn, for unfixing some of the fixed stars, and causing them to come down very considerably	0	5	0
4. Jack in the Water, for some curious observations on the tides at Waterloo Bridge	0	0	6
5. Professor Kane, for some experiments in tanning, as applicable to the human hide	0	1	0
6. Professor Lynn (of Fleet Street), for researches into recent (oyster) shells	0	2	6
7. Jenkins, for experiments with the Black and Blue Reviver on the vitality of seedy substances	0	3	0
8. Mr. Smith, for ascertaining the mean quantity of rain through the state of his own water-butt	0	1	0
9. Mr. Swindle, the attorney, for experiments in getting effects without causes	0	0	6

Notice.

THE board in front of the premises in Wellington-street, marked "RUBBISH MAY BE SHOT HERE," will, on completion of the *Morning Post-office*, be exhibited over the Editor's box.

Metropolitan Improvements.

PUNCH understands that a new square is about to be built in a fashionable part of the metropolis, and that it is to be called, after himself, PUNCH SQUARE. He need not say he is very proud of the honour. The subjoined description of the contemplated square and vicinity has been forwarded to his office.

Punch Square will be formed by edifices adapted for the residence of the superior classes.

In the centre of the square will be erected a colossal statue of Mr. PUNCH, for the execution of which the services of an eminent sculptor have been engaged.

The following spacious and handsome streets will open into the square:

On the north, Joke Street; on the south, Jibe Street; on the east, Banter Street; on the west, Fun Street.

Out of JOKE STREET will proceed:—

1. Guffaw Street.
2. Caricature Street, with Oddity Row, and Quizzicality Crescent.
   JIBE STREET, which will be connected with
3. Jenkins Street, whence Fop's Alley will conduct to
4. Noodle Street.
   Into BANTER STREET will open—
5. WIDDICOMB STREET; wherein will be situated Nathan Place.

THE CHAMPION OF THE RING.

From FUN STREET, whence will proceed Punster's Alley, there will be thoroughfares into—

6. Chuckle Street, out of which will lead Grinning Lane, into
7. Riddle Street, with Conundrum Buildings.
8. Quip Street, terminating in Crank Corner.

The above, in *Punch's* opinion, will be a great improvement in Street nomenclature, which has hitherto displayed great poverty of invention, almost every new street which has been built being a namesake of an old one in another part of town.

Nobum Organum.

THE following paragraph, in the account of the Tooley Street Fire, has been going the round of the papers:—

"It is rather singular that the church was infested by a *hoard* of a peculiar species of rats. They were completely black, closely resembling moles, and had been so for a number of years. During the raging of the fire, they were to be seen running about in all directions, and they were even heard to get on the organ and *sound it*, by so frequently running over it in their fright."

PUNCH wishes to know who *blew the bellows?*

JENKINS ON "DRAMATIC CONSTRUCTION."

"Much is continually talked, both by the critic and the dramatist, about construction. Abstractedly considered, there exists no necessity for mere construction. All the art required by the dramatist is the power to prevent *ennui*."—*Morning Post, August* 15.

Very right, JENKINS. Thus, when the future author shall be puzzled to work out a due connexion of incident, let him pop in the gap the song of *Hot Codlins*, or a Hornpipe in Wooden Clogs.

Specimen of Lucid Writing.

THE *Spectator* is "nothing, if not critical," and nothing particular when it is. In speaking of the state of Ireland, it says that there is some hope for the future, but that

"The hope is based upon no very positive grounds—the general admission that something must be done, coupled with the evident absence of very obstinately prejudged conclusions"!!

Lucid rather!

Summary of Punch's Parliament.

ORDERED TO LIE ON THE TABLE.—Dinner at half-past six; supper at one; anchovies at three.

TO BE READ THIS DAY SIX MONTHS.—The butcher's book, the Income-tax papers, and Lord W. Lennox's *Tuft-Hunter*.

BROUGHT UP TO THE BAR AND REPRIMANDED.—Mr. Roebuck, upon receiving a silk gown.

Signs of Sporting.

AN astronomical correspondent informs us, that since the first of September, there has been a great increase of *shooting stars*: and that in the North he has repeatedly seen Ursa Major, with his *two pointers*.

Left his Home,

A GENTLEMAN from the neighbourhood of Bow Church, Cheapside. Had on, when he left, a gambroon shooting jacket, cord breeches and gaiters. He quitted his residence early on the First of September, with a double-barrelled gun and a spaniel—and has been *missing* ever since.

Advertisement.

A MASTER workman, who has plastered the Duke of Wellington, rough-casted Lord Campbell, pointed Lord Ellenborough, white-washed the King of Hanover, and slated Friend Bright, is anxious for a few jobs in the same line. Apply, post-paid, to H. B., House of Lords.

A BALLAD OF BEDLAM.

O, LADY, wake!—the azure moon
Is rippling in the verdant skies,
The owl is warbling his soft tune,
Awaiting but thy snowy eyes.
The joys of future years are past,
To-morrow's hopes have fled away;
Still let us love, and e'en at last
We shall be happy yesterday.

The early beam of rosy night
Drives off the ebon morn afar,
Whilst through the murmur of the light
The huntsman winds his mad guitar.
Then Lady, wake! my brigantine
Pants, neighs, and prances to be free;
Till the creation I am thine,
To some rich desert fly with me.

Not done with yet.

THE papers contain an advertisement for a writing-master to a large school. Lord William Lennox has been recommended to apply, from his known partiality to *copy books*.

THE JENKINS NUMBER.

IN answer to ten thousand subscribers, *Punch* replies that unceasing efforts are still made to present "THE JENKINS NUMBER," with a weight and in a style worthy of the nuisance to be abolished.

Court—Fashionable.

WE are enabled to state, upon exclusive authority, that her Majesty has determined upon not visiting Gravesend this autumn. Baron Nathan, of the Rosherville Embassy, went with the Queen to Blackwall on Wednesday, but the result of the journey is not made known. He speaks of the Queen as being rather fast, but well calculated to stem any tide.

Should the ancient sports of England be revived this year by any of the nobility, Lord Brougham has offered to become the *Human Quintain*, from his wonderful knack in turning round, especially when attacked, and hitting right and left at his assailants.

GOOD REASON TO BE ALARMED.

THERE has been a deal of speculation about the cause of the sudden disappearance of the French Princes; but it is not much to be wondered at, when it is known they were invited to hear the Queen's Speech on the prorogation of Parliament.

LITERARY RIDDLE.

WHO are the two favourite authors of Lord W. Lennox?——*STEELE* and *BORROW*.

Doncaster St. Leger.

THE Ramoneur Association beg leave to acquaint the public that there will be a sixpenny *sweep* every day until further notice.

Printed by Messrs. Bradbury and Evans, Lombard Street, in the precinct of Whitefriars, in the city of London, and published by Joseph Smith, of No. 53, St. John's Wood Terrace, Regent's Park, in the Parish of Marylebone, in the county of Middlesex, at the Office, No. 194, Strand, in the Parish of St. Clement Danes, in the county of Middlesex.—SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 2, 1843.

THE STORY OF A FEATHER.

CHAP. XXXII.—MRS. CRAMP'S APPEAL TO THE WIDOW.—VISIT OF A JEALOUS WIFE.

WHILST the widow recreated herself with her sorrows—for to me it seemed plain that she took a strange pleasure in declaring her wretchedness—I could perceive that Mr. and Mrs. Traply communicated with one another by frowns and pouts, and other expressive means known to the married; which looks and signs I readily interpreted into great discontent on the part of the turnkey at the presence of Patty and Inglewood; whilst poor Mrs. Traply, by the eloquent elevation of her eyebrows, asked as plainly as ever woman spoke, "How *she* was to help it?" The truth was, Mr. Traply had returned soured and disgusted to Newgate; for, as I afterwards discovered, the cart had been stopped in Oxford-road by a reprieve, and the horse's head turned towards the Old Bailey. Such an accident, especially in the winter season, was a mishap to ruffle the turnkey, who, as I heard him swear, vowed it "was only playing with people." Hence he had returned cold and hungry, and no promissory rabbit and onions prepared for the board. This incident was of itself enough to curdle the milky humanity of the officer. When, however, he saw Patty and Inglewood—from whom, with a fine instinct, he knew he could obtain nothing—when he saw them intruding upon Mrs. Cramp, who declared she had plenty of money, and whom, therefore, the man very naturally wished to have all to himself—he lost the patience which, by the very smallness of the stock, was so valuable to him, and relieved his bursting heart in contempt of Patty.

"All very fine, Mr. Parson—since you are one—all very fine, sir: but the young 'oman can tell what's what. Bless your heart! she's not such a fool—she can tell Newgate from pie-crust. She knows it wasn't Mr. Abram as give her the watch; and though she might turn king's evidence"—

"She'd never be such a wretch! Never swear away the dear man's life! Could you be such a monster?" exclaimed Mrs. Cramp, entirely losing herself in her fears for the highwayman. "No, no, you shall not leave me," cried the widow, as Patty moved towards the door; "you shall not quit this spot until you swear to me—and this kind gentleman will take your oath—until you swear to me that you 'll preserve Edward." And with these words Mrs. Cramp seized Patty by the wrists, who meekly begged Traply to take her back into the prison. "Not till I have her oath! Not till I have her oath!" repeated the woman hysterically. Patty for a moment forgot her own miseries in pity of the forlorn condition of the widow. "Your oath, my dear, sweet girl, your oath, before this pious, reverend gentleman! Swear it, and I 'll go upon my knees"—

And the widow, in veriest imbecility, was about to prostrate herself, when Patty prevented her. "Be assured I will say nothing—*can* say nothing—to injure him," said the girl.

"But swear it! swear it!" cried Mrs. Cramp; who was for a moment interrupted in her violence by the return of Lintley. The apothecary had heard of the widow's consuming passion for the highwayman, and placing himself between her and Patty, he said—

"I am come from Mr. Abram."

"From dear Edward!" exclaimed the widow, "ha, the suffering martyr!"

"I have had some talk with him," said Lintley, "about the stolen property. He knows nothing of the watch, of course."

"I 'll be sworn for him! A love!" cried Mrs. Cramp.

"Neither Patty, does he know anything of you. No: he does you this much justice; he says, though they hang him, for the robbery, as far as lies in him, he 'll acquit you."

"Hang him! He, a robber! Oh, trouble 's turned the dear creature's brain. I see it. They 'll drive him mad, and then make him say all sorts of things against his precious self. He steal a watch! I wouldn't believe it, though I saw him. No: I 'd rather doubt my own eyes than him. But he 'll be murdered; and for *her* sake—to save her. Yes, yes; I know it—I see it," and the poor widow, flinging herself in a chair, moaned piteously.

"Good bye, sir—good bye," said Patty, to Lintley, as she endeavoured to hurry from the room. Then, after a moment, turning to Inglewood, she said, "Sir, I thank you for this kindness; and whatever may befal me, must think of it."

"Whatever may befal you," cried Inglewood sadly, taking Patty's hand, "I will pray for the best; and whatever may befal you," he repeated with earnest yet trembling voice, "I will be here to sorrow or rejoice with you."

The tone in which Inglewood spoke—I could see it—thrilled the heart of Patty. New emotion seemed awakened within her. She was fixed to the spot—her eyes upon the ground—her face now red and pale. And Inglewood, with death in his aspect, gazed upon the hapless, persecuted girl, and for a moment his eye brightened, and he smiled as though he heard the whisperings of long-silent hope. To me, the couple were a touching sight. The girl, with affections deep as the sea, a wronged and blighted thing; doomed, it might be, to death made horrible by every circumstance of shame; the man, in the first strength of life, with the best nobility of heart; a gentle, upright, holy-minded being, surely withering to an early grave. And in these two, there were new-born hopes; affections for the first time known; a dream—a mocking vision that, for the moment, made that prison-place a paradise, and glorified the hideous present by the happy future. "And shall it be"—I communed with myself—"shall it be, indeed, a dream?"

"Come, Patty," said Lintley, not unobservant of the girl's emotion, "I will—with Mr. Traply's good leave—see you through the passage." And with this intention, Lintley, taking Patty's hand, was about to leave the room, when the door was flung open, and Mrs. Lintley—for she soon proclaimed herself—bounced before her husband. Poor Lintley! I could see it: he was a man of firm, yet gentle, temper; he was upon the noblest duty that can employ a human creature; that of administering sympathy and strength to the weak and suffering, and yet for an instant he looked confounded: had he been detected in the meanest act that can vulgarise life, he could not have looked more shamefaced. He had swallowed the bitterest drug in his shop, rather than the words—for well he knew their quality—of Mrs. Lintley.

Now, the apothecary's wife doated upon her husband; and such excess of affection was, to her a sufficient reason that she should make him, now and then, extremely miserable. She employed her love upon her husband, as cats employ their claws upon a half-dead mouse; hence, she would make him keenly suffer her affection. In the first place it was with her an enduring principle that every woman who saw Mr. Lintley—who, in truth, was a good-tempered, sweet-natured looking man, and no more—was from the moment incurably in love with him. Maids, wives, or widows, all were alike ready to sacrifice their hearts, their wedding-rings, and mourning-caps to the apothecary. It never for a moment struck Mrs. Lintley that by such belief she committed a grievous scandal upon all her sisterhood; certainly not; she never so far analysed her feelings; but lived on, with suspicion of all for her connubial creed. The ingenuity with which her jealousy would transform straws into poisoned daggers, and cobwebs into whips of steel, though highly creditable to the maker of the implements, was grievously painful to the sufferer. Let a girl, with a tolerably sparkling eye, enter the shop for some anodyne for tooth-ache. "Oh," in the words of the apothecary's wife, "there must be something in it!" Let her opposite neighbour have a pain in the head, and send for Mr. Lintley: why, "That woman was always having a pain in the head, and there must be something in it!" A poor widow could not summon Lintley to the spasms, but—"there must be something in it." Nay, had the same widow broken a limb, and sent for Lintley, there would have been "something" even in a compound fracture. And then, Mr. Lintley had such an inveterate habit of feeling the pulse of a patient. "Could he not," asked Mrs. Lintley, at least when the sufferer was feminine, "could he not tell what was the matter without squeezing the woman's wrists? Oh, there must be something in it!" Many a time, when after a hard day's drudgery—tramping through the mud and mists of London to his far-scattered patients—the worn apothecary had stretched himself in bed, and the sordid, miserable pettinesses of the world were melting in the balm of sleep, many a time when that demon, lodged in the clapper of his night-bell, has called him from warm sheets into the raw, drizzling, wintry air, the apothecary's wife, ere the bell has ceased sounding, has declared it very strange "that all *his* labours should be at night; very strange, indeed; but it was plain enough—there must be something in it."

And this was the woman—the affectionate wife, for she was so, in her own persecuting way—who caught Mr. Lintley in the fact; apprehended him, with his fingers holding the fingers of Patty Butler.

"Now, Mr. Lintley, I'm satisfied, quite satisfied," and the little woman spoke as though she was chewing ground-glass. "Yes, I knew it—I was sure of it—I always said to myself, there must be something in it."

"My dear Nancy—" said Lintley, with his customary meekness.

"No, no, Mr. Lintley; not dear Nancy—but dear Patty," and then Mrs. Lintley smiled, as none but women can smile under such circumstances.

"I assure you, Mrs. Lintley,"—and Inglewood was about to intercede for his friend: but vain indeed his intercession.

"Oh! Mr. Inglewood, it's not for me to speak, but I really am ashamed of you. A parson—a minister of the Church—and here abetting a man—a husband and a father of a family—abetting him, I say, in such doings. The whole neighbourhood rings with 'em! It wasn't enough that I was to be insulted in my own house, but he must come to Newgate—among felons, and worse than that!"

"Are you not ashamed, Nancy?" cried Lintley, and his colour rose.

"No, Mr. Lintley, I am not ashamed, nor you either, but you ought to be. I thought you had given this creature up, but"—

"Woman," exclaimed the apothecary, in a stern, commanding voice. "For your foolish sayings, keep them for your own house, and for my ear—since I must hear them—for my ear alone. But I say to you, speak not a syllable, look not one affronting look against this poor, wretched girl; this victim of ill-fortune; this patient, unrepining piece of goodness. At another time, your words would have been those of a silly woman; now, do they sound as of a wicked one. Here is a poor, innocent, friendless soul, standing for what we know on the very edge of an untimely grave—yet standing with a courage and a meekness enough to put pity in the breast of a wolf—and yet you—you, a woman and the mother of future women, you with a vain and idle tongue must stab a heart the world so wickedly has bruised. Are you not ashamed? Blush, I say—blush, lest I despair of you."

The little woman was awed, conscience-stricken by the stern yet wholesome rebuke of her husband; vowing that she meant nothing at all in the world, only that she was never allowed to speak, and Mr. Lintley was always so violent—then she dissolved into tears, at the same time declaring that she thought Patty the most innocent creature that ever broke the world's bread.

THE QUEEN IN FRANCE.

"NE-half the world," it is said, "don't know how the other half lives," and the impression in France appears to be, that our beloved Queen lives chiefly on Cheshire cheese and London porter. The only luxuries that the papers mention as having been sent for by Louis-Philippe for the entertainment of his fellow-sovereign, are "filthy beer" and "strong family Cheshire."

The papers say that a French agent has been to London for the purpose of getting these articles, and we happen to know that the individual alluded to experienced considerable difficulty, owing to his ignorance of the English language. His first inquiry was for *robuste de Londres* (London stout), but gaining no attention, he asked for some *parfait de pain blanc* (Whitbread's entire). Finding his way at length to a public-house, and his instructions having referred particularly to treble X, he called lustily at the bar for some *deux fois dix*; and the publican not understanding him, pointed to a cask labelled Old Tom, which induced the agent to exclaim with considerable energy, "*Non, non, non—pas de vénérable Thomas.*"

The search for the Cheshire cheese was also a source of considerable embarrassment, and the inquiry for *fromage fort à la bonne famille* (good strong family cheese) was very unsuccessful in the New Cut, into which the agent had wandered in his search for the coarse but wholesome condiment. Being a stranger in London, the emissary mustering up all the English he could, addressed a stranger thus: "Vil you av de bonté to tel de vay—I shall find Cheshire?" The answer to which was given rather by way of comment to a bystander in the following terms:—"I say, Bill, here's a rum cove! he wants to find the way into Cheshire!" After these and other difficulties had been surmounted, the cheese and porter were shipped on board the Dart steamer, which was very properly commanded by Captain Cheeseman.

THE VEHICULAR OVENS.

PERHAPS one of the most curious inventions of the present day, is the vehicular oven, which is drawn by two horses, and built in the shape of an omnibus. They are chiefly marked with the words "Conveyance Company" on the exterior, but should be inscribed, "Bakings carefully attended to." Any one getting into one of these contrivances is pretty sure of being done by the time he gets out again. Half-an-hour's cooking is more than sufficient, and if any one remains inside the whole distance from Paddington to the Bank, he is sure to emerge at the latter place in a state of excessive crustiness. We observed a conductor of one of the vehicular ovens drawing a batch at the Mansion House. The "hatching by steam" is in fact nothing compared to the baking by omnibus.

A FACT.—Brickmakers have become quite scarce; as not a labourer can be found, since the growth of temperance, who will undertake to *wet his clay!*

POEMS OF THE PRICES;

OR, THE MUSE AMONG THE MARKETS.

The Cotton Market.

OH bring me from India the latest advices!
I feel that the news of that far distant land
Will certainly have an effect upon prices,
By letting us know the expected demand.
At present our interests can we be hurting,
If we make to our stocks but a trifling increase?
Oh no! we are safe, for the forty-inch shirting
Has advanced the last fortnight just sixpence per piece.

The Silk Trade.

The trade's as good as we have reason
To hope for at the present season;
'Tis not the time for getting wealthy,
But business on the whole looks healthy.

Chorus of Manufacturers.
But business on the whole looks healthy.

Leicester Hosiery Trade.

RECITATIVE.

In every article within this range,
There is at present no peculiar change.

ADAGIO.

Ah, soon reviving-trade firmness showing,
Soon with hope's radiance our hearts shall fill;
Gloves, once so heavy, lightness soon knowing,
With joy the workman's bosom soon shall thrill.

ALLEGRO.

The cut-up hose trade many a hand
Once idle now engages;
The turn-outs now no longer stand
For an advance of wages.
But the demand for cotton socks
All happens to our liking,
And not e'en hose adorned with clocks
Afford pretence for striking.
Yes! Yes! Yes!
The cut-up hose trade many a hand,
&c. &c.
No! No! No!
No, not e'en hose adorned with clocks,
&c. &c.

THE VALIANT BLUES.

FOR twenty-seven years England is said to have enjoyed profound peace, but this happy state was disturbed last week by war being declared in Knightsbridge. The *casus belli* was a refusal of beer to a party of the valiant Blues, who becoming very naturally indignant with the publican, boldly turned their swords upon his customers. The Blues rushed vigorously upon a party of the Knightsbridge Light Residents, who, armed with pots, against which the soldiers had nothing but their swords, of course were too much for the troopers, who retreated to the adjoining barracks for succour. Having obtained the assistance of several of their comrades, they returned to the fray, and performed several deeds of valour. Among other soldierlike manœuvres was the cutting open the head of a female bystander with a broadsword, a feat which was accomplished by one of the private soldiers, who, with the characteristic modesty of real bravery, has not yet come forward to claim the credit of the glorious action. The civil authorities are, however, doing their best to fix the honour (and responsibility) of the deed on the individual who performed it.

The Irish Agricultural Association.

THE glorious example set by England of fattening up cattle to such an extent as to prevent the possibility of its seeing out of its eyes, or moving on its legs, has been followed by Ireland; and a meeting of the Irish Agricultural Association was held the other day at Belfast. There is every reason to hope that the experiment will prove successful, and that the Irish, who are famous for immense bulls, will fully maintain their reputation. The prize was awarded to a cow, whose corpulence entitled it to the appellation of the Daniel Lambert of quadrupeds, and Lord Londonderry returned thanks—probably as the greatest calf present—for the compliment.

THE MINERAL SPRINGS OF LONDON.

BAGNIGGE WELLS.

LERKENWELL may, with all propriety, be termed the Nassau of London; for, independent of its own well, wherever it is, if there be one, it abounds in other springs and conduits of rare virtue, with the celebrated *Brunnen* of Pentonville at its verge, on the side of the New-road; so that it bids fair to rival even Germany itself.

The great "facility of communication" afforded by omnibuses and steam-boats, now places Bagnigge Wells within the reach of the most remote localities, at a cheap rate, however distant they may be. The Rhine, Antwerp, and Boulogne steamers land their passengers at London Bridge, from which spot conveyances may be procured to the bottom of Field-lane, in Holborn. At this point, we would recommend the traveller to pursue his journey on foot through a most interesting district, taking care only to supply himself exactly with such money and personal effects as he may absolutely stand in need of; the commissioners of customs on the Saffron-hill frontier being exceedingly

INQUISITIVE IN THEIR EXAMINATIONS.

Indeed, the customs altogether at this point want reforming, owing to the various frauds for which they have long been remarkable.

Field-lane, from the number of receiving-houses by which it is surrounded, may be truly designated as being situated in a ring fence. The inhabitants have a custom of doing honour to any distinguished traveller, by displaying numberless silken banners from their houses, over their stalls, like the scarves of knights over *their* stalls in the old cathedrals. In fact, all the buildings in this spot have an air of venerable antiquity; some of them, indeed, being so very old, that they are fast tumbling down.

The traveller may turn to the right at the end of this interesting lane, which the acumen of its inhabitants has made anything but a green one; and then proceed down a long straggling thoroughfare for ten minutes, at the end of which period he had better ask his way, when he will find he has been coming in a totally different direction to what he ought to have done. Retracing his steps, after many minute inquiries, he will arrive at the outer fortifications of Clerkenwell Castle—a stronghold and keep of the latter ages, in which proper objects may secure a residence by an order from any magistrate, and be taken the greatest care of by the amiable governor. A view of the interior is not difficult to be obtained; and commodious vans leave Bow-street, Marlborough-street, and Queen-square daily for this building. Near this spot, Middleton-street derives a melancholy interest from having been the scene of a terrible explosion in August 1843, which blew up the paving-stones—a provision of nature to restore the balance in favour of the wooden blocks which had been some time blown up by Sir Peter Laurie. A short promenade will now bring the visitor to the scene of the present notice.

We last visited Bagnigge Wells about the beginning of the present week, and, like many travellers, at first passed close to it without seeing it.

Upon returning, however, our eye was arrested by an ancient door in a wall, over which was inscribed the following—

+
S. T
THIS IS BAGNIGGE
HOVSE NEARE
THE PINDAR A
WAKEFIELD.
1680.

This inscription, of which the above is a fac-simile, was surrounded by a noseless head carved in stone; and underneath was a cartoon drawn in chalk upon the door, evidently of a later date, and bearing a resemblance to some of the same class in Gell's Pompeii. Underneath was written in letters of an irregular alphabet "CHUCKY"—the entire drawing being without doubt some local pasquinade.

Not being able to obtain admittance at the door, we went on a short distance and came to the ruins of the ancient "Wells," of which part of the banqueting-room still exists. These are entirely open to the public, as well as the adjoining pleasure-grounds, although the thick layer of brickbats with which they are covered, renders walking a task of some difficulty. The adjacent premises of an eminent builder, separate them some cubits' length from the road of Gray's Inn, near which, what we suppose to be the "Well," is still visible. It is a round hole in the ground behind the ruins, filled up with rubbish and mosaics of oyster-shells, but at present about eighteen inches deep.

It is very evident that the character of Bagnigge Wells has much altered within the last century. For bearing that date we have before us the "Song of the 'Prentice to his Mistress," in which the attractions of the place are thus set forth.

"Come, come, Miss Priscy, make it up,
And we will lovers be:
And we will go to *Bagnigge Wells*,
And there we 'll have some tea.
And there you'll see the ladybirds
All on the stinging-nettles;
And there you 'll see the waterworks,
And shining copper kettles.
And there you 'll see the fishes, Miss,
More curious than Whales;
They 're made of gold and silver, Miss,
And wag their little tails."

Of the wonders recounted in these stanzas, the stinging-nettles alone remain flourishing, which they do in a great quantity. The waterworks are now confined to two spouts and a butt against the adjacent building; and the gold and silver fishes, separately in the form of red herrings and sprats, have been removed to the stalls in the neighbourhood, with a great deal more of the wag in the dealer, than in themselves.

The real Bagnigge Wells, where company assemble to drink at the present day, is next door to the ruins. The waters are never taken, however, now, without being strongly medicated, by a process carried on at the various brewers' and distillers' of the metropolis; without this they are supposed, by some classes, to be highly injurious. Their analysis has produced various results. Soda has been detected in one species, analogous to the German *Seltzer*, and designated "Webb's"; others contain iron in appreciable quantities, and institute a galvanic circle when quaffed from goblets formed from an alloy of tin and lead.

THEIR EFFECTS ARE VARIOUS:

in some constitutions quickening the circulation and raising the animal temperature—in others producing utter prostration.

Flannel jackets and brown-paper caps appeared to be the costume chiefly worn by the valetudinarians who were drinking at the Wells during our stay. We patronised the tepid spa by ordering "sixpenny-worth warm," as the portion was termed in the dialect of Bagnigge, for the purpose of drawing the proprietor into conversation. But he was evidently reluctant to impart much information, and told us nothing beyond what we already knew—a custom very prevalent at all the springs we have visited.

Lodgings, provisions, clothing, &c., are to be had at low rates in the neighbourhood, and there are several delightful spots in the vicinity of Bagnigge Wells.

The Excursion to Battle Bridge will be found highly interesting, returning by the Brill; and, to the admirers of nature, the panorama from the summit of King's Cross, embracing the Small Pox Hospital, and Imperial Gas Works, with the very low countries surrounding them, is peculiarly worthy of especial notice.

LADY LONDONDERRY'S HOSPITAL.

If a goose could only meditate upon the future destiny and purposes of its various wing-quills; it would, we are sure, sometimes feel an elevation of spirit—a pride of heart—unknown even to peacocks or parrots. The parent bird—and Jenkins alone knows what its thoughts *may* be—would also feel anxieties throbbing at its heart; doubts, fears—all the varied emotions of a mother. Here are half-a-dozen quills plucked from the bird. Look at them, reader: they all seem equally stout and good; all equally capable of wise and useful exertion. Alas! are they not, too often, like giddy, thoughtless youth, depending for their future figure in the world upon the hands they fall into? One quill writes an immortal piece of English; another does nothing but sign bank cheques; a third—goose-like, foolish thing—is dipped in forgery. One fabricates begging letters; another—builds a hospital!

Of such a quill have we now to speak!

The ingratitude of man is so generally acknowledged, that it has ceased to become infamous. It is a human infirmity, like the croup; and like it, as old wives avow, certain at some period of his life to fall upon every child of Adam. Hence, it is more than probable that the world has already forgotten the last book of the most noble the Marquess of Londonderry; a book which was, as indeed every book should be, an honest sample of the writer's brain. It was a most amusing volume, and was laughed at by Whigs and Tories. Party might truly be said to have laughed at both sides of its mouth. Well, the Marquess having published, and allowed a decent time to himself to be out of print, the Marchioness comes after. The male volume is followed by tome female:

"The printer's han' was tried on man,
And then compos'd the lass's, oh!"

We have now before us *A Three Months' Tour in Portugal, Spain, and Africa*, written by the beautiful Marchioness of Londonderry, and published by the bibliopole Mitchell. Well, ordinarily, we think no more of the volumes thrown at us by the lady aristocracy,—no more than of the shells of perfumed water and sugar-plums once cast at us—ha! those days!—at a Roman carnival. We merely smile, and shake our ears—and would do so, were they long as Jenkins's—and, calling heaven's blessings down upon the pretty things, pass on.

But we cannot pass the volume written by the Marchioness of Londonderry.

Happy goose-feather! for sure we are it was no crow-quill that penned the healing lines—as healing they will prove to be—but a gray-goose shaft dipped in the elixir of life! Can this be doubted? Then let the reader learn that the profits arising from the Marchioness's book are to build—"a Hospital at Seaham Harbour!" Should the Marquess himself ever, by accident, set fire to the Thames, we have no doubt that he could reproduce the river—bridges and all—by the profits of an epigram!

A Hospital built upon a volume! The paper becomes lint—the words physic!

Let it not for a moment be thought that we treat the project with irreverent gaiety. Certainly not. If we are at all cheerful, it is the blithesomeness of rejoicing philanthropy that chirrups within us; for we have made the most particular inquiries among the aristocracy, as to the objects of this Hospital to be founded upon foolscap, and have learned that the Marchioness of Londonderry, touched by the forlorn and all but hopeless condition of many of the nobility, has resolved to dedicate the building to the exclusive use of her "order."

An architect has already been commissioned to draw plans of the building; and, as it is desirable that the fabric should be so constructed that no patient should see what is going on about him, that arch architect to whom we owe so many of our modern theatres, has, very properly, been selected for the undertaking. We have been favoured with a view of the drawings.

On the completion of the Hospital, Lord Brougham will immediately be removed into Vanity Ward. For months past, the condition of his lordship has continued to alarm a distinguished, though very select, body of individuals, his lordship's friends. We hope that the disease has not made too great an advance; but have, nevertheless, confidence in the careful treatment to be adopted. His lordship will be rigidly kept from pen and ink; nobody will be allowed to answer him, or take any notice of him, do what he will; even the nurses will not be permitted to listen to his speeches; and the word *Examiner*—whether applicable to surgeon or journal—will be studiously suppressed. As, however, his lordship has a mechanical turn, he will be supplied with wood, pins, and paper, that he may employ himself in the construction of Tory windmills. The cups engraved by Baron Trenck during his long captivity are now objects of high price; and is it to be doubted that the windmills of Henry Brougham will be forgotten by posterity, should they, indeed, unlike the poet's letter, be ever delivered?

Selfishness Ward will hold an immense number of patients; and already numerous applications are made for the admittance of people of the very first rank—people, said to be labouring under a *dernier* form of the disease, and of whose ultimate recovery there is very little hope. Dukes, marquesses, and earls, are among the suffering.

Idleness Ward—Arrogance Ward—Bribery and Corruption Ward, and twenty others, peculiarly adapted to the diseases of the aristocracy, will be allotted from the building; of which we may give a further account in a future Number.

DEATH AND THE TAILOR.

It is not the custom of *Punch* to directly or indirectly puff a tradesman; but one *L. Hyam*, tailor, of Gracechurch-street, puts in such delicate, such humanizing, such *peculiar claims* to notice, that *Punch* feels he should be wanting to himself and the world, did he not award to the said *Hyam* the recompense due to those noble feelings which animate (and very equally, too,) the tailor's heart and the tailor's goose.

The following is a part of the advertisement which *Hyam* has caused to be inserted in the columns of several of our careless (at the best careless) contemporaries:—

"ON THE DEATH OF MR. ELTON.

"Alas, poor Elton! that the surges wild
Should swallow up the drama's fav'rite child.
Sad was thy fate, and awful was thy doom,
Whilst sea-gulls flutter'd o'er thy watery tomb!
Though thou art dead, thy treasur'd name will live,
And from all ranks true sympathy receive.
Thy talents, genius, and unspotted name,
Have all conspired to gain thee deathless fame,—
And so it is—the man of talent finds
Intrinsic pleasure in each kindred mind;
And now the world, with judgment, all confess,
And hail L. Hyam first in style and dress!
His style, his cut, and workmanship"———

And, above all, (for we go no further with the advertisement) his humanity, his decency, his determination to turn the penny,—no matter at what cost! *Hyam* is a great tailor. It is plain, he would make a vest from the very skin of a drowned father; would thread a needle with the heartstrings of living orphans. We, therefore, submit his claims of patronage to the good feelings of our readers, that those who may want anything in the way of *Mr. Hyam*, will, after pondering on his tradesmanlike virtues as indicated in the above, rush to Gracechurch-street, and bestow upon the tailor precisely what the tailor merits. We ask, at the hands of the readers, nothing for *Hyam* but what *Hyam* justly deserves.

Espartero and the Citizens.

It was stated at the meeting of the Common Council by one party, that Espartero had only got five hundred a year; and by another it was asserted that the Ex-Regent had agreed to pay six hundred a year for his house. If both these statements are correct, we can only account for them by remembering that the truly military spirit of Espartero may induce him to act the part of the soldier who lives on his pay, and spends half-a-crown out of sixpence a day. "Deduct," as an Irishman would

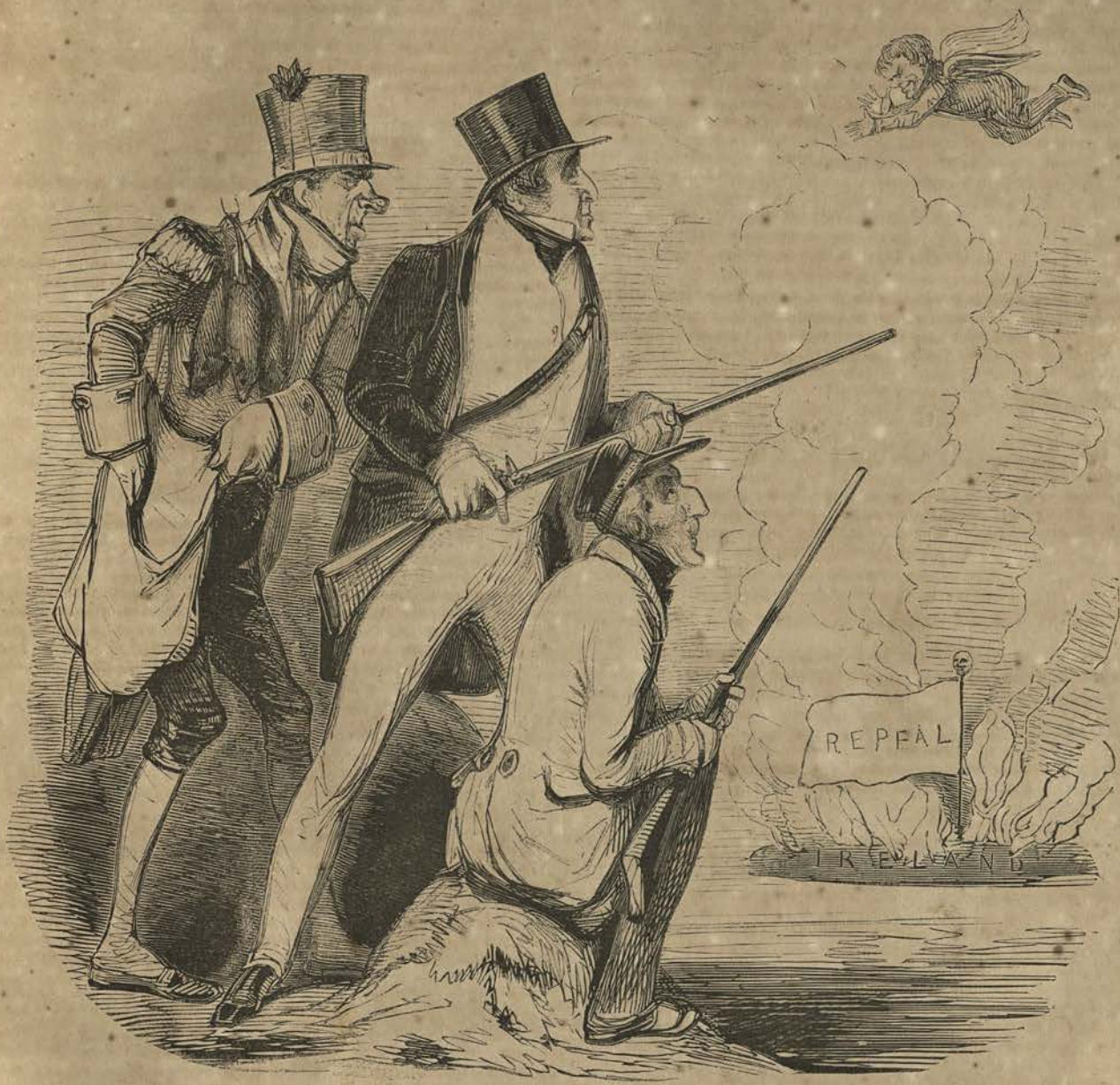
DIVIDING THE DIFFERENCE.

say, "six hundred from five hundred, and the Ex-Regent will have the whole of the difference to live upon."

Rational Animals.

The papers mention that the horses in the Duc de Nemours's carriage started off at full gallop, "having taken fright at the colours of the National Guard."—We do not wonder at their being anxious to run away, if the colours were inscribed with "La Charte de 1830."

RECESS RECREATIONS.



TRYING TO BAG THE IRISH WILD GOOSE.

Critical Essay.

ON NURSERY RHYMES.

"May it not be, that in youth as in sleep, the image of coming things hover round us, and mysteriously become visible to our unobstructed eyes? May not the seeds of what is to betide us be already scattered by the hand of Fate; may not a foretaste of the fruits we may yet hope to gather possibly be given us?"—GOETHE.

IMAGINE, if these suppositions be adopted, they may be considered as reasons for the presence of Love songs among Nursery rhymes. Fate being transmogrified into a Nurse by an Ovidian Metamorphosis, to instruct us in the Art of Love. Cupid, however, being always represented as a little boy, may appear to be in his proper place in the nursery, in which unlimited monarchy, he would soon (from his inherent love of mischief) be deprived of his bow and arrows, by the reigning government, have his wings tied behind him, and be put to stand in the corner. Some people object to Love forming the subject of any nursery rhyme, as being a thing of which no child can possibly form any distinct idea, and which, therefore, must be perfect nonsense to them; but a moment's consideration will make it plain, that as a great deal of nonsense is said and sung about Love to grown up persons, there can be no harm, but rather a benefit, in accustoming children to a little platonic Love-nonsense, that, when grown up, they may be able to comprehend the jargon of the amorists.

The *penchants* of the Pretender are recorded in a well-known nursery rhyme, which informs us that—

"Charley loves good ale and wine,
And Charley loves good brandy;
And Charley loves a pretty girl,
As sweet as sugar candy."

Our national love of strong drink is such that, say the Persian Princes, "The people of this country do not use water as a drink; when it is necessary they take a little, once in three or four days." Charley, however, was obliged to take to water in another way, viz., to escape his enemies, and this, no doubt, gave him a distaste for it. The simile at the end is in the highest nursery style, being calculated to convey to the infant mind the very brightest idea of the attributes of the young lady, as being all "that youthful poets fancy when they love," viz.: sugar candy. Herrick has also drawn a simile from the cookery-book; he tells us—

"Health on Julia's cheek hath shed
Claret and cream, commingled."

This, somehow or other, reminds us of the Ettrick shepherd's simile of—

"His hair was red,
Almost as red as German sealing-wax."

School-boys apply the phrase "making an offer" to attempting a thing, and failing in it, through fear. The same reason may cause hesitation and confusion in the grown up mode of "making an offer." And, as says Sir W. Raleigh—

"They that are rich in words must needs discover
They are but poor in that which makes a lover."

Those who are rich in love find it not easy to express it in sufficient words. For this reason, some do it by letter, for which you may obtain a model in any "Complete Letter Writer," and some by advertisement, of which the following is a "juicy" specimen:—

ANY gal what's got a cow, a good feather-bed with comfortable fixins, 500 dollars in hard pewter, one that has had the measles, and understands tending children, can find a customer for life, by writing a small *billet doux*, addressed Z. Q., and stuck in a crack of Uncle Ebenezer's barn, jinin' the hog-pen."

Everybody wonders how he shall get through "making an offer," and perhaps, like Mr. Peter Magnus, bothers himself and others about the manner of doing it, in all cases uselessly; for no one appears to remember how he did it, or what he said; it is evidently one of those things, which, "when it is to be done, when 'tis done, then 'twere well 'twere done quickly." The following simple method may be recommended as concise, and a plain "yea or nay" will be considered as a sufficient answer by a great many persons, who conceive that soliciting reasons for any love proceeding is seeking for a *non est inventus*.

There was a little man,
And he woo'd a little maid,
And he said, Little maid, will you wed, wed, wed?
I have little more to say,
Than will you, yea or nay,
For least said is soonest mended—ded, ded, ded.
The little maid replied,
Some say a little sigh'd,
But what shall we have for to eat, eat, eat!
Will the love that you 're so rich in
Make a fire in the kitchen,
And the little God of Love turn the spit, spit, spit?

The prudence of the lady in the above love declaration, argues well for the comfort of her husband, and is calculated to be a useful lesson in the nursery. She evidently completely posed her adorer by (what he of course never expected in a love conversation) a common sense query as to the probability of the little God of Love breaking up his bow and arrows to make a fire in their kitchen, lighting it with his torch, and turning the spit with "his own dear little hands." She evidently had no faith in existing on "smiles and wine," and did not wish to imitate Horarman and Horendos, of whom we read, in "Palmerin of England," that "they lived together, with mountain herbs, and wild fruits, pangs, griefs, sobs, sighs, and salt tears, the daily food and sustenance of a lover." How happy would it be for some lovers if they had not that one craving portion of the diurnal economy to provide for through the mouth! but were like the Astomi, a people of India, who, Pliny tells us, have no mouths, and are supported by the smells of roots, flowers, and wild apples. To be sure, these united lovers would not be able—

"To enjoy the pure primæval kiss
With as much of the old original bliss
As mortality ever recovers."

But this is not material, as living cannot be obtained by kissing: although Mr. Ferrand has helped himself into Parliament by the exercise of his vocation in this line. Guarini, in his "Pastor Fido," says—

"The kiss is lifeless we bestow
On lips that yield no kind return."

They however helped to "return" Mr. Ferrand; but only imagine his ladye-love exclaiming with Shelley,

"What are all these kissings worth
If thou kiss not me?"

As to the marketable value of a kiss, it fluctuates considerably. Sheridan, we are informed, gave a guinea for one,—some people only get a box on the ear. We ourselves were once kissed in a dream, and that cost us a pair of gloves. A nursery rhyme informs us, that—

"There was an old man in a velvet coat,
He kissed a maid and gave her a groat;"

from which evidence we gather that the highest price is 1*l.* 1*s.*, and the lowest 4*d.*

Ovid charges men to remember their bristly beards, lest, in kissing, they should hurt the soft skins of the fair; nevertheless, another nursery rhyme informs us, that—

"Thomas à Didymus had a long beard,
Kiss'd Nancy Fitchet and made her affeard."

From which we may infer that he was one of those "awkward gowks," who, says the Ettrick shepherd, "can't kiss a lassie without hurting her feelings."

Mr. Sterling, in his lately-published tragedy of Strafford, speaks of "kisses ocean-deep." These, we presume, must be of the species Tennyson sings of, when he desiderates the existence of a merman, and states, that he would "play with the mermaids in and out of the rocks" (which by the bye, must be of some unknown formation to admit of ingress or egress)—

"And holding them back by their flowing locks,
I would kiss them often under the sea,
And kiss them again till they kissed me,
Laughingly, laughingly."

And now, for the present, in the words of Aspatia, in Beaumont and Fletcher's "Maid's Tragedy,"—

"I 'll trouble you no more, yet I will take
A parting kiss, and will not be denied."

PRIME NEW TONGUES.

THE *singing mouse* was a novelty in his way, but he must be completely driven out of the field by the new phenomenon that has appeared; for, if there be truth in the advertisements, we must believe the astounding fact of the—

"FRENCH, GERMAN, HEBREW, AND ITALIAN LANGUAGES
taught for sixpence a lesson, by
FOUR NATIVES."

We should like excessively to hear an oyster recite "To be, or not to be;"—but Milton, we suppose, would be more in an oyster's way.

MOVEMENTS OF THE INFANTRY.

A HANDSOME suite of rooms, including a large nursery, have been taken for the INFANT ARCHIMEDES, in Birchin-lane. It is not expected the

DRAWING FROM THE ROUND.

Infant will make his *début* before he is breeched.

The INFANT TERPSICHORE has been obliged, by sudden indisposition, to interrupt the splendid success of her performances. It was reported at the Opera the Infant would not be able to perform for some time, as she was cutting her teeth. She is expected, by her next appearance, to be perfect in *the first set*.

The INFANT MAZEPPA is taken an airing every day in the Park, and, attended by his nurse, practises for several hours in the ring. At present he mounts a rocking-horse without any apprehension of danger, and is expected, as soon as he can walk by himself, to get on wonderfully.

The interesting family (exactly nine in number) of the INFANT MUSES have postponed their performances till next Michaelmas, as it is hoped by that time that the youngest (MELPOMENE) will be quite weaned. CLIO, we regret to say, has been very unwell this last week, from eating too plentifully of damson pudding.

SIEGE OPERATIONS AT CHATHAM.

WE had hoped that the days of playing at Soldiers had passed with the disbanding of the Volunteers; but the doings the other day at Chatham thoroughly banged everything that was ever done by the City Light Horse, the Houndsditch Heavy Hussars, or the Fusiliers of Fleet-street. We have heard of the exploits of the Clerkenwell Cavalry, who forced the lines—clothes' lines—of Bagnigge Wells, and made themselves masters of a post—a lamp-post—on the main road; we have been told, too, of the daring deeds of the Islington Invulnerables, who "gave battle" to an over-driven ox on the fields of White Conduit; but all this sinks into insignificance compared with the terrific tomfoolery and military mountebankery achieved the other day at Chatham.

The following critical analysis of the newspaper report will bear us out in our statement:—"Some trenches were cut in the ground, in order to assume that the besiegers were in possession of the outworks." According to this, the cutting of trenches, to plant celery or anything else, is a military manœuvre; and when trenches are seen, it must be "assumed that the besiegers are in possession of the outworks."

The Chatham tomfoolery commenced by the marching down of a few

PREPARING FOR ACTION.

men, which was to testify "the advance of the relieving army," the captain of course being the "relieving officer," who, like his parochial prototype, turned out to be a sort of "*lucus à non lucendo*"—a relieving officer from bringing no relief; for, "by the *unexpected retreat* of the *relieving* army, the besiegers were enabled to renew the attack." This martial movement was executed splendidly; and the "gallant fellows" took to their heels with a precipitancy and speed which prove, that if it is ever their lot to "cut and run," they may be implicitly relied upon.

"At 2 the operations commenced by the advance of the storming party," and at it they went, shivering stockades and crossing creeks "under a tremendous fire of musketry and artillery"—which they sustained with a degree of valour that could only have been inspired by the knowledge that the "musketry and artillery" were as harmless as so many pop-guns. The besiegers, in spite of the terrific volumes of smoke by which they were repelled, succeeded in regaining the (celery) trenches, and "the defenders retired to the inner line," which was, we believe, flanked by a bastion of summer cabbages, and sheltered from the artillery by a breastwork of scarlet runners. Having loop-holed a row of late peas, the besieged party kept up a continued waste of gunpowder; when the sappers, under Capt. Brown, rushed on a gabion of Jerusalem artichokes, and, dashing across a pontoon bridge of cucumber frames, stormed a garden-chair, and suddenly blew up in magnificent style a substantial summer-house. "Lieutenant Chesney, of the Royal Engineers, then made a communication across a ditch safe from the fire of the enemy by carrying a flag of truce," and the celery trenches being given up, the besiegers immediately manned some asparagus beds, which were supposed to be the battlements.

This is all very well; but we strongly object to taking from the hospitals and sick wards a number of artillerymen in ill health, to take a part in the farce as "*invalid gunners*." This seems to us a most unnecessary infliction as far as the invalids were concerned; for if it was necessary to add to the illusion of the scene by representing "the wounded," surely three were enough to have made a lame business of it without resorting to the Infirmary.

After having won the battle and got the trenches—celery and all—the 4th Brigade of Royal Engineers must needs "blow in the gate." After a good deal more blowing up, and blowing down, after mounting to the tops of dead walls, mounted with

CHEVAUX DE FRISE,

by means of scaling-ladders, an operation to which they gave the name of "manning the battlements," there was a general explosion of all the gunpowder left on hand, creating a scene, which, the reporters declare, "nothing but the pen of Napier could do justice to."

After all this terrible tomfoolery, there came an anti-climax of the most frightful character. The Sappers were proceeding to show how cleverly they could throw a pontoon bridge over a creek, when the apparatus got entangled in some coal barges, and the only really formidable encounter of the day instantly commenced between the soldiery and the crew of the collier. The Sappers and Miners, after a wordy war of some duration, performed in beautiful order their favourite movement of a retreat, and bolted back to their barracks amid the oaths and laughter of the gallant knights of the dingy diamond.

SMOKE AND LOYALTY.

THE Mayor of Devonport was thrown into a state of considerable consternation by discovering that all the guns, from which it had been his intention to fire a salute as the Queen passed, had been "spiked" in the most heartless manner, by introducing a bit of wire into all the touch-holes. The Mayor has offered 20*l.* for the discovery of the perpetrators of this most nefarious proceeding; and the local papers are indulging in all sorts of speculation, as to whether the "spiking" is connected with any Chartist movement that may be about to take place or may be not, according as it may happen.

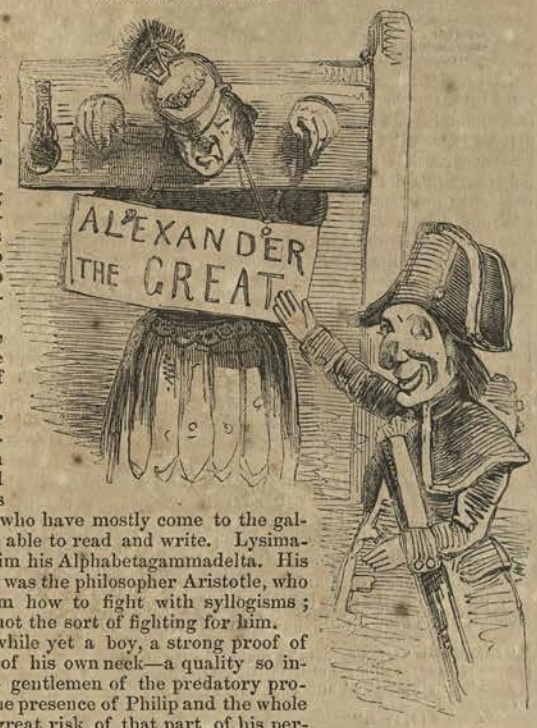
For our own parts we are disposed to regard the "spiking" as a piece of ultra-loyalty on the part of some one desirous of sparing her Majesty the infliction of "a splitting headache" at the hands, or rather at the guns, of the Devonport authorities. If a private individual could go nowhere without the roaring of cannon accompanying his progress, he would justly be regarded as an object of the deepest commiseration. Why the Queen should be made a mark for the superfluous gunpowder of thick-headed mayors and corporations, we are at a loss to conceive. We honour the hero who "spiked" the guns at Devonport, and should not wonder if it was one of Her Majesty's *suite* who had received private instructions to "abate the nuisance."

PUNCH'S LIVES OF EMINENT SCOUNDRELS.

PROEM.

Let it be granted that whoever commits robbery and murder is a scoundrel, and consequently that the more robbery and murder he commits, the greater scoundrel he is. Now, we hope, the reader will not be startled at our entering on our list of scoundrels, individuals whom he may have been taught to call heroes. Without more ado, let us measure pens with Plutarch.

SCOUNDREL THE FIRST.



This notorious thief was the son of Philip, king of Macedonia, who was a thief before him, and of Olympias, his queen.

According to some, himself and his mother (who appears to have been deranged,) among the number, he was the son of Jupiter.

Alexander had the advantage of certain modern and minor heroes of his stamp, who have mostly come to the gallows, in being able to read and write. Lysimachus taught him his Alphabetagammadelta. His finishing tutor was the philosopher Aristotle, who instructed him how to fight with syllogisms; but that was not the sort of fighting for him.

He gave, while yet a boy, a strong proof of his disregard of his own neck—a quality so indispensable to gentlemen of the predatory profession. In the presence of Philip and the whole court, to the great risk of that part of his person, he tamed, by his personal prowess, the wild horse Bucephalus, afterwards the "Brown Bess" to his Dick Turpin.

When he was a little bigger, at the early age of sixteen, he committed his first offence. Philip had gone marauding to Byzantium, and had left young Alexander in command of the rest of his gang. The Medari, whose territory Philip had appropriated, were beginning to show symptoms of wishing to have their own again. Alexander, at the head of a select band of desperadoes, attacked, took, and pillaged their city, turned its inhabitants out of house and home, and put some of his own rogues in their places.

He next went thieving with his respectable father to Greece, and at Chæronea, where the Greeks made a stand against the Macedonian banditti, committed a daring and successful outrage; breaking the sacred band, or A Division of the Thebans, and sending them to the right-about.

On the death of Philip, who was stabbed by one of his own fellows, in which transaction his hopeful son was suspected of having been concerned, Alexander became king of the cut-throats. They were in an extreme state of insubordination, but he reduced them to reason by knocking some of the most refractory on the head. He then led them on a housebreaking expedition against Thebes. The Thebans, objecting to stand and deliver, stood, without delivering, against him on the field. They had better have let him have their money quietly, for he took their lives. He cut six thousand of them to pieces on the ground to begin with; then he took their city, pillaged it first, razed it afterwards, and sold all the inhabitants, who were not murdered, for slaves.

The Greeks, upon this, perceived that Alexander was a great hero. They formed themselves, therefore, into one large band of freebooters, and he, nothing loth, marched at the head of them into Asia.

His merry men comprised thirty thousand footpads, and five thousand mounted highwaymen. He provided himself with no more than a month's pay for their maintenance, being of opinion that the slave who pays is base, and intending that they should pay themselves out of what they stole.

His grand series of atrocities now commenced.

At the battle of the Granicus, his first, he destroyed twenty-four thousand five hundred men, losing only thirty-four of his own rascals.

He took Halicarnassus and Miletus by storm—a military operation which consists in burning, demolition, the indiscriminate slaughter of men, women, and children, and other proceedings for which civilians are usually hanged. He subdued the rest of Asia Minor, committing in so doing a number of sanguinary crimes which has not been exactly calculated.

He defeated Darius, the Persian king, who withstood his aggression near Issus in Cilicia. On this occasion he left a hundred and ten thousand victims dead on the ground, besides maiming and crippling at least as many more for life. In addition to this murderous exploit, he stole an enormous amount of property, and made prisoners of Darius's family, whom, it is due to him to state, he treated with great civility for a ruffian, letting them break their hearts in quiet without killing or abusing them.

After the battle, he stole more property at Damascus; and kidnapped other women and children. Then he took Tyre after a seven months' siege; and, by way of indemnifying himself for his trouble, butchered two thousand of the citizens in cold blood.

At Arbela, after a wholesale murder on the grandest scale, he finally routed the army of Darius; whereby the whole of Persia became his prey. Hereupon, his first act was to break into the king's palace at Susa, and to steal, take, and carry away, money, jewels, wearing apparel, and furniture, to the value of forty-five thousand talents.

He now ravaged Media, Syria, Egypt, and the whole of India, in which last country his spoliations and massacres were nearly as extensive as those of a gentleman named Bull have been since. When he had at length robbed as much as he could, he is reported to have cried because he could rob no more.

Alexander did not come to be hanged; but, having plenty of rope given him, he, in conformity with the adage, was his own Jack Ketch. His gang being laden with all the spoil they could carry, he retired to Babylon; where, like most Eminent Scoundrels who are prosperous, he set to work to enjoy himself, by indulging in all kinds of luxury and dissipation. Here, after a short career of hard living, he got very drunk one fine day, caught a fever in consequence, and died, aged thirty-two, not at all regretted by anybody who knew him.

Latterly, indeed, he had given in greatly to drinking, and one day, in a state of fermented liquor, committed the mildest murder of the many he was guilty of, by running his friend Clitus through the body. On another occasion, being tipsy, he burnt down the city of Persepolis, as the little boys say, "for a lark."

Arson, robbery, and murder, were thus the deeds which gained him the surname of Great.

Let us consider the exploits of Alexander as well as we can, numerically. Besides multitudes which have not been enumerated, he killed, as we have seen, of his fellow creatures—

At Thebes	6,000
The Granicus	24,500
Issus	110,000
Tyre	2,000
	142,500

Suppose that in his other battles and sieges he killed only as many again (an estimate far beneath the mark, no doubt), he must have done at least 285,000 murders, without reckoning that of Clitus; consequently, he deserved the halter 285,000 times, and was by just so much a greater villain than Courvoisier.

MADNESS.

There is a madness of the heart, not head—
That in some bosoms wages endless war;
There is a throe when other pangs are dead,
That shakes the system to its utmost core.

There is a tear more scalding than the brine
That streams from out the fountains of the eye,
And like the lava leaves a scorched line,
As in its fiery course it rusheth by.

What is that madness?—Is it envy, hate,
Or jealousy more cruel than the grave,
With all the attendants that upon it wait
And make the victim now despair—now rave?

It is when hunger, clamouring for relief,
Hears a shrill voice exclaim, "That graceless sinner,
The cook, has been, and gone, and burnt the beef,
And spilt the tart—in short, she's dish'd the dinner!"

Medical Reports.

It is incorrect that Lord Brougham's head is turned. He turned *altogether*.

Mr. Ferrand, M.P., has been recommended, it is said, to go to *Kissengen*; and has set off for Stafford.

The cerebral apoplexy of Lord Londonderry has been contradicted, on the authority of his faculties. His head was never of a *full* habit.

HER MAJESTY'S MARINE EXCURSION.

BRITANNIA has on this occasion ruled the waves with as much regularity as if it had been done by an office-ruler, and Boreas has been holding his breath with a delicacy that could hardly be expected from such a generally blustering character. The Royal yacht has been setting the whole coast in a state of commotion; for at every port she has passed, the mayor and corporation have been recklessly "putting off" with addresses in honour of her Majesty and Consort, doing that which they never had the smallest intention of doing. The civic authorities have everywhere been in a state of frightful excitement, straining their eyes through telescopes, and tearing down to the beach wherever the squadron came in view; firing salutes that could not be heard, preparing addresses that were never to be presented, and going out to sea in boats that were with difficulty got back again. The Mayor of Weymouth rushed with all the corporation at his heels, and having scrambled into a wherry with an address "cut and dried," had the annoyance of finding that themselves and the address were "cut" but certainly not "dried," for they got wet through with the surge before they got back again.

It seems that when the royal yacht was off Weymouth, the "civic authorities," who had rowed out to sea, set up a yelling and shouting from the boat, which was not heard, and could not therefore be answered, by the royal squadron. The mayor had the *heureuse idée* to tie his pocket-handkerchief to the end of one of the oars, which was hoisted, while the corporation, making speaking-trumpets of their hands, shouted with a pertinacity that was truly praiseworthy. Finding the royal yacht was scudding still further from the "authorities of Weymouth," a meeting was called in the boat, and the mayor was unanimously elected to the gunwale. It was proposed by the senior starboard alderman, and seconded by the larboard churchwarden, that the mayor should at any rate read the address in the direction of the royal yacht; and by way of bringing his words nearer to the royal ear, it was suggested that, while in the act of reading, he should look through a telescope. The mayor, supported by four of the corporation, and lashed down to the rowlock,

A REVENUE CUTTER.

proceeded to read the following address, with the little variations introduced by the wind and wave accompaniments:—

"May it please your (*a lurch*) Majesty,—We, the mayor and corporation (*a capsize*) of Weymouth (*a sea shipped*), humbly approach your Majesty (*here the craft swung round towards the shore*) with feelings of the deepest emotion (*cries of "Luff, luff!"*) at the honour you have this day conferred upon us by visiting our ancient (*here a head wind took the mayor on the larboard quarter, and brought him down on the boat's bottom*).

A sea-gull having appeared, apprehensions were entertained on board that it was one of Mother Carey's chickens. Orders were immediately given to put about, and the little craft ran for the shore, which she at length reached in safety. It had been the intention of the Mayor to present Prince Albert with the freedom of Weymouth, which would have given His Royal Highness the glorious privilege of driving a cart through the city, free of toll; but this honour is reserved for a future occasion. The freedom of Weymouth—consisting, we believe, of a perpetual turnpike ticket, printed on vellum—was carried out to sea, inclosed in a box, made of a fragment of the wooden portion of the old Weymouth weathercock. The "freedom" got, of course, wet through with sea-water; and as it will, of course, in future, always be moist in wet weather, it is in contemplation to send the "freedom" to Prince Albert, as a substitute for a weather-glass.

Royal Patronage of the Drama.

THE *Times'* report of the Queen's arrival in France states that Louis-Philippe sought out persons who could speak French to act as interpreters for Her Majesty's Household.—We can confidently state that the persons His Majesty honoured by his preference, were selected from the ENGLISH DRAMATIC AUTHORS' SOCIETY.

THE BARON'S GRATITUDE.

VERILY, those "Visitors and Inhabitants of Gravesend" who saw that truly great and immortal man, the Baron Nathan, on the occasion of his benefit, when, in the glory of his white kerseymeres, he threw off his feudal state, and bounded through the mazes—not of his castled Rosherville—but of his undying *Pas de trente-six œufs àl a coque*, to the ecstacy of admiring hundreds, had indeed a high treat.

Nor could "the Baron" have been less pleased when his baronial hall rang with the loudest plaudits. That he was grateful for the flattering patronage, he has since proved, in an address of great Terpsicho-literary merit, wherein he thanks his friends and the public for their kindness and liberality on that memorable night, when not an egg was cracked in his fandango, nor the poker or shovel moved, in his grand military dance of the Tongs and Broadsword.

From this treasured document, which, like the works of many other illustrious men, might only have earned a posthumous fame for its writer, had it not been for our fostering regard, we extract this passage:—

"Mr. BARON NATHAN has been frequently tempted to throw his pen aside, being perfectly aware that its feeble efforts would prove far, far inadequate to the feelings it is intended to delineate. B. N. much regrets, that his skill as a writer does not in some degree approach his skill as a dancer, but the latter being his peculiar forte he must perforce summon to his assistance a small portion of the rare quality of contentment and rest satisfied, though the nimbleness of his fingers does by no means equal that of his feet. 'The Baron,' however, cannot refrain from informing his *friends* that, had not pirouettes claimed the pre-eminence over composition, there *should* have appeared such a circular, which, though it might not exatly place his name in conjunction with that of Shakspeare, and immortalise him, might still have rendered his labours worthy of being rewarded by—PUNCH."

And they shall be recompensed. Whilst PUNCH, with his mighty, but impartial *bâton*, belabours Lord William Lennox for his lareeny, and Lord Brougham for his lunacy, with Jenkins and Mr. Moon for their respective sins, until their own sides ache with the chastisement, and the sides of their acquaintances with laughing at them, he respects real merit, such as the Baron Nathan's, and rewards it accordingly.

With a modesty, ever inseparable from high genius, the Baron, in conclusion, pleads for indulgence from his friends for any inattention—

"Numberless are the excuses he could offer for seeming negligence on his part, did he not perfectly agree with the observation that, 'the man who is good at making excuses, is good for nothing else,' and what would then become of dancing? and the motto of 'Virtute non verbis.'

"August 15, 1843."

PUNCH asks, "what indeed?" albeit the question is somewhat ambiguous. One of his ministers has already raised the Baron to several high and distinguished titles; we, moreover, allow him to style himself Count Caledonian—we give him the command of the Lancers, and invest him with the clean false-collar of the Order of the Mazurka. May he long live to enjoy the fame and privileges which must necessarily result from his being endowed with such distinguished honours; may the hens of England never cease to lay eggs for his unrivalled evolutions thereamongst.

CLAIMS AND OBJECTIONS.

THE present being the time fixed by the Act for claims and objections, we beg leave to note the following:—

CLAIM.—A literary reputation by Lord Wm. Lennox.—OBJECTED TO by the public in general.

CLAIM.—A place by Lord Brougham.—OBJECTED TO, on behalf of the country at large, by the Government.

CLAIM.—One and ninepence for washing.—OBJECTED TO by Jenkins, but objection quashed at the Court of Requests in Castle-street, and claim afterwards compromised.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

ADVICES from Southampton state that the works at the Docks are now proceeding rapidly, in consequence of the boy being removed thereto from Hungerford Suspension Bridge. This latter building has enjoyed such a constant state of *suspension*, that there can be no doubt of its ultimate success, although we shall not live to see it.

Literary Intelligence.

Mr. Colburn intends publishing a new edition of *The Tuft Hunter*, under the title of "ELEGANT EXTRACTS; by *Lord William Lennox*."

Printed by Messrs. Bradbury and Evans, Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the city of London, and published by Joseph Smith, of No. 53, St. John's Wood Terrace, Regent's Park, in the Parish of Marylebone, in the county of Middlesex, at the Office, No. 194, Strand, in the Parish of St. Clement Danes, in the County of Middlesex.—SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 9, 1843.

THE STORY OF A FEATHER.

CHAP. XXXIII.—A CONSPIRACY AGAINST PATTY.—MORE VISITORS TO NEWGATE.—THE MISSES PEACHICK OF MAN-TRAP PARK.

"DIDN'T you say you wanted to go into the prison?" asked Traply of Patty; for the turnkey became more impatient of the unprofitable delay of herself and friends. Patty instantly grasped the hand of Mrs. Lintley, and looking farewell to the apothecary and Inglewood, with a forced smile upon her face, hurried from the room, followed by Traply. "God help her!" exclaimed Lintley. "Amen—amen!" cried Inglewood, as from a writhing heart. Mrs. Lintley could say nothing, but weeping, placed her arm beneath her husband's, who, pressing it in token of conciliation, led her away. Nobody remained, save the widow, her maid Becky, and Mrs. Traply; the widow exclaiming against the stonyheartedness of all the world, and the turnkey's wife eloquently sympathising with her. The passion of Mrs. Cramp grew and grew with nursing; at length, in a paroxysm of love and grief, she vowed she would give her last shilling to the lawyers, rather than see her Edward murdered. He—the dear man!—had, with his own sweet lips vowed to her his innocence; and yet the world was made up of such wretches, they would not believe him! Nevertheless, she would spend her last shilling upon him.

Poor, departed Mr. Cramp! How—thought I—would it irk your ghost, could it know that all the harvest of your daily shuffling—all the bright, bliss-bestowing guineas, for which for a long life you played at bo-peep with the devil,—all were to be emptied into the bags of law, to save a highwayman for your disconsolate mate! Had Joseph Cramp toiled, and edged, and scraped,—and all to buy from Tyburn a husband for his widow? Surely, I thought, if elderly folk would now and then—whilst chaffering and fibbing in the world's market-place for the over-reaching pennyworth—if they would ponder on the future outlay of their gains when they themselves should be slabbed over with a flattering gravestone, they would let many a bargain slip, and with it many a sin! But no, with such folks the spirit of hard-dealing is a spirit hostile to death. It is impossible—thinks the hard huckster—that death should be so unmannerly as to surprise me in the middle of a bargain. No: with the miser, *every guinea got is a nail out of his coffin.* And so, *chuckling*, he draws nail and nail, and promises himself the days of Methusaleh, when abruptly comes Mr. Undertaker with his screw,—a surer implement than the sword of Cæsar.

Mrs. Traply was at length left alone, when, with housewife alacrity, putting her room straight, she placed me in a bureau amongst her other treasures. As she did so, she cried, "There's so many people about that Patty, she'll never be able to put it to-rights. If she gets off, I dare say she'll be like the rest, and never think of the kindness she's had in Newgate; and if she shouldn't, why then the thing's impossible." It was thus the turnkey's wife speculated upon the life and death of Patty Butler—upon the condition of an ostrich feather!

I was shut up in an old wainscot bureau, through which the light glimmered in twenty creaks, though not sufficiently to allow me to discern surrounding objects. I could, however, distinguish nearly every word that was uttered, though the sound came to me somewhat muffled. Hence, there was enough to alarm me for poor Patty. One whole day I was left in continual terror. Poor, dear Patty! I pictured her to myself in that dreary prison, surrounded by objects of misery and of vice in their thousand dreadful apparitions. I trembled for her: and then, remembering her sweet, invincible patience, the mighty gentleness of her heart, I knew she would retire within her own nature, enshrined from prison-taint: I had no fear of the crystal purity of her soul, but I trembled for her life, and, indeed, with good cause, from the voices I heard about me. My first London purchaser, Shadrach Jacobs, the old Jew, was a visitor at the hearth of Mr. Traply. He had been shown Patty in the prison, and he could not be mistaken; no, he never was, in all his life. And then, Mrs. Gaptooth would talk in a low voice to Shadrach, and afterwards laugh horribly. I shuddered, as I felt assured that the life of poor Patty was chaffered for by wretches. Then I heard Curlwell, in a voice of remonstrance, declare that he would have fair play; and then, twitted by Mrs. Gaptooth, who would call upon him to be a man, and not be made a fool of by a brazen slut, he would vow "he'd rather see her hanged than see another man have her." Mrs. Gaptooth would then declare "she was too good for him, but he must have his own way. She had no spite against the wench for her impudence; none—she couldn't feel spite for the poorest thing in the world—it wasn't by no means in her natur; nevertheless, she'd go and see her hanged with the greatest pleasure." The reader may believe that, from these broken sentences, I could piece out sufficient to make me tremble for Patty.

Days passed on, and from what I could hear, the next day was appointed for the trial of Clickly Abram and his confederate, as she was called, Patty Butler. Now it was the custom of Mrs. Traply—I know not whether it be common with the sex—to visit the treasures in her bureau, at least once a day. She would take up, and hang over, and smile and nod at various odds and ends of silk, and ribbon, and lace; and now and then sigh at an old fan, as though it brought back to her the days when she danced at Chester with Sir Mohawk Brush. The remnants of by-gone frippery among which I was placed, seemed to tie poor Mrs. Traply to the out-door world. There were laces in that bureau, knitted up with the strings of her maiden heart. There were pieces of silk which reminded her of her lustrous youth, when Newgate was to her a fable; a gloomy dream; and nothing more. Then would she sigh, and that sigh spoke of sad experience of hard Newgate stones.

It happened then that Mrs. Traply, in a mild, melancholy mood, took me, the morning before the trial, from my dark abiding-place. What she purposed with me I know not, but she was about to carry me from the room, when she was arrested in her intent by the sound of her husband. By the softened tones of his voice, I concluded that he was about to introduce Newgate visitors into his domestic retreat. I was right. The turnkey showed into his room three ladies and a gentleman; and as they entered, Mrs. Traply at the same time curtseyed, and flung me on the top of the bureau.

The male, and one of the female visitors, I immediately recognised as Mr. and Mrs. Flamingo, under whose auspices, it may be remembered, I was dressed for the Prince of Wales's cradle. They were accompanied by two elderly ladies; and I will here set down what I subsequently learned of them. They were maiden sisters, Miss Amelia and Miss Leonora Peachick, of Man-trap Park, in the county of Devonshire. They seemed, at first sight, as indeed they afterwards proved, sweet, good-hearted old women. Age and celibacy had not soured their tempers, but mellowed them. I have, indeed, remarked through life, that, where the female heart withstands the withering, chilling influence of singleness, it becomes rich, ripened with a thousand virtues, that render it one of the noblest hearts of the world. And thus it was with the Misses Peachick. To this excellence, they united a simplicity of mind almost childish. They were both of an age not to be spoken of, and this was their first visit to London. To them life had been a tolerably long walk upon lamb's-wool; and they knew little of misery, save of that misery in novels, which is generally hung with golden fringe at the end. Hence, in London, they were in a perpetual state of agitation, from the objects of crime and wretchedness which beset them. Every day they vowed they would start for Man-trap Park, there to end their days, forgetful, if possible, of the horrors they had seen; and every day Mr. and Mrs. Flamingo prevailed upon them to lengthen their visit: there was something yet so beautiful—so interesting, they *must* behold. What would their friends in Devonshire say, if they did not?

I know not if destiny had ordered it as a reward or trial of the virtues of the maiden Peachicks, that they should be sent as first-floor lodgers to the house of Flamingo; there, however, they were, and, under the potent persuasion of the feather-merchant, there they promised some time to remain. It was in vain that they protested they had seen enough of London; Mr. Flamingo knew better.

"No, no," cried the elder Miss Peachick, as she came timidly into the room, "I've had quite enough of this dreadful place! Dear me! Well, how anybody can live with bolts drawn upon them! And you mean to say, Mr. Flamingo, that all those men and women—the poor prisoners, Heaven bless 'em!—that they've all really done something wrong? They don't look like it. There must be some mistake."

"Most of 'em old hands, my lady," said Traply.

"Confirmed thieves and murderers," observed Flamingo, glibly.

"It can't be," cried Miss Leonora; "it's flying in the face of goodness to believe it."

"And is that poor woman a criminal, too?" asked Miss Amelia, pointing at Mrs. Traply.

"My wife, my lady," said the turnkey; and then added, with a grin, "sometimes a criminal for all that."

"Ha! and the good woman helps you to lock the poor things up, I suppose? And you live here, eh? Well, bless me! And you never let the prisoners out for an airing? They never take a ride, poor things?" asked Miss Leonora Peachick, in the innocence of fifty-three and rustic life.

"Never take a ride, my lady," answered Traply, that officer being mightily tickled by the simplicity of his guest; "never ride, 'cept when they go to be hanged."

"Don't talk in that way, my good man; it's impossible," cried Miss Amelia. "Why, you'll never tell me that they'll have the heart to kill any of those dear creatures we've just left. There's that sweet-looking little girl"—

"What, she! Click Abram's wife, as they call her? Ha, my lady!" and Traply tried to look grave. "Law's all luck; but if she hasn't a good share of it, I wouldn't give the valley of a neck of mutton for hers."

"What! kill that innocent mild-looking!—Come away, Leonora; come away, child. Don't let us stop in this wicked place, for fear it should fall upon us."

"My dear madam," said Flamingo, "there's more to see yet."

"We've seen quite enough of London," cried Amelia.

"Quite," said Leonora; "and nothing that's innocent and fit for Christian people to see but Mr. Gaind, the wax-work, Westminster Abbey, and"—

"The Tower and Bedlam is thought something of," said Flamingo, with a critical air.

"Oh! the king's crown and the jewels are very well—very respectable, and all that! But, Bedlam!—Well, I do hope," cried Miss Amelia, with the tears nearly in her eyes—"I do hope that the poor people are really mad, for then they can't know how badly they use 'em."

"Come along. I shall die if I stop here," said Miss Leonora. "Pray, come, Mr. Flamingo."

"Certainly—to be sure; and then, in our way back, we can peep at the debtors through the bars of the Fleet. Bless you, ladies! you hav'n't half seen London; there's enough to delight you yet for a week."

The maiden sisters, without an answer, fluttered from the room, Mr. and Mrs. Flamingo, with suppressed laughter, following them; and Mr. Traply conveying to his wife, by the eloquence of his looks, the most contemptuous opinion of his visitors.

The day passed—the next day came. It was the first day of the sessions. Mrs. Traply had taken me from the top of the bureau, where I had remained from the first appearance of the Miss Peachicks. She stood, pondering, I know not what; holding me between her fingers, when her husband—it was a busy day—hurried in.

"There you are again, thinking o' nothing but that cust feather," he cried, snatching me from her hands, and about to throw me into the fire. He then paused, and thrusting me under his waistcoat, ran from the room, his wife vainly clamouring after him.

In a few minutes—for I could peep very well from the bosom of the turnkey—I was in the court of the Old Bailey.

It was the duty of Traply to stand in the dock near to the prisoners. He took his place close to Click Abram and Patty Butler—there and then arraigned before the Bench.

THE SINGING MOUSE.

HIS engaging little *virtuoso* is fascinating distinguished parties of *dilettanti* every day. The singing mouse is a very low *contralto*, and is supposed to have studied in Italy, under one of the monks of La Trappe. It can run up to the very top of the scale, if there happens to be a piece of cheese in it, and will sing to the accompaniment of any instrument but a violin, for the little vocalist has a natural antipathy to cat-gut in any form. There is a rumour that the distinguished performer is to be engaged at one of the large theatres, but the treasury has been so thoroughly overrun with mice that the engagement of an extra one would appear superfluous. The assertion, that the lessees mean to have no more cats than will catch mice, gives some colour to the rumour. We have obtained a copy of the following:—

SONG OF THE SINGING MOUSE.

"When the cat 's away the mice will play"
Is an old and oft said thing;
But we never met with a proverb yet,
Which said that a mouse could sing.
My little throat can sustain a note
In a manner firm and easy;
'Tis *mus*cular force, as a matter of course,
That makes me of mice the Grisi.

PUNCH'S THEATRICAL GALLERY.

MR. WILLIAM WHOBBLES.

HIS accomplished member of the profession holds the situation of First Old Man, wherever he can get it. We need hardly tell the readers of *Punch* that the first old man in a dramatic company has always a great deal of property to leave in a will, and he accordingly has little to do in the usual run of farces, but to be duped by young ladies in white muslin, and to "cut off" young gentlemen in white trousers. Sometimes, when the part is an unusually good one, he has to make love to a chambermaid, which is usually done by poking her in the waist with his walking-stick, and giving vent to a guttural sound, supposed to be expressive of endearment. The stage old man is always talking about having been a "wild young dog" in his own time, and is particularly apt to forget the features of his own son, if the latter has been abroad for a year or two.

The costume of the "old man" is peculiar, for though possessed of ample means to provide himself with a new suit, he insists on wearing a sort of Taglioni, with large lappels to the pockets, such as was fashionable in the early days of the Accession of the House of Denmark. The worn out wig of a coachman covers his head, and his breeches are those of a footman; but nevertheless, his power of "cutting off" the light comedian with a shilling, makes every one look up to the "old man" with a degree of reverence and affection, which increases in intensity just before the fall of the curtain. If he has been bamboozled and insulted all through the piece, it generally appears a matter of some consequence to the younger of the *dramatis personæ* to get his "blessing" just before the "tag" is spoken. His liberality is sometimes unbounded on the stage; and if he is a landlord, he generally declines taking any rent, but renews leases on the most advantageous terms to the very worst tenants. He is, however, always in extremes; and if he happens to be playing an unamiable, instead of a benevolent old man, he turns families out of doors without a scruple. He is generally provided with four or five purses, and if he takes it into his head to relieve want, he never troubles himself to count the amount of his donation.

Mr. William Whobbles has an habitual stoop in his gait; his natural hair is shaved frightfully off his forehead, to admit of the imposition of "character wigs," and the razor is rigorously applied to anything in the shape of an incipient whisker.

THE BARON BEATEN.

OUR Paris correspondent informs us that there is a Mons. Auriol at the Cirque Olympique, in Paris, who dances on the top of several bottles without breaking or overturning one of them. We heard this intelligence with much grief, for we thought of Nathan, who has built upon new-laid eggs a reputation that will not speedily perish. We care not for Auriol and his wine-bottles, but would back our beloved Baron and his eggs against the world and all its wine-bottles. Nathan can wind in the graceful fandango through the labyrinths of the breakfast-table, and we have seen him go through the lively Tarantella amongst a complete dinner set. He has applied the rollicking buoyancy of the Zapateado to the fragile stillness of the dessert set, and has bounded over plate and finger-glass as lightly as the startled fawn over the modest marigold. We have seen all this, and heard the encouraging shouts of "Go it, Nathan!" from the almost breathless bystanders. Again, then, we say, we back the Baron and his eggs against Auriol and a whole rack of bottles.

COOL QUARTERS FOR THE SUMMER MONTHS.

APARTMENTS are advertised to be let "*Within* the 3 Miles' Stone, North Brixton."—We should like to see the key of the door.

UTOPIA.

We have the happiness to live in a country which has become the envy of surrounding nations. To this position it has attained, not merely from the universally admitted fact, that one single Utopian is equal, in personal prowess, to any three foreigners, but also, and in a greater measure, from the excellence of our institutions, from our moral exaltation, and from the peace and prosperity amid which we dwell.

Our aristocracy are not distinguished from the common people, as they are in other countries, only by their titles and superior wealth, but also by their character and qualities. Their fortune placing them above the necessity of labour, they occupy the time which is thus placed at their disposal in the exercise and improvement of their minds. Some set themselves to the study of moral philosophy, with a view to applying the principles of that science to legislation, which is the natural province of those who have no private cares. Others, consulting the bent of their genius, devote themselves to the pursuit of physical knowledge; and not a few are employed in cultivating Literature and the Fine Arts. Hence, among our aristocracy, we have more jurisconsults, astronomers, chemists, engineers, physiologists, historians, biographers, poets, painters, musicians, and sculptors of eminence, than in the whole nation besides, and than it is possible here to enumerate. Whereas, in other countries, the privileged orders are a lazy, unprofitable set of people, whose only serious business consists in making laws for their own interests, and by far the greater part of whose time is devoted to frivolous amusements.

Abroad, it is a well-known fact that the clergy have nothing to do but to preach a sermon once in seven days, or that if they have more to do, they never do it; moreover, that those of the higher orders are rolling in wealth, while their inferiors, who are the most worked, are scandalously ill-paid; and everybody is aware that, instead of busying their lives in the cure of souls, their continual aim, except in the case of those who neglect their social as well as their professional duties, is to provide for their wives and children. How edifying is the contrast which is presented to them by the clerical body at large in this our favoured land! Our bishops, in the receipt of enormous incomes, are nevertheless poor; considering themselves merely as stewards, for the benefit of the necessitous, of the possessions which are intrusted to their care. Their lives are spent in superintending and directing the operations hourly carried on by their subordinate brethren against immorality and vice, by personally attacking and eradicating them in their strongholds and fastnesses—the habitations of the ignorant poor. All our clergymen receive salaries adequate to their wants, which—they having to a man renounced the world, as the first step towards persuading others to do the same—are but few.

Our laws are not only just and equitable in themselves, but are so administered as to give no one class of men an advantage over another. All evil-doers are punished with equal severity; and if a poor man's rights are invaded in any way, he can, without the slightest hindrance or difficulty, sue his wronger for redress. Now, in other countries which we could name, monopoly and class-legislation prevail; fines are disproportioned to the circumstances of delinquents; and law is an expensive luxury.

The excellence of our enactments arises from the manner in which they are framed. Our legislators are guided, in making them, by pure reason; and every clause of every bill which is passed in Parliament is the conclusion of an impregnable syllogism. But, elsewhere, it is customary among senators to make their minds up on all questions before they meet to discuss them; and that, too, not according to their supposed merits, but to the principles and prejudices of a faction.

Our workmen receive just wages from their employers, who also expect no more than a fair profit upon their goods or produce. In other countries it is usual for the capitalist to over-work and under-pay the labourer, and to cheat the consumer.

Finally, we are at all times ready to help one another when in distress, to speak well of our neighbours, and to rejoice in their good fortune; while on the Continent, and, indeed, all over the rest of the world, envy and slander are very common, and the maxim universally adopted is, "Everybody for himself, and Providence for us all."

Another Addition to the Peerage.

A vacancy having occurred by the extinction of a Peerage at Greenwich, it has been proposed to confer the dignity on a pile of wood-work and a flight of steps at Vauxhall. It having been intimated, however, that to bestow a Peerage without a revenue would be merely encumbering the bridge with a dignity that it could not sustain, the proposition was negatived. The Pier at Blackfriars has paired off in consequence of old age, and we regret to say, is breaking very rapidly.

Rise of the Mercury.

Lord William Lennox has made a very handsome offer to the proprietors of the *Morning Post* for the statue of Mercury over their old office in the Strand, to adorn his mansion in Berkeley Square. Mercury being the God of—Plagiarists, his Lordship thinks he cannot have a better presiding deity amongst his Penates.

SONGS FOR THE TEMPERATE.

I.

Drain the iron ladle's bowl,
Pass it flowing round;
Foaming from the fire-plug,
See the liquid bound.
Hock, Lafitte, or St. Peray,
What are they to me?
Aldgate, Thames, Hugh Middleton,
Shall our potions be.

(chorus).
Drain the iron ladle's bowl,
Never mind the chain;
Wash it out when you have drunk,
And pump it full again.

Pass the Limpid! fill once more,
Drink it to excess;
Wreath your brows with rushes gay,
And jovial watercress.
From the cistern's gushing pipe,
Mantling see it jump;
Or the costless fluid, which
Has been six years in pump!

(chorus).
Drain the iron ladle's bowl,
Never mind the chain;
Wash it out when you have drunk,
And pump it full again.

II.

Sing, sing, who sings
To her who ruleth a thousand springs!
Who is this noble trump?
The Pump, boys, the Pump!
The mother of ginger beer,
The queen of the liquid clear.
For cheaper is she than wine can be,
Though not best relish'd in company.

Drink, drink, who drinks
To her who yieldeth, but never shrinks.
Where doth this conduit dwell?
'Tis the Well, boys, the Well!
For she, a good friend of mine,
Ne'er maketh a man repine.
If dry were she, no tea could be,
Nor any temperance company.

THE CARTOONS.

Now that the exhibition has closed at Westminster Hall, the spectators must fall back upon the walls of the metropolis for gratuitous pictorial amusement. The people are requested to decide whether the cartoon of Mr. Webster, No. 4 from the Club-house, on the Trafalgar Hoard, of the Queensberry Fête, with the gentleman dancing on the right hand and the lady on the left, is not equal in spirit to that put forward by the Wizard of the North, expressive of the passions of joy and sorrow, at having witnessed, and not having been to, his performance. The fresco printing-ink in which they are executed is warranted to resist all weathers.

Foreign Intelligence.

Kensington is still in the hands of the people, and the popularity of Pummell (the beadle) is not diminishing. The fourth pavior has pronounced, but as he was in liquor at the time, his pronunciation was too indistinct to be understood by any one. The Chelsea Junta has declared itself perpetual, and was dispersed by policeman Æ .0001 immediately afterwards. A few *Exaltados* collected on the Knightsbridge cab-stand, and seemed disposed to treat—a disposition of which the police on duty immediately availed themselves. A good deal depends on the resolution come to by the vestry; but as all resolution seems to have gone from them, it is difficult to say what will be the result of the struggle.

A Fine Hash.

Since the King of Hanover has returned to his kingdom, he has been more kindly spoken of. This would seem as if Ernest like venison—was all the better when rather *far gone*.

YOUNG ENGLAND AND YOUNG FRANCE.

Her Majesty who, during her visit to Eu, was frequently with the Count of Paris, told him she had a little boy at home who would make him an excellent playmate. We trust that Young France and Young England will never engage in the silly game of "beggar my neighbour," or be foolish enough to realise the warlike prognostication of *Le National*, a paper that must be particularly popular with the cheesemongers of Paris, if we may judge from its *gémissemens* at Louis Philippe's importation of "Cheshire," on the occasion of the recent visit.

We can fancy the colloquy the editor imagines would ensue in the event of the infant royalties coming into collision, which the *National* doubtlessly would picture as the encounter of two young game-cocks.

Young England. Ah! *parlez-vous*, is that you?

Young France. Oui, Monsieur Vales.

Young E. What, you want to play at soldiers again, do you? You 've forgotten Waterloo, *Parlez-vous?*

Young F. No, Mons. Vales. I thank you for reminding me of that injury.

Young E. Pshaw! injury—has not it made us friends, *parlez-vous?*

Young F. Visiting acquaintances if you please, Mons. Vales. Ah! there is *another* wrong never to be forgotten.

Young E. What do you mean?

Young F. Remember Eu!

Young E. I was not there—it was my mamma, the Queen, who visited your grandad.

Young F. True—but that devastating invasion of my native land—my beloved France—can never be expunged from my memory, or that of the Editor of the *National*. Listen to the inquiries of that noble but parsimonious patriot: "What has become of those gigantic cheeses, which the King ('my grand-dad') imported from England?"

I make the same inquiry, and let your mamma answer it!

* * * *

FRENCH VERSION OF VICTORIA'S VISIT TO FRANCE.

ROYAL MESMERISM.

We know very well what is meant by the friendship of perfidious Albion. Queen Victoria comes to Eu from no compliment to France; but to wheedle Louis Philippe out of a commercial treaty—in favour of British Iron and British Cotton. We are credibly informed, we swear it (*nous le jurons*)—Her Majesty disembarked with the treaty smuggled in the lining of her parasol, and who can doubt that she will mesmerise Louis Philippe by her blandishments, and so—whether he will or not—compel His Majesty to sign it. *A bas, l'Angleterre! A bas, perfide Albion!* [From La Presse.]

CONSTITUTIONAL QUESTION.

The great constitutional question whether the Queen could go to France, was all of a sudden settled by her going there. We had been reading up Fleta, with a view to its elucidation, and had got through the 98th volume of the Reports, when our inquiry was put an end to by the arrival of the intelligence, that the Royal legs were at that moment under French mahogany. We mean, however, to turn-on all our information to the equally important question, whether the Overseer of Chelsea can legally and constitutionally go to Kensington during his year of office. The overseer thinks he can. Pummell, the beadle—who generally hits the right nail upon the head—believes he can't; and we are of opinion, that there ought to be a parochial regency, or that the beadle's cocked hat should be put into commission until the return of the overseer to the seat—we mean of course the easy-chair—of government. In constitutional language the overseer "is always abroad;" and like the maxim, that the Sovereign never dies, the saying that the "overseer is always out," seems to warrant his going to any lengths whatever.

PUNCH'S GOSSIP.

HOW TO SERVE PAUPERS.

As poverty is the lowest, so is it the most impudent, of the whole family of vices. Pride is a gentlemanly failing, and sins sweetly and respectably. It smells of civet, and turning its varnished cheek to the sun, walks abroad in purple and fine linen. Nay, it rides in a coach and four; and, in hours of penitential castigation, bolts itself in a pew of best upholstery, and, in a fit of humility, lasting at least a couple of hours, calls itself a miserable sinner. Hence pride at the worst has its good graces. At all events, it never offends that extraordinary abstraction, Public Decency—for though we hear much about it, it is nevertheless sometimes as difficult to discover as a City policeman. No; Pride being a vice that is well-to-do in the world, may be called respectable. Pride keeps a barouche!

Drunkenness may, or may not, be respectable according to its education. When we say education, we mean the peculiar bottle it studies. For the Drunkenness that ponders over champagne, is a very different vice to the Drunkenness that takes libations from pewter quarterns.

Arrogance is also a vice that may have its laudation. It rarely consorts with beggars; but is at least among that suspicious class, the respectable.

Covetousness and Avarice are called vices; for our part, we have ever thought them amongst the noblest virtues. And so, indeed, in their heart of hearts, do nine men out of ten think them. And this is what they do: they give them hard names, and then, to make amends for the seeming harshness, take them to their bosoms; in the same way that a foolish mother, when she sees her baby

ROYAL MESMERISM.

BEING A FRENCH VERSION OF VICTORIA'S VISIT TO FRANCE.

doing all sorts of household misdemeanours, cries, "You little wretch!" and then catches the child in her arms, and covers it with kisses.

There are a few other vices that may all of them be turned into passable virtues, if found in good company. Lust, cruelty, selfishness, each and all of these may have a pretty *aliàs*; another trilling, musical name for the long ears of biped thistle-eaters. But there is one vice—and that vice is Poverty—which all men declare to be infamous, incorrigible, incapable of amendment; a leper—a wretch—a monster—to be confined in cabins and cellars, or sent like a scape-goat into the howling wilderness.

Very recently has the public been disgusted by the antics of this monster-vice. Do what legislators will, poverty will be troublesome, expensive. We have tried hard to kill it; but Poverty is feline, and has nine lives. It is our belief that a pauper—we mean a resolute, hard-hearted, obstinate English pauper—would live, ay, and out of the very excess of his daring, look fat and saucy in an air-pump.

And this reminds us that there is a species of plant that requires nothing but air. Let it depend from wall or ceiling, and it will grow and flourish, and "dedicate its blossoms" to the sun with nothing more than the atmosphere to feed it. It is our faith that paupers might be treated in this fashion. For instance, let every Union be furnished with what may, with pardonable humour, be called a nursery; this nursery to be fitted up with so many hooks in a low ceiling. To each hook hang your child. It will, of course, squall at first; but this, in time, it will learn to get over. Let the room be supplied with plenty of air, and nothing else. When the children have so much grown that their toes are within an inch of the floor, they may be cut down and apprenticed, or otherwise dealt with. This habit, contracted in their infancy, of living solely upon air, will be of daily use to them as they become men and women.

As however there are about a million of adults—vicious wretches, otherwise known as paupers—other means must be taken to provide for them; they being too old to be submitted to what we may call the Poor Law hook.

The ancient and muddy town of Brentford has of late been scandalised by the doings of its paupers, who refused to be branded. A rebel, too, of Camberwell parish, only a week since, tore off some of the marks. "Brentford Union" were marked in *black letters on the knees, arms, front and back* of the pauper's raiment: the audacious rebel of Brentford, *William Scott*, tore up the same, it was so infested with certain creatures that are apt to keep low company. *Thomas Wood*, of Camberwell, was a similar offender!

Of the wisdom, the humanity, the christian loving-kindness, shown in these *black letters*, there can be no doubt. These virtues are printed in them—plainly as in the gospel. And yet Poverty will *not* have an external mark. Arrogant, impudent poverty!

We have, however, a plan by which nearly all pauper clothing may be saved. Of course we would have every pauper branded. It is but proper that having nothing, the rascality of the wretch should be made manifest to all men. Therefore, we would have the Union surgeon attend at those hours when paupers are admitted, that he may slit the nose and cut off the ears of every adult claiming relief. (The babies, as we have said, we would provide for by making them air animals—by hanging them up.) In addition to this, we would have every tooth extracted from the mouth of a pauper. Now, taking the average, every pauper would supply five good marketable teeth: we know not the price of molars and incisors, but say—if regular and of good colour, and not much worn, a defect not likely—they would fetch a shilling a tooth. Here would be five shillings got with every pauper; five shillings to begin with, besides the marks made in his mouth, significant of the beggar's condition. Again, dispossessed of every tooth, it is not likely that the pauper would refuse the gruel, an impertinence to which he is now very prone, in favour of hard, stringy beef.

We have now slit the pauper's nose, cut off his ears, and pulled out his every tooth. Nevertheless, we have not done with our work of branding. No. We will have the pauper tattooed with a large P covering the whole of his breast—another P of equal size on his back—and a small *p* in the palm of either hand. And thus the wretch, marked pauper, should live and die, and be buried with the *stigmata*—that so, rising with them at the last account, it might be seen how villanous was poverty in the eyes of the angels!

Well, we have branded the pauper. The villain can deceive neither magistrate nor constable. He is marked for ever. And having marked him, our next object is to save his parish the great expense of raiment. Hence, we would have the pauper *tanned alive*. There might be a little pain in the operation, but never mind that. It is a truth, proved by the French revolutionists, that the human skin, well tanned, will make admirable saddle-leather.

The pauper thus tanned, and kindly rendered weather-proof, needs but the merest rag of raiment. Public benevolence having vindicated itself, public decency must, of course, not be neglected. And thus, have we discovered a plan by which the insolence of Union beggars may be thwarted. They tear their clothes with the *black marks*, and destroy the parish property. Well, we render clothes unnecessary to them, and, having done so, and slit their noses, cropped their ears, drawn their teeth, branded them with four P's, and tanned their cuticles, they may then, if it shall so please them—tear their skins.

Q.

COLLOQUII ROMANI FACETIÆ;

SEU, CANINO LOQUENDI MODO, PALEA ROMANORUM.

I.

DIALOGUS INTER GENEROSUM ET AURIGAM CONDUCTITIUM.

(For explanation see *)

Aur. C'rrus! C'rrus!
Gen. Hem!
Aur. Adestis, Domine!
Gen. Heus! tu, quæso—
Aur. Quid sit?
Gen. Caballus iste vester—
Aur. De illo quid?
Gen. Jovem nuper coluit,
Aur. Te reverentior est.
Gen. Pro tegula quantum?
Aur. Quanti capillamentum?
Gen. Vectura quænam est ad Forum?
Aur. Robertuli tres.
Gen. Scilicet!
Aur. Intervallo milliarium quatuor distat.
Gen. Tu es bellus homo!
Aur. Quid tu?
Gen. Age—festina igitur.
Aur. Insilito.
Gen. Jam demum!
Aur. St!

NOTE.

Facetiæ, *the Humours*, Romanii Colloquii, *of Roman Conversation*, seu, *or*, canino modo, *in the canine manner*, loquendi, *of speaking*, Palea, *the Chaff*, Romanorum, *of the Romans*.

Dialogus, *a dialogue*, inter, *between*, Generosum, *a Gentleman*, et, *and*, Aurigam conductitium, *a hired charioteer* (*or Cabman*).

Aur. *Cabm.* C'rrus! C'rrus. (*for* Currus! Currus!) *Keb! Keb!*

Gen. *Gent.* Hem! *Hallo!*

Aur. Adestis, *Here you are*, Domine, *Sir!*

Gen. Heus! *Ho!* tu, *thou*, quæso, *I pray*—(as though he should exclaim "I say, you!")

Aur. Quid, *What*, sit, *may it be?*

Gen. Iste, *That*, caballus, *horse*, vester, *of yours*—

Aur. Quid, *What*, de illo, *concerning him?*

Gen. Nuper, *Lately*, coluit, *hath worshipped*, Jovem, *Jupiter* (*hath said his prayers*).

Aur *. Est, *He is*, reverentior, *more reverent*, te, *than you*, (i. e. "That's more than you have," as the moderns say).

Gen. Quantum, *How much* (*will you take*) pro, *for*, tegulâ, (*your*) *tile?*

Aur. Quanti, *Of what value* (*is*) capillamentum, (*your*) *wig?*

Gen. Quænam, *What*, est, *is*, vectura (*your*) *fare*, ad Forum, *to the Forum?*

Aur. Tres, *Three*, Robertuli, *diminutives of Robert*; (*in the vernacular, Bob.*)

Gen. Scilicet! *Forsooth!*

Aur. Distat, *It is distant*, intervallo, *by the interval*, milliarium quatuor, *of four miles.*

Gen. Tu es, *Thou art*, bellus homo, *a nice man!*

Aur. Quid, *What* (*art*), tu, *thou?*

Gen. Age, *Come*, festina, *get along*, igitur, *then.*

Aur. Insilito, *Jump thou in, or do thou jump in.*

Gen. Jam demum! *Now then!*

Aur. St! *Tcckick!*

Cause and Effect.

We understand that the Hops are looking very promising in Kent. Their flourishing condition cannot be wondered at, considering that Baron Nathan has been sojourning in the neighbourhood.

THE QUEEN, LOUIS PHILIPPE, AUBER, AND JENKINS.

LOUIS PHILIPPE, whilst the Queen was at Eu, suddenly wanted an ode in celebration of her Majesty's visit. Auber, the composer, was on the spot, but there was no poet to be found, and the King sent everywhere in search of one. As luck would have it, Jenkins was caught hold of. On its being intimated to Jenkins that an ode was required, he consented at once to be locked up, on condition that "unlimited beer"—the source of all his inspiration, should be permitted him.—Having dipped his Perryian into his portable pennyworth of ink, he thus, in his own peculiar French, delivered himself of a

Chanson à la Reine Victoire.

Je me donne loyalement la peine,
D'écrire quelques vers à la Reine,
Je suis un homme très petit
Dans mon âmé et dans mon esprit,
Quand le soleil regarde clair
Tout est riant dans l'air,
Quand le nuit est obscur,
Tout est triste, soyez sur.
Mais quand la Reine ici vient,
Tout est bel, ah ! tout va bien.

Upon Jenkins offering these words to Auber, the great musician rose indignantly from his seat and rang the bell. On a domestic entering, the composer observed with dignity, "*Otez ce maudit Janquin. Il faut le mettre dehors.*" Jenkins was accordingly carried off by the lacquey, kicking and struggling as he went, and protesting against *Virtuoso* treating *Dilettanti* so cruelly. Louis Philippe, with his usual good humour, bestowed on the unfortunate Jenkins the Cross of the Legion of Arithmetic, for the extraordinary skill he had shown in multiplying nothing by nothing—as exemplified in his writing several lines with nothing in them, and which amounted to nothing when concluded.

CATALOGUE

TO THE MUSEUM OF MR. SPINKEY.

R. SPINKEY is a gentleman holding a situation under his employer in Mincing-lane, and a front and back parlour, under his first floors, in Canonbury-road. Fond of curiosities, he has collected a small, but select, museum, of objects of *vertu*, which he liberally throws open to public inspection every morning, from seven to eight, at the time the housemaid is dusting the room with the windows up.

Like all rare collections, this has been got together from time to time ; and at a small expense, compared to the value of the specimens, which embrace remarkable subjects in natural history, philosophy, and the high schools of arts and sciences.

THE CHIFFONNIER stands against the north wall, and between two pictures, one of which is the popular picture of the Woodman walking through the snow with his dog, after he has determined to spare the tree, which adorns most small first floors ; and the other is a fine copy of the celebrated second-hand, all-sort-shop Spaniels, at four-and-sixpence the group. Like the *Tribune* in the Florentine gallery, the Chiffonnier contains the choicest things in the collection ; by which we do not allude to the mixed pickles and potted bloater in the interior, but those displayed upon its shelves, the most remarkable of which we now proceed to point out.

No 1. A chromatic egg upon a wine-glass pedestal, presented by Miss Tonks. This curious specimen of native art in the transfer of colours was effected by enveloping the egg in tinted ribbons, and boiling it whilst in that state. It may be gratifying to know that the whole of the ribbons used, as well as the egg, were of English manufacture.

2. Two large glass phials. These are, perhaps, the greatest curiosities in the room. One of them contains specimens of the Isle of Wight sand, in which are views of the Needles and Freshwater Caves, with their names underneath, for fear one should be taken for the other. The second phial is filled by a railway engine, tender, and carriage ; and both excite the wonder of the spectators, in imagining how the contents were got in.

3. A pincushion made like a guitar, with needles for strings. This is presumed to be a souvenir of the early affections of Mr. Spinkey. The pins are very ingeniously arranged in vandykes round the edge, and are evidently held sacred. Close to it are a pen-wiper, made of little round bits of coloured cloth, in imitation of wafers, and a book-mark, formed of silk, twisted round a card, with slips of gold paper worked into the words *L'amitié*. They are most likely from the same hand, and very good specimens of the fancy-work of the middle ages, or those between ten and fourteen, in young ladies' schools.

4. Model of a Swiss Chalet, in plaster of Paris. This exquisite work of art was purchased of a talented foreigner, who walks about at evening with a whole village upon his head. On gala nights Mr. Spinkey places a piece of wax-end inside, which he lights ; and the illumination shining through the windows of blue, green, and crimson glass, has a very pleasing effect.

On the MANTELPIECE, which is chastely formed by one solid piece of white marble, running in a horizontal position above the fire-place, and backed by a looking-glass, patiently worked into arabesques by the diamond rings of former lodgers, when they had any, are seen—

5. Two exquisite wax figures, of a Dutch peasant girl endeavouring to dispose of her brooms, and a Spanish troubadour playing the light guitar. There was formerly a third figure as a companion to the above, but it has disappeared, and nothing now remains but a pair of blue boots upon a roundabout green stand. There is some singular mechanism concealed in these figures, which makes them move their heads and hands when shaken. This refers more particularly to the broom-girl, since some weakness in the cervical arrangements of the troubadour has allowed his head to tumble over his frill, and gives him the appearance of having "crick in the neck."

6. A stone peach, much admired on account of its close resemblance to artificial fruit in general. It is a standing pleasantry with Mr. Spinkey to offer it to his friends as a real one, and then enjoy their disappointment upon trying to bite it, which they usually affect to do with great good humour.

7. Two very beautiful specimens of fancy-work. These are composed of two circular pieces of pasteboard, round the circumference of which straws are stuck in holes made for that purpose. Between these straws blue ribbon is woven in and out, after the manner of hurdles ; and within them is placed a doctor's bottle, containing a little water, for the reception of flowers. Mr. Spinkey uses them to keep his groundsel fresh and green for the refection of a fine living specimen of the feathered tribe from the Canary Islands, which hangs in the window.

Should Mr. Spinkey much longer have his

RENT IN ARREAR,

we hear it is the intention of government to purchase this interesting museum, through the medium of a broker, instead of allowing it to become dispersed. A black profile of Mr. Spinkey, which hangs by the fire-place, cut out of paper for a shilling at the Albert Saloon, Margate, and adorned by a facetious friend with a pipe in the mouth and a pig-tail behind, would form an interesting *addendum*, and recal the founder of the collection, like the portrait of Hunter in the College of Surgeons. We call upon the nation not to let the opportunity escape.

THE QUEEN AT BRIGHTON.

THE Queen has arrived at Brighton, and Sir Something Brown, the projector of the Chain Pier, had the honour of assisting Her Majesty and seven others from the Royal yacht into the boat that was lying alongside for their reception. A man, who has had the weight of this pier on his shoulders, could, no doubt, sustain the burden of assisting royalty and its attendants from the deck of one vessel to the floor of another. It seems that the Queen and Prince Albert came so unexpectedly down on the toll-keeper at the Pier, that he was nearly guilty of the enormity of demanding twopence, thus placing a penny on the head of the Sovereign. Happily, the Royal coppers were rescued from this atrocious inroad, by Prince Albert's taking out of a snuff-box that convenient turnpike-ticket, the "freedom of Brighton."

PUNCH'S PARTING TRIBUTE TO JENKINS.

THE illustrious nobody who has long afforded our readers much amusement, cannot be consigned to the obscurity from which we reluctantly dragged him, without some appropriate memorial of his value and pretension. The annexed engraving, intended for that purpose, is a magnified design for a tobacco-stopper, to be cast—need we add—in brass. The inscription in Jenkins-French has been submitted to the Editor of the *Morning Post*, who perfectly reciprocates the sentiments expressed in it.

OH ! Jenkins, homme du peuple—mangez bien *,
Désormais avec toi nous ferons rien,
Vous êtes tout usé—chose qui montre la corde, †
Nos lecteurs étaient mal de toi d'abord :
Allez-vous-en—votre bâton coupez vîte,
En Ponch jamais votre nom—désormais sera dite.

A Temperance Sum.

GIVEN : Father Mathew has, on his late visit to London, administered the pledge to 60,000 persons. Find—how many have kept it.

* *Mangez bien*, is a Jenkinsonian French expression signifying literally—fare well.
† A threadbare subject. The Jenkinsonian French for "threadbare" being *qui montre la corde*.

A TEETOTALLER IN DIFFICULTIES.

To the Editor of Punch.

SIR,—A fortnight ago, overcome by the persuasive eloquence of Father Mathew, I became a teetotaller. I will not deny that I have derived some advantage from this step ; my morals and intellect having been beneficially affected by it. But, sir, herein lies my misfortune. It is true that I have got rid of the gout in my feet ; but my conscience has become so extremely tender, that there is hardly a step, metaphorically speaking, that I can take without pain. It is also true that I have exchanged the gratification of my appetites for the cultivation of my mind ; I have abandoned hard drinking for hard reading ; and water has inspired me with a thirst for truth ; which lies, as you are aware (though of course you do not "doubt truth to be a liar"), at the bottom of a well. But science has so sharpened my understanding, that it has begun to prick my moral sense most uncomfortably, insomuch that, unless you can suggest some sedative (without a joke) to quiet its excitability, I fear that it will take on inflammation ; in which case I shall be a lost man—found in a straight waistcoat. I have taken to studying chemistry, wherein I have made a most satisfactory progress ; only the revelations which it has imparted to me have made me very unhappy.

You must know, sir, that I have taken a solemn pledge to abstain from all intoxicating liquors. Alcohol is an intoxicating liquor ; therefore I have taken a solemn pledge to abstain from alcohol. I have been attending to Logic lately, as well as to Chemistry ; and you will have seen from the above syllogism with what accuracy—accuracy, alas, how fatal !—I can reason.

Alcohol is the product of vinous fermentation. It is generated when a solution containing starch or sugar is put by in a warm place, and allowed to ferment. Now, since my repudiation of spirituous liquors, I have acquired a predilection for sweets ; you are aware, I suppose, that this taste is an acknowledged test of sobriety. Well, sir, the other morning, at breakfast, observing a sort of froth, composed of mucilaginous globules, inclosing carbonic acid, on a pot of raspberry jam, some of the contents of which I was about to spread on a piece of French roll ; the horrible idea occurred to my mind, that the sweetmeat might contain a portion of alcohol. To resolve my doubts, I immediately subjected the suspicious substance to distillation ; when, to my consternation, I found it to afford a quantity of fluid, including per cent., of—

Water.	97·0
Acetic Acid	2·0
Alcohol !	1·0 !
	100·0

A pint-bottle of ginger-beer, submitted to the same process, yielded three parts in a hundred of the same pernicious fluid ; and when I came to discover the per centage of it combined with a mass of calves'-foot jelly from the pastrycook's, I was thunderstruck. I must restrict myself to ripe fruit, I suppose ; but even that, if over-ripe, may not be safe.

But this is not all. I find that in the preparation of ordinary bread, spirit is found to a considerable amount. This, it is consoling to reflect, is mostly driven off in the baking ; but new bread, which is moist, may be contaminated with a minute admixture of it ; I shall, therefore, be obliged to eat mine stale—which I hate.

Moreover, potatoes and other farinaceous vegetables contain starch, and are apt to ferment in the stomach ; and, knowing this, I fear, if I eat them, I shall be answerable for their doing so in mine.

Alcohol is composed of carbon, hydrogen, and oxygen, in certain proportions, of which the axiom "Union is Strength" is physically true. It is not, therefore, to carbon, to oxygen, or to hydrogen, individually, that the teetotaller objects ; it is to the nefarious alliance of the three.

They exist, uncombined in such proportions, in all animal and vegetable substances ; fearing, therefore, that they might, if I followed my accustomed diet, enter, within my system, into that peculiar confederacy which I have forsworn, I did think, at one time, of taking them separately for food. But oxygen and hydrogen not being procurable in a solid form, and carbon only in that of charcoal or of diamond, I was obliged to relinquish this intention.

I will now conclude by giving you the opinion of a phrenological friend. He tells me that my organ of conscientiousness is over-irritable ; and as spirits are known to have the effect of hardening the brain, he recommends me to have *recourse to them medicinally*. I am, sir, &c.,

SCRUPULOSUS.

The French Press and the French Prince.

THE *Journal des Débats* is in exstacies, as it ought to be, with the little Count of Paris. "The Prince," says the French journalist, "only breathes for the greatness and glory of France." We have no doubt that every respiration of the young Prince acts beneficially on the atmosphere, so as to add to the bulk of the country and augment its honour. Allowing that "he breathes only for the greatness and glory of France," let us ask the *Journal des Débats* what effect is produced on the country when the Prince sneezes ?

THE HERNE BAY STEEPLE CHASE.

THE ingenuity of the inhabitants of Herne Bay has accomplished another triumph. Not content with the glorious reputation of belonging to a city without inhabitants, they are now endeavouring to get up a race without a horse to run in it. Bills have been circulated, regulations have been made, distances chalked out, stewards appointed, and, in fact, everything necessary to constitute a first-rate steeple chase has been done, and the only thing now wanted is a horse—only one horse—just to walk over the ground and take the money.

Among the conditions of the race are one or two of such a humorous nature, that *Punch* regrets the writer of them is not one of his contributors. "The winner is to be sold for 300*l.*, if demanded, in the usual way." Fancy a Herne Bay winner being demanded for 300*l.*!! Certainly, if he has the spirit to run at all on such a melancholy occasion, he must be worth something; but 300*l.* is a joke of the most rampant order.

A YOUNG MAN CAPABLE OF LOOKING AFTER A HORSE.

As if two negatives could really make an affirmative, the steeple chase with no horses is to be followed up by a second chase, for which the "field" promises to be exactly the same in number, weight, and quality; but with a very proper disinclination to make useless appointments, the projectors of the scheme have left a blank opposite the word "*Treasurer.*"

Provincial Intelligence.

OUR correspondent at Cheshire writes in the very lowest spirits as to Cheese. If his melancholy state continues—if cheese does not look up—we fear our correspondent will go out of his mind with morbid sensibility. The Queen's visit to France, and the expectation that her Majesty would have lived on cheese during her trip, caused a temporary gaiety in the town of Chester, and a meeting was to have been called, at which the Mayor was to have presided. The Anti-Cheese party, however, made a strenuous effort, and defeated the project; but in answer to a requisition of some of the inhabitants, the Mayor is said to have declared himself "heart and soul with them."

SONG OF THE PLEDGED ONE.

Air—*The fairest Flower.*

I HAVE known of drink the power,
I have tippled at the Bower;
I have floundered on my feet,
I have tumbled in the street;
To stand could not contrive,
The greatest sot alive;
But, gentle friends, no fudge,
I'm as sober as a judge.
With a loud Gee Wo!

But Father Mathew came,
And made me blush with shame—
He rather made me start,
When the pledge he would impart.
I water once did scorn,
For brandy I was born;
But, oh! my feelings spare,
Cold water 's now my fare,
For the medal I must wear,
With a sad heigho!

ANECDOTES OF THE ROYAL TRIP.

ALL the ordinary reporters concur in stating that Her Majesty was all life and spirit on her late visit to the King of the French. We are happy in being able, by the aid of that inveterate eaves-dropper, our "own reporter," to furnish a few particulars of the *bon mots* and *jeux d'esprit*, by which our Queen succeeded in charming our neighbours.

In allusion to the absurd reports of the French press, that Her Majesty had come over to France for the purpose of getting Louis Philippe to sign a treaty of commerce, the Queen good-naturedly remarked that, "with such a sagacious old bird as Admiral Mackau at his side, it was not likely that the king of the French would be taken advantage of."

N.B.—In order to understand this joke, it may be necessary that the reader should be aware that Admiral Mackau—a very long-headed statesman—was one of the guests on the occasion alluded to.

It has been already stated that Louis Philippe made 'Her Majesty a present of a handsome china vase. The Queen, on accepting it, observed with much piquancy, that "she must be careful not to break it, for China had been a good deal damaged already by English hands." Louis Philippe laughed, and Admiral Mackau gave a most parrot-like repetition of the royal hilarity.

Her Majesty, it is stated in the papers, made herself a great favourite with the little Count of Paris. She asked him if he would like to see the Prince of Wales. "Oh no," said the little heir to the French throne, "I don't want to see Wales. *J'ai peur des baleines.*"

When the royal visitors were taking leave of each other on the deck of the Victoria and Albert, Her Majesty looked for the first time rather sad. This being observed by the King of the French, Her Majesty, with true affability, expressed a hope that she might not cast a gloom on others. "Besides," said she, turning to the Princess Clementine, "*Je vais m'éclaircir*—I'm going to *Brighten.*"

On hearing the word of command given to let go the painter, Her Majesty, knowing the Earl of Liverpool to be no sailor, inquired of his Lordship "whether, as there appeared to be a painter on board, he had seen any sketches of the royal trip." The Earl of Liverpool immediately asked Lord Adolphus Fitzclarence, if the painter that had just been let go had done anything worth looking at. There was, of course, a hearty laugh at the expense of the Lord Steward, who good-humouredly joined in it when the joke(!) was explained to him.

Equivocal Compliments.

THE papers state, that as the King of Hanover took his final departure from Kew, the inhabitants assembled on the green in great numbers, and cheered most lustily, the bells ringing a merry peal all the time, with other demonstrations of joy. Could anything embody the words of the old song, "Thank you for going, sir," more aptly?

What a Pity!

A VERY interesting account appeared the other day in the *Times*, of an experiment with a grain of wheat, which was planted in a pot, and subsequently into open ground, and giving an increase of 93,600. If Sibthorpe only had a grain of sense, what wonders he might do with it!

Jenkins and 'Becca.

IT is not true that Jenkins is of Welsh extraction, nor has he any sympathy with the Rebeccaites. The report probably originated in the fact that, though not positively demolishing gates, Jenkins has long been employed in knocking down the *Post.*

A Natural Consequence.

LORD WILLIAM LENNOX returned to town on Monday, after a week's absence. The British Museum opened on the same day, after being closed for seven days.

An Advertisement.

A LADY OF FASHION, who has taken the pledge, has a choice collection of *liqueurs* and wines to dispose of. As, before the arrival of Father Mathew, she had considerable experience in such articles (or why, indeed, should she have taken the pledge of total abstinence?), she can confidently recommend them. Her rum is the real pine-apple, and her gin the veritable cream of the valley. She has also an elegant piece of *bijouterie* that will go with the lot. It is externally like a small pocket volume, and lettered "*The Women of England.*" It is, however, nothing more than the case to a spirit-bottle. N.B. Warranted to hold half a pint. For terms, apply to Father Mathew, with whom the said lady has left her address.

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THE STORY OF A FEATHER.

CHAP. XXXIV.—THE TRIAL OF CLICK ABRAM AND PATTY BUTLER.

As the highwayman glanced round the court, it was plain he felt the greatness of his reputation. He was to be tried before a most crowded and most fashionable assembly. His courtesies of Finchley and Hounslow had not been lost upon a reflecting world, that thronged to see a thief who robbed a lady of her watch, as though it had been her heart; who would pick a pocket with the like mingled grace and serenity with which a statesman would propose a money-bill. Clickly Abram had elevated his profession; he had made robbery like war,—at the worst, as people say, but a necessary evil. Hence, high and beautiful women had migrated from the west-end to the Old Bailey, and with scrutinising, sympathising eyes, saw the lion in the cage—the hero in the dock. Clickly Abram, with a smile of killing sweetness, laid his hand upon his breast, and bowed. He was dressed in the fullness of the mode. His linen—the gift of the widow—was of the finest web; and a diamond ring flashed upon the little finger of the highwayman's white right hand, which, with graceful negligence he rested on the bar of the dock. A jeweller had visited Newgate to fit Mr. Abram with that ring; and thirty guineas, the late money of the late Mr. Cramp, had paid for it. If—I thought at the time—the perversity of an English jury should send the highwayman to that far country where the card-maker abided, what misery might the widow's lover wreak upon the husband ghost! But no; it was impossible. Hang such a man, with such a smile upon his face, such ruffles at his wrists, such a coat upon his back! No law could be so arrogant. Clickly Abram was not a thief. No; he stood in the dock a graceful, light-hearted gentleman, summoned for some good he had performed to receive a sentence of thanks from a grateful generation.

Patty stood beside the highwayman. She was pale, and, after a brief time, tranquil as a statue. When she entered the dock, a momentary blush, deep as blood, covered her face and arms; and she stood, struggling against the beating of her heart. The highwayman played his gallantry; for he bowed, and smiled very powerfully upon his fellow-prisoner: he could not have been more polite to the widow at Ranelagh. The courtesy was, however, cast away upon Patty. Though she thought not to vindicate her own guiltlessness by scorn of her companion, she stood in soul apart from him. She felt alone in that dock—alone with innocence.

I looked around the court, and, to my surprise, saw many of my old acquaintances. Seated close to the bench, with her eyes upon the highwayman, was Lady Dinah Willowly. She, of course, came to give a day's recreation to her breaking heart: she was there to solace her sorrow with a highwayman in jeopardy of Tyburn, as she would have regaled her poodle, the pupil of Mr. Spanneu, on the breast of a chicken. A trial for life or death was a tit-bit for what she thought her constitutional melancholy.

Not far from Lady Dinah sat the owners of Man-trap Park, the Miss Peachicks. They looked about the court, and then in each other's face, and then at the highwayman and Patty, and then threw up their hands and eyes, and shifted in their seats, in a state of wondering agitation. In near neighbourhood to them were the Flamingoes. I could see the feather-merchant look very judicial, as he scanned Patty, and then whispered something to his helpmate, who nodded in apparent affirmation. Flamingo was not a juryman; but he had already passed a verdict of guilty against the feather-dresser.

Mrs. Gaptooth, with a gleesome wickedness in her looks, was amongst the crowd, and Mrs. Traply, and honest Luke Knuckle. Poor fellow! he sat staring at Patty and vigorously gnawing his thumb-nail, unconscious of the feast.

There, too, was the widow Cramp, with the faithful Becky at her side. Poor widow! Tears had touched her beauty; her face looked scalded with weeping; and there, seeing nothing before her, but one form, one face, she sat working her pocket handkerchief into a ball, in her burning hand. Abram saw her, and with a blithe look kissed his fingers towards her. The tenderness was too much for the poor creature; she broke into hysterical sobbing, whilst the homely Becky, with one tear trickling down her nose, took her mistress like a child to her bosom, and a man of office, with a fierce eye cast towards the mourner, bellowed out—"Silence in the court."

Lintley, his wife, and Inglewood were together. Once only did Inglewood exchange a glance with Patty. He then seemed to avoid her; seemed as though he had retired into his soul, and was there praying for her deliverance. The apothecary bowed to Patty, who meekly smiled; and little Mrs. Lintley herself allowed the recognition, never even hinting that "there must be something in it."

Mr. Curlwell was among the crowd, fidgetty and restless. Now he looked at Patty—now he blew his nose—and now he appealed for tranquillity to his snuff-box: that box—crested with a dolphin with tail in its mouth, Latin, and everything proper—which the valet had proclaimed in the round-house, on the night he had assaulted with his attentions the young feather-dresser in the Strand. Sure I am that that box smote Curlwell's conscience at the Old Bailey; and then he made himself comfortable with the thought, that if the girl would go to Tyburn instead of to church, the evil lay at the door of her wicked wilfulness.

The trial began. The indictment charged Abram with stealing a watch and certain moneys on the highway, and Patty with aiding, abetting, and comforting the evil-doer.

The first witness called was one Andrew Bishop. He was a rough, dull-looking man, and stared doggedly about the court, as though the business therein transacted was wearying and contemptible. His examination, which I reduce to the main points, began. He had been supercargo to the *Mermaid*: she had sailed without him, and he had lost his berth, and all along of the damned watch and the trial. (Here the witness was rebuked by the Bench for bad language; whereupon, the witness scratched his head.) It was a gold-watch, with a ship in the plate, pitching in a green sea, with the words *Such is life*. He had met the prisoner at the bar at a tavern, the Dog and Duck: thought him a jovial gentleman; he sang a good song. Witness left the tavern, and the prisoner went with him: went through a many places. At last, up somewhere by the Long Fields, when there was nobody by, the prisoner clapt a pistol to witness's skull, and said he must have all he had. And so the prisoner took it; and that was all witness knew—but that he'd swear to.

Mr. Clickly himself cross-examined the witness, and with an elegant subtlety of manner that would have honoured even the coif. In vain: the witness was too obstinate to be puzzled. He would not stir from two facts. The one, that Abram had put a pistol to his head; the other, that Abram had taken both his purse and his watch. Mr. Abram himself smiled pityingly upon the witness, and then smiled upon the jury: but it aided him not—Andrew Bishop, supercargo, was fixed in the two facts.

Shadrach Jacobs was the next witness, and proved that he had sold the watch to Bishop, (a circumstance substantiated by the subsequent testimony of his daughter Miriam.) He proved that he was present at the Dog and Duck with Bishop; that there was a man, drinking and singing with the supercargo very like the gentleman at the bar; certainly, very like him; but not the gentleman. There was a girl with the man; and that girl—Shadrach Jacobs would swear it—was the girl in the dock.

Here an ejaculation of disgust was heard from one of the audience, and the officer, looking in the direction of Luke Knuckle, exclaimed, "Silence in the court!" Curlwell, looking at Patty, seemed anxious and irresolute; and Mrs. Gaptooth leered and smiled.

And then came the evidence of Hardmouth and two of the watchmen. They had tracked the prisoner to his lodgings in Bloomsbury, whence he had escaped. They, however, found there the pocket-book (the money gone) and the watch of the prosecutor. The watch was found in the bed of the female prisoner, after Abram had escaped from the room.

Mrs. Crumpet, who declared that she believed Mr. Abram to be a perfect gentleman, deposed that he had lodged in her house. Never knew anything irregular in him. Would have trusted him with untold gold. The young woman at the bar had been a long time sick; and, when the robbery was done, was in bed. Could not, certainly, explain how the watch was found with Patty.

Three more—witnesses for Mr. Abram—courageously swore that, on the night of the robbery, the maligned prisoner was at Gloucester. I could perceive that the widow, albeit she looked wonderingly at these witnesses, looked not with displeasure.

Mr. Lintley bore testimony to the worth, the goodness of Patty; and Mr. Flamingo, who had been hunted out and compelled to attend by the apothecary, deposed that he thought the female prisoner a very honest woman; and then, on cross-examination, allowed, with great alacrity, that she had been once in the round-house; that there *had* been a charge against her—something about a snuff-box.

"But that man knows it was all a lie," cried Luke Knuckle from the gallery, pointing to Curlwell.

"Remove that man!" said the judge to the officer of the court; but Luke did not wait to trouble that functionary. Mr. Lintley, however, immediately communicated with the counsel; and when Flamingo's examination was over, Julius Curlwell was called and sworn. It was very true, he owned, he had made a false charge—he had found his box—in fact, he had himself addressed, not assaulted, as

the counsel said, the girl in the street. It was true he had offered to marry her; since—yes, he would not deny it—he loved her very much. Had never said he could save her if he would. Knew Shadrach Jacobs—but knew no harm of him; would swear—that is, he was almost sure he would—that he had never met the Jew about the trial. Knew a woman Gaptooth (here that excellent matron elbowed her way out of court); thought her character tolerably good; she had been two or three times indicted; would not swear that he had not sent messages by her to the prisoner at the bar; they were not dishonourable messages—that is, they were only messages that gentlemen sometimes sent to young women.

Here Curlwell's examination terminated: that is, he was taken off the rack. He had a quick-witted counsel and his own conscience against him. Hence the valet turned pale and red, and shuffled and stammered, and grinned vacantly, and whined, and so laid bare before the court the miserable nature of Julius Curlwell. There never was a more pitiable picture of a weak dissolute creature. When released from the torture of self-delineation, the valet, with the sweat running from his brow, ran from the court. His evidence had done much for the cause of Patty. Lintley—I saw it—thought so; for he smiled and grasped Inglewood's hand, and Mrs. Lintley herself nodded cheeringly to "the female prisoner at the bar."

And now was Abram called upon for his defence. Leaning forward, he made a sort of sweeping bow to the whole court; and then, with a condescending air, began. "My lord and gentlemen of the jury," said the highwayman, "whilst I regret that the inconvenience of being in this place should have fallen to your humble servant, I cannot but feel that there are circumstances which, at the first blush, demanded, for the satisfaction of justice, that I should be so placed. A robbery has been committed, gentlemen, there can be no doubt of that; the prosecutor, a most intelligent, and I am sure, very honourable man, was despoiled of his money and his watch. He has sworn that I am the robber; and I believe, gentlemen, that he believes he has sworn truly. But, is the fact supported by corroborative testimony? Mr. Jacobs, a merchant of high standing, distinctly states that I was not present at the Dog and Duck; but that a man, unfortunately like me, was: I must say," and the speaker smiled, "unfortunately for me, in this case. Three other respectable men swear, on that very night I was at Gloucester. Gentlemen of the jury, *I* WAS! It is true the watch was found at my lodgings: but Mrs. Crumpet lets her every room. It has been said, I was lying concealed there. Gentlemen, it is true: and why? I was a little in debt—I own it with a blush—a little in debt. Gentlemen, I leave my case to your own intelligence. You will not find me guilty of felony, because I happen to resemble some unfortunate man; you will not hang me for a likeness;" and Mr. Abram tried to be jocular; "you will not find me guilty for having the same eyes, and nose, and mouth, as a highwayman, for such indeed is proved my only offence; no, gentlemen, you value your own peace of mind—you value your own night's rest, your wives and your families; and above all, you value truth; in which case, gentlemen of the jury, without one anxious thought, do I leave my fate in your hands. I know what your verdict must be, and in the tranquillity of innocence await it."

There was a buzz, a murmur of applause, at the eloquence, the self-possession of the speaker, who bowed acknowledgment. The widow Cramp looked smilingly about.

Patty was then called upon. Her defence was, simply—"Not guilty."

The judge briefly summed up; and as I thought, bore hard upon Click Abram: that person, however, seemed to think otherwise: for whilst the jury was retired, he lounged against the side of the dock, and employed himself by trimming the skin around his filbert nails.

The jury returned into court. The verdict was given. "Clickly Abram, guilty; Martha Butler, not guilty."

A loud shriek rang from the gallery; and then poor Mrs. Cramp, screaming "Murder, murder!" fell in the arms of her faithful handmaid. The highwayman paused, as he was about to turn from the dock, and a momentary look of anguish possessed him, as he gazed upward at the suffering widow.

Mr. and Mrs. Lintley, Inglewood, and lastly the two Miss Peachicks, forced their way to the dock, to grasp the hands of Patty.

Royal Patronage of the Fine Arts.

Mr. Edwin Landseer has received the royal command to paint a portrait of the SINGING MOUSE. It is intended as an addition to the royal collection of parrots, lap-dogs, and Van Amburgh's animals.

ROYAL FORGETFULNESS.

THE correspondent of a Brighton paper declares, that when Prince Albert arrived at the Pavilion at Brighton, after his return from France, he forgot the Prince in the father, and looked up to the window of the nursery.

"DOTH NOT A MEETING LIKE THIS MAKE AMENDS?"

The Queen of Belgium, when she saw Victoria, forgot the guest in the second-cousin; and her Majesty herself, by rushing to buy new straw hats for all the children on her getting back to England, evidently forgot the economist in the mother. There were other instances of oblivion, amongst which was that of certain civic authorities, who appear to have forgotten the man in the mayor, and then to have merged the mayor in the mountebank. The corporation of Truro forgot themselves, and everything else, including the civic macintosh, which might have prevented the address from being spoiled by the sea-water.

ACCIDENT TO THE KING OF SWEDEN.

THE papers give an interesting account of a summerset made by the King of Sweden over a fire-screen in his dressing-room. It appears that the royal foot caught in the royal rug, and sent his Majesty—to speak figuratively—flying, for some considerable distance. Our own correspondent has fortunately procured us copies of the bulletins.

"Stockholm, Sept. 5th, ½ past 6.

"The King has tumbled over a fire-screen. A council has been called, and the royal stocking is being now pulled down in presence of the physician of the court."

"25 minutes to 7.

"The shin of the Sovereign is grazed, and the knee is stiff. His Majesty, however, has had it rubbed with opodeldoc and arquebusade. The opodeldoc caused uneasiness; but after the arquebusade his Majesty had a mild sneezing fit, and felt better."

"¼ to 7.

"The royal knee is red, but the medical attendants are sanguine. They think a poultice may do much, but nature more."

"7 o'Clock.

"The poultice has completely failed, and the King is restless."

"½ past 7.

"Nature has triumphed. The King has used his knee with perfect ease, and tried its powers in the first instance by sending his foot as a legate to his medical attendants, to hint to them they were no longer wanted."

University Intelligence.

OXFORD.—The grass in our principal streets is very luxuriant, and the wild oats sown by our Undergraduates flourish in the various Quadrangles.

The Thermometer has taken a very high degree.

The desolation of the place is so painfully oppressive, that the College Servants are compelled to cheer themselves with the wine, cigars, &c., of their absent masters.

An Italian boy left our city this morning, having played Rory O'More for an entire day without effect. He missed no doubt the heated halfpence so liberally bestowed in Term time.

It is said that numerous Oxonians *have gone over to Rome* during the Vacation. Dr. Pusey himself got as far as Ilfracombe, but did not progress farther, in consequence, we suppose, of some difficulty with the Pope.

THE MINERAL SPRINGS OF LONDON.

THE HYDE PARK PUMP.

E this week conduct the enterprising tourist from the Spas of Clerkenwell to the fashionable waters of the West,—Hyde Park being the *Weisbaden* of the metropolitan springs. It is also the most romantic, situated in a finely-wooded country of dale and river, diversified by numerous seats—ladies' as well as gentlemen's—and enjoying the name, from its pure air, of the Lungs of London.

From Hyde Park Corner, the journey to the Pump is easily performed on foot or omnibus, should the traveller prefer taking the high road ; but if he is pressed for time, we recommend the former method. He must follow the road to within a short distance of the top of Sloane-street, and then turn to the right, into the Park, through Albert Gate. This new entrance is a structure combining great simplicity with lightness of appearance. It is formed entirely of upright spars of wood, fastened to strong transverse ones, in the best style of Porta Severa, or the *severe-gate* school of architecture; and built after several models in the Campo Vaccino, or cow-pastures, of Primrose Hill.

Passing through this entrance, and crossing the Queen's Private Road, the traveller will do well to turn a short distance out of his way, and inspect a magnificent waterfall on his right. With the exception of there not being any water, this is a most picturesque object, and forms a pleasing example of the aqueous still life, which characterises most of the cascades of England, being only inferior to the one at Virginia Water, in perfect tranquillity. The only "rush of waters" which the traveller beholds are two or three straggling ones, growing in the stagnant pool below.

Above this, however, the interest of the scene increases, and the visitor arrives at the great Knightsbridge Fisheries, on the banks of the Serpentine River, which, in a commercial point of view, stand next to those of the Hampstead Ponds. From an interesting article—"A Day at the Knightsbridge Fisheries"—about to be published in the Penny Magazine of our own Society, we extract the following :—

"The best season for taking the fish is considered to be all the year

round, and the apparatus used by the natives is extremely simple, in most cases being formed extemporarily, on the spot. The natives fish together, in parties of fifteen or twenty, and the capture of a fish is hailed with acclamations by the bystanders ; after which it undergoes inspection by the community, and is then packed in a ginger-beer bottle, half full of water, to be conveyed to its destination. During a good season, as many as five have been caught in one day.

"The park-keepers are accustomed to interfere with the younger anglers from time to time, and seize upon their implements ; having received orders to spoil the rod but spare the child. During the sittings *in banco*, or sojourns upon the bank, frequent skirmishes take place with the authorities, which commonly end in the fisherman losing his perch. Common string or thread is the usual implement of capture with the peasants ; but horsehair is sometimes used, which forms the line of demarcation, so to call it, between the two orders of 'respectability.'"

Along the bank of the river may be seen one of the receiving-houses of the Humane Delivery Company, where, like the Regent Circus on the Derby day, drags are in constant readiness. In allusion to the objects of this excellent institution, the edge of the river upon which it is situate may be termed the Saving Bank, by which people are enabled to keep their heads above water. The medal of the society represents a Cupid endeavouring to light a cigar with a damp congreve, and the motto is "*Lateat scintillula forsitan.*"

Leaving the river, the scenery becomes more wild and lonely, and after five minutes' walk the spring is discovered in a hollow, surrounded by twelve posts, and surmounted by a pump of cast iron, from which its claim to the term "mineral" is derived. A ladle of the same metal is attached by a chain to the spout, but the pump bears no further inscription than "Simpson, Belgrave Road, Pimlico," upon its northern side ; whether he was the founder of the pump or the spring we know not. So important is this spring considered, that a *caserne* of soldiers is close at hand to protect it ; and between this and the pump is a large wooden structure, the use of which we could not ascertain. A sentinel was marching backwards and forwards in front of it, and keeping strict guard over three pair of white trowsers, which we discovered suspended from the interior. We imagine it must be tenanted by those valetudinarians who constantly reside here, for the purpose of drinking the waters regularly, as at Baden, Langen-Schwalbach, and other celebrated springs—although we did not observe any. The neighbourhood is extremely healthy, and during the summer months a large quantity of persons, who prefer sleeping out of town, to enjoy

THE RISING OF THE LARK,

choose the benches of Hyde Park for their dormitories, when this pump, and the square font underneath the spout, answer the double purposes of breakfast and toilet—a visit to which is the only thing ever paid by these individuals in return for the accommodation thus afforded them by the liberality of government.

To derive any marked benefit, the waters should be drunk fasting, before seven every morning, and the dose repeated at eight in the evening, after which the patient should keep at home, and retire early to rest. From this plan the most beneficial results have been known to accrue, without deluging the sluices of the secretions, as recommended by the disciples of Priessnitz. No fermented liquors must, on any account, be taken during the course of pump to which the invalid is subjecting himself.

The subscription to this spring is merely nominal. Any person coming in an omnibus, or on foot, is at liberty to drink as often as he likes, and there are no restrictions as to quantity or costume.

The seclusion of the spot, the wild beauty of the surrounding scenery, and the distant horizon of the Bayswater Road, all tend to render this one of the most attractive of the London springs.

THE MAYORS AND THE ROYAL EXCURSIONS.

A SORT of monomania has been going about among Mayors and Corporations all along the British coast, for these functionaries appear to have been seized with the absurd notion, that her Majesty was about to land at every miserable sea-port on her way to France and Belgium. There is scarcely a wretched little fishing-town by the sea-shore that has not been performing, in the person of its mayor, a series of antics of the most extraordinary character. At some places addresses have been drawn up, swearing fealty to the House of Brunswick, on the part of a few mackerel fishers ; and the people of Beachy Head, a place in which there is an hotel and six lodging-houses, have taken a solemn oath to stand by the throne, though it is tolerably certain that not one of the Beachy Headians will ever come within fifty miles of it. At the remote little herring-town of Truro, in Cornwall, a frightful outburst of loyalty took place, which ended in the mayor being shoved off in a dangerous punt, with an ungrammatical address, to meet the Royal Squadron. The unhappy official was at once washed into the deep, and came ashore clinging to a life-cape, with loss of hat and spectacles. The address was of course soaked, and the people of Truro rushed in a body to get it copied, while the Mayor hung his clothes on the beach, in the vain hope of drying them in time to enable him to catch the Squadron. A party of the coast-guard contracted with the Corporation to convey the Mayor a second time in a life-boat ; but after rowing him out several miles to sea, they had the satisfaction of seeing the Royal Squadron sheering off in the direction of Belgium.

What on earth can have possessed the maritime Mayors to have made them imagine that the Queen purposed landing at their miserable burghs, it is impossible for us to conceive. At Tregony, in Cornwall, there was a display of Catherine-wheels on the evening that the Squadron passed, and there was a dinner at the principal inn, which was attended by two commercial travellers, who happened to be staying there. At Lizard's Point there were several pocket-handkerchiefs waved in the course of the day ; but there having been no preliminary meeting, this gush of loyalty was unfortunately not so simultaneous as might have been desired.

A FRENCH periodical, speaking of the streets of London, says—

"Telle est la sécurité à Londres, que c'est une chose bien rare de rencontrer un *policeman* dans les rues!"

THE SINGING MOUSE.

THAT which may be called the theatrical season, will be opened with more than usual spirit ćs, we are delighted to say, made evident by the enterprise of all the managers. There is not a man among them who, for the benefit of a gentle and discerning public, does not try to get the best of his competitor. We give some of the letters—which, with the answers, have been handed to us—to that *rarus mus in terris*, the singing mouse.

The first letter is from the "sole lessee" of Drury Lane Theatre.

ALFRED BUNN, ESQ., TO THE SINGING MOUSE.

"Dear Sir,—As you are now moving in the very best soćiety, that is, going round in your cage every day before Royal Highnesses,

Dukes and Marquisses (like Lord Brougham in the House of Peers), you must have heard that I have again embarked in the management of Drury Lane Theatre. When I say embarked, sir, there comes to my recollection the history of *Robinson Crusoe*. He (you may already have heard it) made to himself a raft, with which he visited, day by day, his shipwrecked vessel, striving to gain therefrom all he could of stores, before the craft went entirely to pieces. You, sir, will apply the simile.

"Drury Lane, sir, is open to you; and as I intend to be almost wholly operatic, you will be as snug with me as in a double Gloucester. I think an opera on Whittington and his Cat would, under the circumstances, draw. You, of course, would be *primo tenore*, and, as such, have it all your own way, gnawing the cat to pieces. Say the word, and Fitzball shall wait upon you for instructions.

"Yours, dear Mouse, ALFRED BUNN.

"P.S.—I hear that your voice is sweet and limited. This, I think, an advantage: for, in these days, depend upon it, singers, and actors too, must sing small.

THE SINGING MOUSE TO ALFRED BUNN, ESQ.

"Sir,—My terms are fifty pounds of Stilton per night; the best Stilton, too; with a private box of wax-candles.—Yours,

"THE SINGING MOUSE.

"P.S.—I do not like the subject proposed for the opera: and as I well know the proper prerogative of a singer, namely, to be the only one thing thought of, I must make it a *sine quâ non*, a matter of self-preservation—just as one *prima donna* sacrifices another—that before I enter the doors of Drury Lane every cat therein shall be exterminated."

ALFRED BUNN, ESQ., TO THE SINGING MOUSE.

"Dear Sir,—You need fear very little from the cats of Drury-Lane. An article in my lease compels me to keep a certain number; nevertheless, as, in the patent houses, there must necessarily be so many cats who never catch mice, you will, I think, run very little danger.

"Your terms are high. Stilton is Stilton now-a-days; and then fifty pounds! Let me meet you half-way. Say five-and-twenty of real Dutch; and for the wax candles, an unlimited run of the oil lamps.

"On these terms, I shall be delighted to see you. John Cooper will bring your written engagement, which you will favour me by biting your name into. "Yours truly,

"*Cher souris*,

"(I always talked to Malibran in French,)

"ALFRED BUNN.

"P.S.—If you compel me to your terms, I must close with *you*, and compel the other mice in my establishment to live upon the property cheeses; that is, the cheeses made of wood, and used in hospitable farces."

THE SINGING MOUSE TO ALFRED BUNN, ESQ.

"Dear Sir,—I am fixed on Stilton—inexorable as to my private box of wax candles. I never refused (I own it) yellow soap and sawdust before I found my voice; but I consider every note in my larynx is worth at least five thousand in my pocket. Your answer—Yes, or No. "Yours truly,

"THE SINGING MOUSE.

"P.S.—Send answer by bearer, as I am about to open a letter just received from Covent-Garden."

ALFRED BUNN, ESQ., TO THE SINGING MOUSE.

"Dear Sir,—I cannot comply with your terms. I mean no threat, but give this intelligence as a friend. The town will never run after *two* wonders at once. Private advices have this moment reached me that a Dancing Weasel has just come up in France. Your answer, or I start to-day for Paris. "Yours affectionately,

"ALFRED BUNN."

Up to the time of our going to press, no answer had arrived; and we are therefore (in our present Number at least) unable to give the result of the negotiation.

VICTORIA'S VOYAGES FOR THE NEXT TEN YEARS.

THE ability of looking into futurity is now becoming very common. There are at least half-a-dozen newspapers, each of which keeps a prophet at a weekly salary. These wizards will tell the winning horse by the mere sight of his beans; will predict what mare shall have the plate, from one peep at her hay-rack. We, too, will prophesy, but in a more pregnant theme than any of Newmarket or Doncaster.

A very small way indeed do those people look into a mill-stone, who believe that Her Majesty Queen Victoria will bound her voyages by the two trips to Eu and Brussels. They are nothing: no more than the first paddling of a royal cygnet to the continuous and stately swimming of a full-grown swan. It is Her Majesty's destiny—and if she knows nothing of it, *we* do—to see the world. Hence, she will make a yearly trip to some new country. We subjoin the arrangements for the next ten years.

1844.—A voyage to Lisbon, to see the Queen of Portugal; and if Spain have recovered her wits, and sent for Espartero, that the country may have at least *one* honest man there—the Queen will proceed to Cadiz, and thence to Madrid.

1845.—A voyage up the Mediterranean; thence to visit the King of Naples, and so on, to have a little talk about Puseyism with the Pope of Rome.

1846.—A flying call at St. Petersburg.

1847.—A voyage to Constantinople, to see the Grand Turk; there and then (according to the French papers) to sign a monopolising treaty for England for turbans and sherbet.

1848.—A voyage to New York; where her Majesty (accompanied by her Minister for Foreign Affairs) will take with her receipts for those of our American debtors who may want them.

1849.—A call at Tahiti on Queen Pomare.

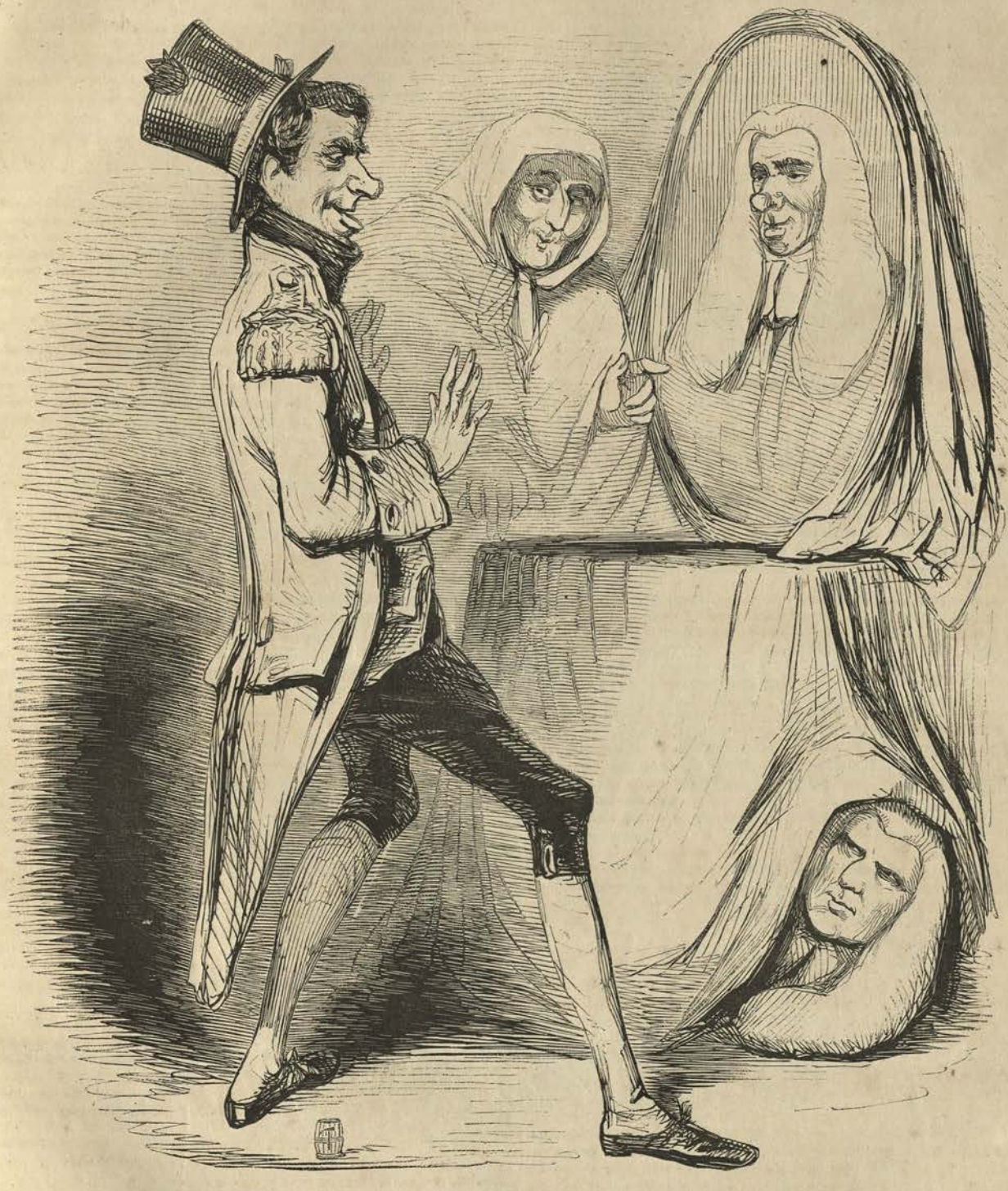
1850.—Canton, to see her "Brother of the Moon."

1851.—New Zealand.

1852.—South Pole.

1853.—North ditto.

Should any new intelligence arrive as to the voyage of 1854, we will print it in a second edition.



THE MAGIC MIRROR.

"Hope told a flattering tale."—*Old Song.*

THE QUEEN'S VISIT TO BELGIUM.

We give full credit to the King of the French for the handsome and liberal manner in which he entertained our most gracious Queen. There was plenty to see, and plenty to eat and drink; there was cheese without limit, and beer *à discrétion*, or even beyond discretion, if the *suite* felt disposed to indulge in it. But how different is the scale on which everything has been done in Belgium! At Ghent, under the pretext of the inhabitants being stubborn burghers, the preparations were of the shabbiest character. The Governor Burgher-master and Bishop of Ghent drew up in a double line to receive her Majesty!! This miserable show of officials (three drawn up into a double line,) was all that Ghent could or would muster to do honour to Queen Victoria. Not an evergreen—not a single laurel in a miserable green tub—not a twig of ivy twined round a ball of string,—nothing, in fact, but three officials drawn up, two a-breast, in a double line, by a process which defies all the skill we possess in the science of arithmetic.

The report proceeds in a manner still more distressing—"When the Queen had been handed by King Leopold up the steps of the *receptacle!* (which was the same that sheltered the royal party at Ostend,) the officials approached, and the Burghermaster invited the Queen to a cold collation." We were very naturally horrified at this allusion to a receptacle, up the steps of which our own Victoria was assisted—perhaps pushed—by her royal uncle. This receptacle turns out, upon inquiry, to have been a sort of extensive sentry-box, to which the reporters have given the more respectable name of a Pavilion. We really are indignant at the necessity our Queen seems placed under, of going about from place to place with a movable apparatus to sit down in—and "the obstinate burghers of Ghent" deserve to be well trounced for their obstinate stinginess. At the Government House they managed to place at the disposal of the Queen "a very simply furnished *suite* of two chambers;" (we quote the very words of the report) "situated at the furthest extremity of the building." A suite of *two rooms* shabbily furnished—and in the furthest extremity of the building! The Queen was then hurried off—with nothing to eat—to the Cathedral, where she saw a candle-stick splendidly chiselled, and, as it belonged to Charles the First, it was from one of our own Sovereigns that the Dutch chiselled it. The collation appears to have been cold and shabby, partaking rather of the character of a property banquet at a minor theatre, than a regular substantial repast. There were a brace of pheasants served up in their own feathers—from which it may be inferred how much of them Her Majesty could get to eat; and there were some pullets, so bedizened with ornamental paper, that there was no knowing where to get a cut at them. All this rudeness and stinginess in receiving the Queen is attributed to the "proud and insubordinate character of the citizens of Ghent"—who certainly, one and all, seem imbued with much more of the spirit of the *Gent.* than of the Gentleman. We should think Leopold must be heartily ashamed of his subjects.

A COLUMN FOR THE SCIENTIFIC.

THE NEW ELECTRICITY.

Mr. Punch had the honour of receiving, in company with other scientific and great characters, an invitation to a private view of the Hydro-electric Machine last week at the Polytechnic Institution. An account of its wonderful powers may interest the philosophic world, as it will be found more correct than any which appeared in the leading journals.

Anxious to conform to the usual regulations of the establishment, Mr. Punch did not take his *bâton* with him; but, upon arriving at the Institution, he found that sticks were admitted on that evening. He was received in the hall by a deputation of the assistants, who are something between soldiers, railway-guards, and policemen, and was by them ushered into the theatre of the exhibition.

The appearance of the boiler is somewhat that of a gigantic pantomime cock-horse; or rather a maimed locomotive upon wooden legs. Along the top are ranged several large metal notes of interrogation, which Mr. Punch ascertained were for asking positive questions as to its success—the electricity replying in the negative. The fire-place faces the audience, and will be used, when the machine comes into full action, for supplying baked potatoes at a cheap rate to the foreign gentlemen who frequent Regent-street. Up to the present time every operation carried on within it has ended in smoke; the results having been carried out through the medium of a telescope chimney. This is attended to by a stoker, poker,—or coker, according to the new nomenclature,—who was tastefully attired for the occasion in no coat, a blue shirt, of a fancy pattern, and invisible any-colour trousers.

At eight o'clock the lecturer received the word to go a-head easy; and explained the theory of steam electricity by dropping a live ember into a tumbler of fluid, until which instant Mr. Punch was not aware of the scientific interest attached to the common phrase, "A glass of water with the chill off, and a cinder in it." How intimately are science and sport connected! The steam was then let off to generate the electricity; and all doubt was at once removed as to the certainty of its making a great noise in the philosophical circles. The rapid manner in which its action caused tin to melt and disappear, told rather against its pecuniary success; but this was counterbalanced by the liberal style in which it came down with the dust, upon stirring the fire. A chain of pith and cork was then suspended from the ceiling, and on connecting it with the boiler a series of bright reports—if we may so term them—were produced. Its effects were stated to be very powerful—sufficient to knock down a regiment of men, so that in the event of another

CÆSAR'S INVASION,

or of Rebecca coming to London, the Institution could stand any siege, for which it is fully prepared. Polytechnic reviews, and inspections of the magazines, would keep its troops in fine order. The batteries, as at present, would be under the command of the electrical lecturer; and the professor of chemistry would arrange the mortars; whilst the Daguerrotypist has declared his ability to take anybody off in a minute; and not only to take him off, but fix him where he was placed; and the microscopic demonstrator would be applied to in dilemmas for his enlarged views upon any subject.

At the conclusion of the discourse, the lecturer took half-a-turn astern, and retired amongst the cheers of the spectators. As gastronomy has been discovered by the British Association to be inseparable from science, a banquet on a scientific plan next awaited the company. Everything was conducted in the best spirit of philosophical liberality. Some beautiful combinations of the animal and vegetable kingdom existed in the form of lobster-salads; and the tenacity of animal fibre was exhibited in a fowl placed opposite to a gentleman who could not carve. The decrease of volume and evolution of caloric upon mixing alcohol with water was shown when the grog came upon the table; and the different degrees of fermentation were demonstrated by the wine and vinegar upon the festive board—the candles giving the most interesting examples of the oxidation of matter by combustion.

Altogether it was a most agreeable *soirée;* and gave great satisfaction to all parties. During the evening the following polytechnic toasts were drunk:—

"Water—the source of all legitimate power."

"The tank, the bell, and the boiler."

"May we ne'er want a visitor, nor a slight shock to give him."

"May our animosities dissolve like our views, and our friendship enlarge like our flea."

"The mental electrotype, which invests all it publishes with gold."

"Success to all lectures, except curtain lectures," &c., &c., &c., &c., &c.

INSULT TO THE NATIONAL ANTHEM.

We have heard a good deal about insults to British and other flags, but we hold to the belief that the National bunting is not so sacred as the National Anthem. "Perfidious Belgium" has desecrated "God Save the Queen" by turning it into a waltz; and instead of an outburst of enthusiasm at the line "Confound their politics," the waltzer is supposed to execute a *pirouette*, which is supposed to hit at our wavering propensities. Where was Lord Aberdeen while this dreadful desecration was going on? Perhaps waltzing to the very music through which the insult was conveyed to our country. To think that in the very dominions where England immortalised her name, in the actual neighbourhood of Waterloo, our National Anthem—which is so venerable that nobody knows who composed it—should have been made the pastime of an idle hour, for a few hundred Belgians to kick their heels to. If our British newspaper writers bore the smallest resemblance to those of France, we should have a *casus belli* in no time. But alas! there is no patriotism in the English press, and we shall still continue to hear in the royal speeches of "friendly relations" with perfidious Belgium. Friendly relations with a people who have turned "God Save the Queen" into a waltz! The idea is degrading.

GRAND POLICE REVIEW AT HACKNEY.

HACKNEY witnessed a series of splendid police manœuvres a few days ago, under the direction of Mr. Superintendant Fallaloo. After the whole of the lanthorn evolutions had been gone through, the cape exercise was splendidly executed; and a stuffed figure was then introduced, to enable the men to go through the usual manœuvres with a person found drunk and incapable of taking care of himself. The figure was first let to fall heavily on its face, and the police then executed the beautiful kicking movement, as if to rouse the drunken man to a state of consciousness. After this the whole of the staff exercise was performed on the head and body, with great spirit. Orders were then given to raise the figure, which was done in good style, followed by the usual evolution of letting it fall heavily down again. The legs and arms were then cleverly seized, and the figure carried off (with the head hanging downwards) to the station-house—the police beating time with their staves on the legs, arms, and knuckles. At the end of this manœuvre the men were complimented by Sergeant Fallaloo, who finished the review by directing a grand charge on an apple-stall. The attack lasted only two minutes, and was a most brilliant affair, ending in the demolition of the basket, the distribution of the contents, and the capture of the fruit-woman.

ENGLISH GOLD AND FOREIGN BRASS.

THE following extract is as honest as it is true. It is written by Monsieur HENRI BLANCHARD, in the *Gazette Musicale*:—

"Are you aware," he asks, "that the Italian singers, the French and German instrumentalists, visit your shores solely for the purpose of exercising that spirit of commerce which presides over everything with you, and not to ask for the opinion of Englishmen on the subject of art? They come to make amends in Paris, as they all say, for the trading system they have been carrying on in England, and to spend the money which they have earned with so much *ennui*."

Punch begs to lay the above on the reading-desk of his gracious mistress the Queen, and humbly prays that her Majesty will mercifully consider the condition of the French, German, and Italian *ennuyés*—and dispense for the future with their services.

THE SENTIMENT OF THE STREETS.

WHILE Venice has songs to its gondoliers, and Naples grows poetical over its Lazzaroni, London is wholly insensible to the sentiment which really does attach quite as much to many of the objects in the metropolis as to those of the cities of Italy. A gondola, which is a sort of aquatic coffin, never inspires half the poetic feeling in *our* mind as is instantly excited by the bold and majestic coal-barge, booming and crashing in gloomy majesty against piers and buttresses. Why, what a series of touching things might be done under the title of *Lays of the Lightermen*, and there is a refreshing bit of gushiness in the very idea of the *Canzonets of the Coalheavers*. Then the Lazzaroni of Naples, the idle fellows who bask all day in the sun, are nothing more than fishmongers out of employ, of whom troops may be seen every day wending their weary way from Billingsgate. The following song is given as an humble attempt to carry poetry into the cab-stand, and to invest the humble bearer of the badge with an air of romance which has never yet attached to him. We have often met with sentimental cab-drivers. We remember once being driven by one, who was so much affected when we asked him the amount of his fare that, overcome with sentiment and incoherency, he involuntarily added a shilling to it. These traits of pathos are by no means unusual.

TO THE CABRIOLEER (597.)

Away, my gallant cabrioleer,
I care not where you guide,
If o'er the crowded stones we steer,
Or on wood pavement glide.

But boldly tug at both your reins,
And stoutly ply the thong,
Of bit and whip severe the pains!
But we must dash along.

Drive on, my noble cabrioleer,
I think I see a light,
Which seems to promise grateful beer
To cheer us in our flight.

If London cabs had tongues to speak
Of everything they see,
Old dads at home would know each freak
Of tipsy fools like me.

THE WATERING PLACES.

(*From Our Own Correspondents.*)

RAMSGATE.—Among the fashionables on the wooden seats in front of the Library, we observed Mrs Jones, four children, and nursery maid. We have among us the author of a rebus in one of last year's pocket-books. He does not, however, seem to be an object of much interest.

RAMSGATE.—This place is unusually full. Mr. Jones has hired a tilbury for the day, and a *French* buggy for the night. The theatre is open, as usual, every Saturday evening as a savings' bank. The concert at the Bazaar is still a leading feature. Mr. Snooks presides at the piano, accompanied by Mr. Smith on the dice-box.

MARGATE.—This town is exceedingly gay; and such is the demand for novels, that even "*The Tuft Hunter*," by Lord William Lennox, has been once asked for. The civil war between the crews of the *Isle of Thanet* and the *Royal William*, has caused some dissension among the visitors. A gentleman in slippers espoused the Isle of Thanet side of the question, while a person with a telescope took another view of it.

HERNE BAY.—The steeple-chase spoken of last week in *Punch*, is postponed for want of a steeple. It is expected that the races will soon come off, and so it is thought will the riders.

GRAVESEND.—The arrivals here have been very numerous. Persons recommended to take mud baths cannot do better than pay a visit to this salubrious spot. Baron Nathan mixes freely with the people, walking about like one of themselves, and occasionally giving an impetus to the fishing interests, by small investments in shrimps. He is idolised by the Gravesend aristocracy, and the mayor has presented him with the freedom of the floating barge, on the ground, that, as a Baron, he is entitled to sit in the Piers whenever he wishes it.

PUTNEY.—Our correspondent having walked up and down the town the whole day, writes to inform us that he has nothing to communicate.

PUNCH'S LIVES OF EMINENT SCOUNDRELS.

SCOUNDREL THE SECOND.—CÆSAR.

THERE were several *eminent scoundrels* of the name of Cæsar, but the most distinguished one of them all was the first who made it notorious—Caius Julius Cæsar.

The reader is probably aware that Julius Cæsar was an ancient Roman, who flourished in the century preceding the Christian æra, and that he has the credit of having been a hero of great renown.

Cæsar was the surname of the Julian family. It is said to have been derived from "*Cæsaries*," a head of hair; one of the Julii, in early times, having come into the world with that ornament. Thus, perhaps, our Wigginses were so called because one of their ancestors was famous for his wig. It is odd that the peculiarity which the Romans called *Cæsar*, should have been precisely that which we term *Brutus*.

Julius Cæsar was a lineal descendant from Æneas. Æneas was a celebrated vagabond, who ran away from Troy when, having been set on fire by the Greeks, it became too hot to hold him, and squatted, Yankee fashion, in Italy. His depredations in that country, and his other surprising adventures, have been commemorated by one Virgil. Roguery runs in families.

The particulars of Cæsar's early life are not known; but, living in classical times, he of course received a classical education. Latin was his native tongue, and we may take it for granted that he spoke Greek, so that there can be no doubt that he knew as much as the greatest scholar in Oxford knows. And the probability is, that he knew a trick or two besides. As a young man, he was taught elocution by Apollonius of Rhodes; but whether the same preceptor also instructed him in dancing and deportment, is a question buried in obscurity.

He left his father's house, at the early age of fifteen, to seek his fortune, like Norval; but he must have been better off than that young Scotchman. His first step was to enter the clerical profession. He was made priest of Jupiter in his seventeenth year, a tender age even for a Pagan parson.

Jupiter, however, was not jealous of Mars, so that the Reverend Julius Cæsar was at full liberty to go fighting whenever, and as much as, he pleased; and, without quitting the temple, could at any time go into the army, which, being a true Roman, of course he did. Nor did his cloth prohibit his practising at the bar, where, at a later period, he distinguished himself highly by defending prisoners; whereby he got into a good Old Bailey line of business.

While still quite a lad, he showed strong symptoms of ambition—that is to say, of a desire to get the lives and liberties of his countrymen into his own hands; a propensity which, having always been observed to occasion rapine, bloodshed, and other inconveniences in a state, procured him the credit, or discredit, of being a dangerous character. Sylla, the Dictator, was aware of this. He had the power of cutting off anybody's head if he thought proper; and it appears that he thought it very proper to cut off Cæsar's. Before he could do that, however, it was necessary to catch Cæsar, and accordingly he raised a hue and cry after him. The retrospective eye of imagination sees the following handbill extensively posted in the Forum :—

"1,000 Sesterces Reward.

"Whereas Caius Julius Cæsar, who stands accused of divers high crimes and misdemeanours against the Commonwealth of Rome, and for whose apprehension a warrant has been issued, has Absconded, by reason whereof the officer charged with the execution of such warrant is unable to serve him with the same: This is to give notice, that the above Reward will be paid to any person who will give such information as will lead to the Apprehension of the said

CAIUS JULIUS CÆSAR,

immediately on his being taken into custody. The aforesaid Cæsar is of middling height, fair, rather slender in person, and has lost some of his hair. Age xviii., or thereabouts, but looks much older. Eyes dark, nose national. Walks with an erect and stately step, and is proud and imperious in his bearing. By order of the Dictator,

"Quintus Fuscus, *Writer*, X X. Suburra."

But Cæsar contrived to keep out of Sylla's, though not exactly out of harm's, way; for, in avoiding him, he fell, in a manner, into Charybdis—into the hands of pirates. He lived among these people on the most free-and-easy terms for some time; and we may suppose that their company did not much improve his morals. He was detained among them from having to send home for his ransom, which they had fixed at twenty talents. Cæsar, indignant at being prized at that low rate, insisted upon giving them fifty—more fool he, remarks the thinking mind. We should have been glad to buy Cæsar at our price, and to sell him at his own.

"The pirates," says Plutarch, "considered murder as a trifle." In this sentiment Cæsar, no doubt, agreed with them. He used, in chatting with them, to assure them that, when he got out of their clutches, he would come back and crucify their whole gang. They took this threat for a joke; but it proved to be no joke, at least to them, for he was as good, or as bad, as his word. The ancient Romans had not much notion of joking.

Sylla, to compare a Roman candle with a tallow dip, having at length, metaphorically speaking, been snuffed out, Cæsar returned to Rome, intending (by anticipation) to play Cromwell or Richard the Third, if necessary; that is, to make himself master of everybody, and not to stick at trifles in so doing.

He commenced operations by a system of wholesale bribery and corruption, which might astonish even a Reformed Parliament. He gave a series of magnificent dinners to the "*élite*" of the patrician circles, and treated the mob to all sorts of plays, games, sights, and spectacles. On one occasion he exhibited a "Terrific Combat" between three hundred and twenty pair of gladiators. This "Unprecedented Attraction" involved a copious effusion of "Real Blood," as, perhaps, was announced in the bills.

No wonder, then, that "Cæsar for Ever!" was soon the popular cry; no wonder, also, that the said Cæsar, acting on the principle of "Expense no Object," got head over ears into debt. But what are private embarrassments to one who means to get hold of the public money? Then, too, he knew that he should some day steal the wherewithal to pay.

Having gone through several minor offices with great *credit*, as, from what has just been said, it may be supposed he did, Cæsar was made chief Pontiff or Archumbug. Next, he became Prætor (originally a sort of Roman Lord Mayor), and then he was sent over to Spain as Governor, to steal for the benefit of his country. This mission he so effectually discharged, as not only to fill the general coffers, but likewise the pockets of his soldiers—if the Ancient Romans had pockets; and, last not least, his own also. This was one way, if not a "New" one, to "pay Old Debts."

It was customary among the Romans to reward the most daring and successful thief of the gang which they nationally composed, with the dignity of Consul. Cæsar coveted this distinction; and, to help himself thereto, very cleverly made cats' paws of Pompey and Crassus, who were then the most powerful men, and, next to himself, the greatest rogues in Rome: and who were playing the same game, though not such a deep one, as his own. He particularly took in Pompey, by offering him his daughter Julia (who was engaged at the time to somebody else) in marriage. Pompey bit; and in return got Cæsar appointed to the government of Gaul, with four legions. Had Cæsar been his schoolmaster, and had he presented him with a bundle of birch twigs, he could not have done a wiser trick. Here was Cæsar, setting up the trade of a tyrant, and only wanting what Pompey supplied him with—tools.

Away went Cæsar, at the head of these rascals, to Gaul, to educate them in the art of throat-cutting among the natives; and since, in the course of less than ten years, he "took eighteen hundred cities by assault, conquered three hundred nations, and fought pitched battles at different times with three millions of men, one million of which he cut in pieces, and made another million prisoners," it must be admitted that he gave them a pretty good schooling. A full, true, and particular account and confession of these atrocities, inclusive of his outrages upon this country, has been left us by himself in his "Commentaries."

Thieves are generally devoted to a leader who finds them plenty of plunder. So when, at last, an opening at Rome was offered for rebellion, and treason seemed likely to look up, of which circumstances Cæsar thought fit to avail himself, his soldiers gladly followed him, to attack their own country. He subdued Italy, invaded Rome, where (to their great content, no doubt) he robbed the treasury; went and mastered Spain, returned, made the Senate resign their authority to him, and then started off after Pompey. Pompey's wife was dead, and he had found Cæsar out; so that they had quarrelled, and were now like the lion and unicorn in the Royal Arms—fighting for the crown, or what was tantamount to it.

In the first engagement between the rival relatives, Pompey beat Cæsar; but in the second and last, Cæsar beat Pompey. This little skirmish occurred on the plains of Pharsalia, whereon Cæsar had the satisfaction of leaving between seventeen and eighteen thousand of his countrymen dead.

He then chased Pompey to Egypt, where he found that he had been murdered—rather an agreeable surprise. He killed a few thousands of people, not worth mentioning, in Egypt, and a great many more in Africa and Spain, in putting down those troublesome fellows, Cato, Scipio, Juba, and the young Pompeys. At length he returned in triumph to Rome, whose population, thanks to himself, had been reduced from 320,000 to 150,000. The remainder, to reward him for all the good he had done, created him perpetual dictator; which honour he did not long enjoy, being assassinated (March 15, B. C. 44, aged 56), in the senate-house, by Messrs. Brutus, Cassius and Company, certain patriotic gentlemen who envied his luck.

The character of Cæsar displayed all that extravagant generosity which those usually exhibit who steal what they get, and that disposition to universal gallantry, for which heroes of lesser note, as Mr. Richard Turpin and Mr. John Sheppard, have been remarkable.

THE O'CONNELL STATUE.

To One

WHOSE VIRTUES CANNOT BE TOLD;

WHO HAS HAD A HAND FOR ALL THAT EVER CAME TO IT, AND A POCKET ALWAYS OPEN AT THE CALL OF HIS FRIENDS;

WHO HAS SYMPATHISED WITH THE BEGGAR;

WHO WAS NEVER KNOWN ON ANY ONE OCCASION TO FORGET HIMSELF;

WHO HAS, IN THE HEAT OF PASSION, ABUSED MEN OF ALL PARTIES, BUT, ON CALMER REFLECTION, MADE THE *AMENDE HONORABLE*, BY REPUDIATING ALL;

WHO HAS SHOWN HIS LOVE AND REGARD FOR THE ENGLISH MONARCHY BY TRYING TO RELIEVE IT OF PART OF ITS WORK;

WHO HAS DECLARED HIS ATTACHMENT TO THE THRONE, AND PROVED IT, BY HIS ENDEAVOURS TO ERECT A THRONE FOR HIMSELF;

WHO LIVES *IN* THE HEARTS OF THE IRISH PEOPLE, AND *OUT OF* THEIR POCKETS.

TO HIM

WHO IS INDEED AN EMANCIPATOR AND A LIBERATOR, MAKING AT ALL TIMES *UNCOMMONLY* FREE.

IN A WORD,

To Daniel O'Connell,

WHO HAS IDENTIFIED THE INTERESTS OF HIS COUNTRYMEN WITH HIS OWN, BY ENDEAVOURING TO MAKE HIS OWN WHATEVER BELONGS TO THEM.

HAVING LIVED BY THE CONTRIBUTIONS OF OTHERS, HE GENEROUSLY CONTRIBUTED

THE BRASS

OF WHICH THIS STATUE IS CONSTRUCTED.

HYBRID EXTRAORDINARY.

Most of our readers have doubtless witnessed the exhibition of John Austen, opposite the National Gallery, denominated "The Happy Family," where, encaged, dwell in apparent harmony and comfort, animals and birds of the most opposite natures and dispositions.

The Naturalist, (Mr. Austen), visiting his curious collection on Tuesday last, early in the morning, discovered in the cage a most extraordinary young Hybrid.

Mr. A. has been good enough to permit one of our artists to draw it faithfully from life; and we are by his urbanity, thus enabled to lay before our subscribers a wonderful freak of natural combination.

Never too Wise to Learn.

Sir Robert Peel has been studying Animal Magnetism under Dr. Elliotson; and it is supposed his object is either to throw Daniel O'Connell into mesmeric sleep, for the purpose of amputating his tail; or else to produce in himself that peculiar state called *clairvoyance*, which on many recent occasions he would have found particularly useful.

A Synonym.

The kissing exploits of Mr. Ferrand have made him so popular, that the omnibuses, instead of being known by their usual abbreviation of *busses*, are now called "Ferrands."

Advertisement not at all Extraordinary.

Wanted—An Office; no objection to its being very high up. Apply to Lord Brougham.

Lifts to Lazy Lawyers.

Q. What is a Base fee, and why so called?

A. Ten and sixpence—for then the clerk gets nothing.

Q. What is the difference between a fine and a recovery?

A. A fine is five shillings for being drunk; a recovery, is the feeling when you come to, and find yourself in the station house.

Q. What animals come under the description of "Game?"

A. Timid witnesses, female defendants, and the Cock, in Fleet-street.

Q. What is Parliament?

A. A kind of cake; for a large assortment—see the House of Commons.

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THE STORY OF A FEATHER.

CHAP. XXXV.—I AM TAKEN TO DRURY-LANE THEATRE, AND BECOME PART OF ITS WARDROBE.—THE PLAY-HOUSE BEHIND THE SCENES.

Traply, by duty of his office, retired with Click Abram and Patty from the dock into the prison. The highwayman, rallying his courage and his gallantry, begged to congratulate the girl on her escape. "Gad's me!" he cried, "I'm glad of it, though I lose the honour of your company to Tyburn. Yet, curse the jurymen! To have one's dinner spoilt by such a set of blockheads! Buttermen and shoemakers to hang a gentleman!" And then Abram burst into a wild and hollow laugh to show his fine philosophy.

"Miserable man!" cried Inglewood; "your grave is dug; your knell about to toll; death is staring in your face. Wretched creature! would you jest with God?"

Abram started at this passionate reproof of Inglewood, whose pale thin cheek was flushed and quivering with emotion: and then the highwayman summoning his contempt, stared at the intruder, and executed a long, loud whistle. Inglewood, with sorrow in his face and voice, raised his hands and cried—"Heaven be merciful to you!" He then joined Mr. and Mrs. Lintley and the Miss Peachicks, all of whom were congratulating and caressing Patty. The maiden sisters were weeping—joyously weeping; and Mrs. Lintley declared that Patty should go home with her; she was such a good, innocent creature, and would bring a blessing upon any house. Then Lintley smiled, and Miss Amelia Peachick, slipping a guinea into Traply's hand, begged him to send for a coach. As for Miss Leonora, I heard her whisper to her sister that "she thought no harm could come to the poor creature who was found guilty; they had, no doubt, only done it to frighten him."

Traply departed on his errand; as he hurried away, I caught a glance of Inglewood; he stood somewhat apart from the group, gazing at Patty,—his heart in his eyes. And thus I left him.

When the turnkey returned to his wife, he was so mollified by the harvest of the day, that although he had entirely forgotten me, he suffered his spouse to remind him of his brutality with no other reply than a jocose growl; and delivered me—bent and rumpled, and as his spouse said, not fit for any Christian to wear—into the hands of his helpmate. I was curious to learn the condition of Mrs. Cramp, but heard nothing more than, as Traply reported at supper, that she had been "a crying and a melting over Click like butter." The next morning Mrs. Traply left Newgate, carrying me with her.

In a few minutes, I found myself consigned to the hands of a feather-cleaner in Shoe-lane, with an injunction from Mrs. Traply to be put in order with no delay. "It's been a handsome thing in its time, but, like most of us, a little tumbled and worse for wear," said an old woman, the shopkeeper, and, as I found, an acquaintance of her customer. "Ha! Mrs. Briggs, when I wore that feather at Chester," cried Mrs. Traply. "Well, well, you may say tumbled;" and with a significant toss of the head, the turnkey's wife departed, I suppose for Newgate. "She's a nice cretur she is," said Mrs. Briggs to her dirty shop-girl; "she wear a feather! I'll be bound for't got out of some poor thing in trouble—some dear soul in gaol."

About a fortnight passed, in which time I was cleaned and set in order, and—as I thought from a glance of myself in a glass—made to look as beautiful as ever. Alas! was I to carry my whiteness back to Newgate? Fortunately, no. Mrs. Briggs was a shrewd shopwoman. She had mislaid or lost an excellent feather brought, among others, by a large customer, and she resolved that I should take the place of the missing goods. "As for Mrs. Traply," said her acquaintance, Mrs. Briggs, "she might be put off with anything, and never know any better. Now, Mr. Garrick was so partic'lar."

My heart throbbed at the words. Was I to become the property of Mr. Garrick? Was I to go upon the stage? Having played my part above the cradle of a real Prince of Wales, was I to wave amongst kings and princes of sixty shillings per week? These thoughts possessed me, as I lay in a bundle upon a shelf, among other feathers of all kinds and colours; when after an anxious three days, I felt myself carried out of the shop with my companions. In a short time, I found myself at the stage-door of Drury-lane Theatre. My bosom beat and glowed, for I was among his Majesty's servants!

Assuredly, there is something subtly intoxicating in the air of a theatre. I had no sooner passed the vestibule of the playhouse, than I felt myself an exceedingly great creature. My every filament seemed to expand with new dignity: I felt myself swelling like a cat's tail. It is the atmosphere, I thought. It is the air, impregnated with the spirit of poetry—of mighty thoughts—that gives an elevation, a largeness of manner, even to the door-keeper. The place seemed to me a sort of half-way house, between the sordid homeliness of the world and the revealed glories of the land of romance. I felt drunk; but the intoxication was delicious.

I was soon deposited in what I found to be the ladies' wardrobe. Looking about me, I discovered more than one old acquaintance in the gowns I had fallen among at Madame Spanneu's. There was my old friend, the lutestring, at times devoted to the nightly service of Mrs. Clive; Mrs. Pritchard was wont to wear the pompadour; and the smoke-coloured cloak had graced the fair shoulders of the gentle Mrs. Abington. I nodded to them; and at night began to talk to them as old acquaintances. They, however, treated me contemptuously as a new-comer and a nobody; desiring me to remember that all the town was mad after them; that, indeed, the world itself could not turn round without them. Snubbed, I was compelled to hold my peace, or now and then to have a whispering chat with a shabby old blue boddice—commonly worn, as it informed me, by the meaner people of the play-house. "I have never yet opened my mouth upon the stage," said the boddice to me, in a tone of melancholy: and when I begged to be further informed of its meaning, it assured me that it was only worn by the girls who acted speechless peasants and tongue-tied domestics. "Bless you," it sighed, "I have never yet been into the first green-room; but have merely stared at it with all my eylet-holes, as I have passed on and off with the mob. Now, you," said the boddice, "you are sure to have better luck. I shouldn't wonder to see you very soon as Mrs. Oakley, or the Queen, in Hamlet. I," said the boddice, heaving a deep sigh, "I have never known the sweets of a round of applause in all my life; now, you'll have it—hot as you can sup it." I confess it—I was in a flutter of delight at these words; though from what I heard from every piece of raiment that opened its lips, I conceived a deep aversion for Mr. Garrick. No one had a civil syllable for him. "Are managers," I asked of the boddice, "always such wicked people; such tyrants, such knaves, such shufflers, such hypocrites?" The boddice made answer, with significant emphasis, "My dear, always."

"Kitty, was the house good to-night?" asked the pompadour of the lutestring, or rather Mrs. Pritchard of Mrs. Clive, for I shall give to the garments the names of the ladies who sometimes wore them.

"Quite good enough," answered Clive. "That Jew, Garrick, acts worse and worse."

"Now, Kitty," cried Mrs. Abington, in the gentlest voice, "why will you abuse David? I'm sure he loves you like a brother?"

"Yes, as brother Cain loved brother Abel," replied Kitty. "Love me! Didn't the wretch take me out of Miss Prue, and the romps I've played for thirty years? Had the impudence to talk of my age.—He doesn't see the wrinkles in his own face—as deep and as black as a coal-pit. Why didn't the 'sick monkey' stay in Italy? I could kiss Beard for having driven him out of the country with cat-gut. The brute! Took me out of Miss Prue! Why doesn't he take himself out of Ranger?"

"But then, you know, love," observed Mrs. Yates, represented by a white satin petticoat, "you know he's a manager." At this all the ladies laughed in chorus.

In a short time I learned all the past and present politics of the playhouse. Poor Mr. Garrick had been twanged away from tragedy by the fiddles of Mr. Beard, at Covent Garden. Arne and Artaxerxes had been too much for David and Shakspeare; and so the manager had fallen conveniently sick—"The rosin-sickness, my dear," as I heard Mrs. Clive declare—and sought the restorative air of Italy and France. "I wish, when they had him abroad, they'd have made him a cardinal," cried Mrs. Pritchard. "Yes," chimed in Clive, with a chuckle, "or a rabbi; I'm sure they'd have found him Jew enough."

I own I felt myself delighted with the sallies of these ladies, and of Clive in particular; for though she was always the loudest in her abuse of Garrick, it seemed more as an exercise of her vivacity than of spleen. She called him a Jew—a tyrant—a Turk—a devil; but she did so with a laugh that turned her bitterest words into sugar-plums.

"It must be a delicious life, that of an actress," I whispered, one evening when all was silent, to my friend, the boddice.

"I dare say it is," was the answer; "but I know it's terrible work to be as I am. Nobody ought to be so miserable a nobody as the nobody of a theatre; only," added the boddice, "in a theatre nobody ever thinks itself nobody. There's the little girl who wore me last night. Poor soul! she has a few shillings a week; and is, indeed, as good and meek a little creature as ever bore spangles.

Yet, when even the king and queen come to the house, does she think herself one of the chief attractions of the show."

"Is it possible?" I cried. "What folly!"

"And, after all," said the boddice, "is it not well that it is so? Conceit to a player must be as oil to a machine; a thing necessary to keep the engine harmoniously at work—to prevent the grinding, clanging friction that else must follow. The lower the actor, too, the greater the need of such oil. And nature is kind," added the boddice; "in such cases, it generally happens, the greater the supply."

"I see not the necessity," I observed.

"That comes of your ignorance of stage life," replied the boddice; "nay, I might add of life in almost every variety. Is there so hard a lesson for a man to con as to learn that he is nobody? In a playhouse it is especially difficult. Here, strange as it may seem, men are kept in stirring spirits by a lively sense of their wrongs. Like eels, they are made the more vivacious by skinning. The man who plays Catesby to Garrick's Richard believes, but for the tyranny of fate, he could play Richard every bit as well, if not better, than the manager. He recollects the applauses of his youth from rustic hands; he remembers how he made certain barns echo and tremble, and he thinks with pity on a London audience and Mr. Garrick. Now, make Catesby know his real worth, and you make him a miserable creature. Let a man unconsciously offer a counterfeit guinea, and in his ignorance he will throw it with an air upon the counter; and when accused of the attempt to pass a pocket-piece, fly into a tempestuous passion, making loud assertions of his honour and gentility. Let the same man—if he can persuade himself to the act—knowingly offer the bad coin, and with what a poor, sneaking grace will he acquit himself! Now, the Catesby I speak of, and such actors, never will be persuaded that their Richards are pocket-pieces: no; they are gold—best Mint gold—but it is the perverseness, the injustice of men, that flings them back upon their hands. They are, however, rich that they themselves possess them, although refused by all the world. Prove the pieces brass or copper, make their holders know as much, and they, in that knowledge, would be 'poor indeed!'"

"I understand," I replied. "In truth, I have fallen amongst a strange people."

"Nay, if they have follies, weaknesses—and who has not?—to laugh at, there are virtues, even in a playhouse soil, to praise and venerate."

"Virtues!" I cried, and I am afraid with a slight laugh.

"Listen," said the boddice. "You spoke of Fanny Davis, the little girl who last night wore me. I will tell you a short, a very short history, of that gentle, that heroic child."

"ORSON IS ENDOWED WITH REASON."

Such, it may be remembered, is the exclamation of the oracle at the conclusion of a certain stage spectacle. Such was our cry, when we read the following sensible observations of the Marquess of Londonderry. Speaking at an Irish meeting, the Marquess observed:—

"I trust there is power in the Irish tenantry to accomplish gradually the agricultural improvements which are essential to their own very existence and to the maintenance of the income of their landlords; and I am quite sure that the best mode of calling that power into action is for the landlord to give that confidence of possession to them, and their families after them, which they have ever felt, and, I trust, ever will feel, on my estate. I do not dispute with those gentlemen who have eagerly embraced the amelioration of our system, *that almost all the misery and want of Ireland arise from a want of confidence in their holdings and situations.*"

All praise to the Marquess of Londonderry! It is recorded that Cato began Greek at eighty; the Marquess may yet learn more than the alphabet of straight-forward, common sense. When we remember the political life of the Marquess, when we remember his speeches in Parliament, and then attempt to reflect upon the wisdom enshrined in the above, we are lost in delightful amazement, and can only repeat with the aforesaid oracle—"Orson *is* endowed with reason!"

A Dangerous Precedent.

Two or three days ago, a verdict of "unsoundness of mind" was found against a man; for, in the first place that "he was ignorant of the value of money;" and secondly, that all he cared for, was—

"Comfortable eating, comfortable drinking, comfortable lodging, comfortable clothing, and a comfortable pipe. The word 'comfortable' was invariably in his mouth."

If a man is to be found lunatic for this last peculiarity, we ask—is every placeman, every bishop safe?

HORRIBLE CONSPIRACY AGAINST THE "ATALANTA" STEAM-BOAT.

Our readers will probably have noticed one or two letters in the *Times* on the subject of this magnificent leak-built, narrow-pooped, steam-barge, which has enjoyed, according to the account of its owner, "a degree of credit" that its enemies—and their name is decidedly "legion"—have resolved to deprive it of. The glorious craft got in its usual quantity of two sacks of coals one day last week, and left Gravesend in the highest spirits, if we may judge by the noise made in the throat of the funnel—a sort of chuckling sound—threatening, no doubt with hilarity, to burst the sides of the vessel. Unfortunately, the vessel had scarcely got under weigh, when a mutiny broke out among the crew, which first showed itself in the stoker, who unceremoniously left off stoking. So great was the disaffection, that even the rudder ceased to perform its duty; and, in fact, though the captain himself rushed from the paddle-box, and appealed forcibly to the wheel, it stubbornly refused to answer. When in about latitude $00\cdot\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ from Greenwich, and $\frac{XX}{00}$ from the Observatory at the South Pole, the passengers observed not only the crew getting apart into knots, but the main-rope had also got into a knot of its own, showing that the conspiracy actually extended to the tackle.

When the four-bells were called, the *Atalanta* was labouring under that consumptive cough, which always attacks its inside when it is undergoing anything like exertion, and the crew began to sneer audibly, jeering the captain, who, in return, quietly placed his thumb to the end of his nose.

Just before reaching Blackwall, all smoke ceased to issue from the funnel, and the captain called out to the engine-man, who replied with a loud laugh, after which some swearing was heard, and a sort of scraping, as if some one was trying to shovel up the remnant of a few coals, but was unsuccessful in finding any.

The craft, which is class Z, and is usually registered in Lloyd, the coal-merchant's book, as of half a ton burden, was now evidently going fast to leeward, when there was a cry of "Port!" and the man at the wheel, after tugging for a few minutes, walked away, laughing and winking at the captain, who turned his back, and muttered something which was not audible by the passengers.

FANCY PORTRAIT—ADMIRAL MACKAU.

The gallant fellow never lost his presence of mind, and even when the whole crew cast anchor, as they did, and went below to drink beer; when, in fact, the mutiny was at its height, and the "dastardly endeavour to drive the *Atalanta* from its station" had reached its climax, the captain sat down calmly on the bridge that connects the two paddle-boxes, whistling and swinging his legs over the engine-room.

This firmness seemed to have some effect; for after the crew had finished their beer the anchor was raised, and by one of those wonderful chances that sometimes happens, the *Atalanta* at length reached Hungerford.

The public will appreciate the conduct of those who wish to drive this fine old boat from the station it has filled with credit. When once it gets to its station it is not so easily moved, as those who go and "see her off" from Hungerford will very quickly discover.

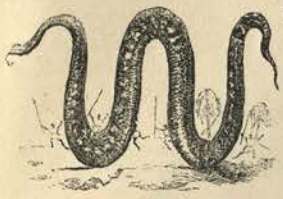
A Shower of Puppies.

A *Paris Paper*—so quoted by the *Post*—states that—

"This morning, the 9th of September, 1843, a shower of puppies fell from the heavens in an orchard of the parish of Saint Giles de Livet."

Punch has since ascertained that the said puppies, for bad behaviour, had been kicked out of the dog-star. 'Pots of bears' grease may every day be expected from Ursa Major.

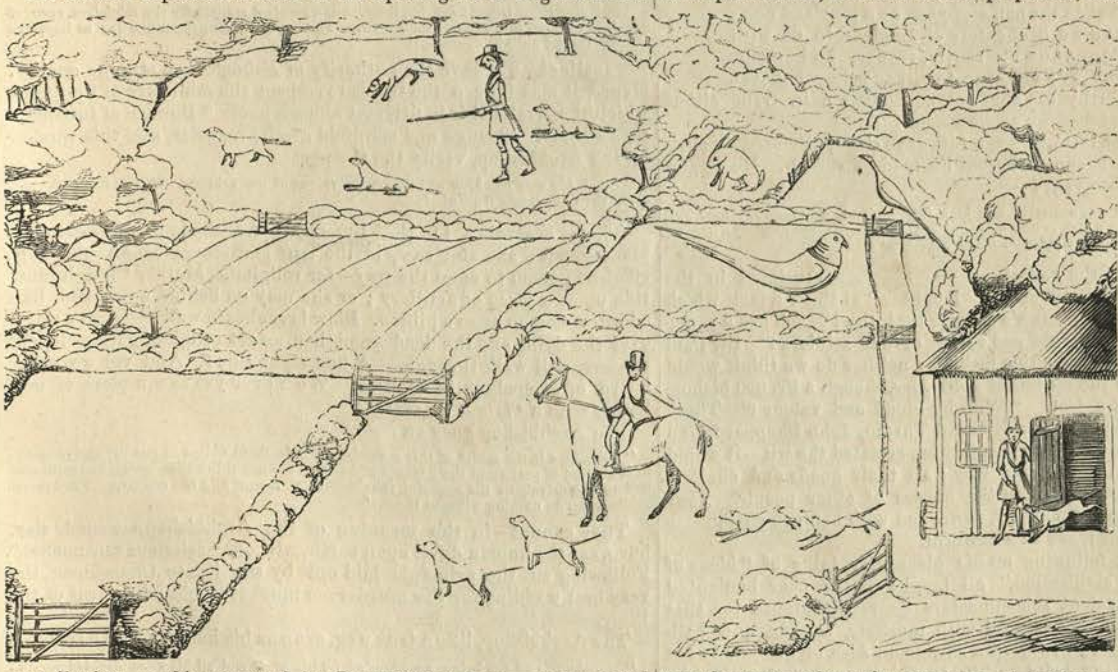
THE BAYSWATER FRESCO.



WHILST the Cartoon artists of England—both those who got the prizes and those who squabbled at the adjudication (consisting of all the rest)—were allowed to exhibit their works to that large company, the people; and had their productions criticised, analysed, and victimised in all the periodicals, the object of our present notice remained unheeded. And why did it? asks an indignant public. Why, because the artist, in the consciousness of his own power, preferred, like Sir George Hayter, to have an exhibition of his own, unshackled by rules of societies or academies; and even went beyond the talented man just named, in charging no shilling for admission—in publishing no catalogue to augment his receipts, but in throwing his production open to the world, in the broad sunshine, at the edge of a mighty thoroughfare.

This fine composition is placed on the right of the high road upon the boundary line of gentility, where the patrician conservatories of Hyde Park Place merge into the plebeian tea-gardens of the Bayswater Road. It is elevated upon two posts, about six feet from the ground, and protected from the damage always attendant upon *al fresco* gratuitous objects of art in England, by a stout brick wall of the same height. This is of service in one respect, but disadvantageous in another, inasmuch as there appears to be a legend written underneath it, which is thus shut out from sight, except when you are on the top of an omnibus, or stand on the pathway on the other side of the road.

The cartoon represents a scene of the sporting life of England in the rural districts, so ably portrayed by Lord William Lennox in his ballad "My Dog and my Gun," written by him for the *Sporting Review*. Following the school of the old masters, the artist introduces several actions in the same *tableau*. The scene is a perfect piece of country still life, and gives a bird's-eye view of six fields and a paddock. Four of these are stubble, and the remainder meadow land. The homestead is to the right, from which a broad path conducts through several gates until it loses itself in a grove of majestic trees, of which a fine belt surrounds the estate.



As the ancients were accustomed to draw their deities far larger than ordinary people; so, by his immense stature, and apparently having the run of the preserves, the gentleman at the top is meant for the proprietor. He is surrounded by sporting dogs at the four points of the compass, one of whom, by his own point, leads the eye of the spectator to a thicket in which a fox is in ambush. The sportsman is aware of this, and nothing can be finer than the expression of his face, which is a mixture of caution and chuckling. When he has shot him, three steps over the hedge will bring him to his friends.

The gentleman on horseback in the lower part of the picture is preparing for the chase upon a horse of peculiar symmetry, something between a Suffolk Punch and a Camelopard. As the fox will be shot before his dogs reach the cover, albeit the proceeding is unsportsmanlike (but great landed proprietors have a right to do what they like with their own), he is provided with other game in the fields over his head. And here we find three objects which we should have taken for mere creations of the artist's fancy, had it not been for the correct proportions and graphic truth of the rest of the picture; in which Hogarth's school of perspective has been strictly adhered to. The monstrous bird in the first field proves that the fatted Roc of the celebrated early mariner Sindbad was no fiction. The horseman is aware of the struggle that must ensue with such a vast antagonist; and therefore turns back to summons three more dogs to his aid, which the gamekeeper has just freed from the homestall. The second bird, we at first thought was sitting upon the top of the chimney, until closer inspection convinced us that it was the end of the road. Beyond the largest bird, which is somewhat of the butterboat build, is another mighty animal,—a hare upon his form, but a form of such proportion, that tempts us to believe it is an animal of the extinct Wealden formation returned to life.—The size of all three are beyond any conceptions we may form from ordinary birds and beasts. We rather look upon the picture as an allegory, which goes to convey, that although fields are all very well in their way for the purposes of agriculture, yet *these* are the things which form the chief objects of landed property.

Thus ably does this composition tell its story—and, with respect to the size of the game, a very great one. It is, however, well worth a visit to the ingenious virtuoso, who may take the opportunity at the same time of looking at a swan, sculptured on the top of the inn adjacent. He is represented as wishing to peep over the sign-board below him, but afraid to try, for fear of tumbling down—an exhibition of mingled fear and curiosity that we have rarely seen equalled.

Lifts to Lazy Lawyers.

Q. What is a Feme Sole?
A. Don't know, but think it may be a mermaid.
Q. What are appurtenances?
A. Trimmings to a leg of mutton.
Q. What is Summary Process?
A. Bathing and eating ices.
Q. What is a rejoinder?
A. It is when any one asks you "If your mother has sold her mangle?" and you reply, "Yes, and bought an euterpæon."
Q. What is understood in law by the term "Mystery!"
A. That Lord Brougham should ever have been Chancellor.
Q. What is a maxim in law?
A. "Do, and don't be done."

The Registration Courts.

MR. T. J. CHICKABIDDY, the revising barrister, had a private sitting in his own chambers, a few days ago, when several claims were brought under his notice. He objected to most of them, but the claimants becoming rather vehement, he promised on a future day to look further into them. The learned gentleman takes in several districts.

A CARD.

SIGNOR BROWNI (the celebrated *singing mouse*) begs to announce, for the benefit of families, that he has instituted a singing class for all kinds of vermin.

THE Boy that alternated between the Nelson Pillar and the Hungerford Suspension Bridge, has gone home for the Michaelmas holidays.

PUNCH'S GOSSIP.

An Archbishop on War.

THE Archbishop of BORDEAUX is a humourist; though, possibly, so thick-skinned are thousands of people to a real joke, his humour may not be generally understood. The Archbishop of BORDEAUX—(And here the reader interrupts us, with—"Dear *Punch*, what in the name of your own precious nose, have we beef-eaters of England to do with the Archbishop of BORDEAUX?" Softly, reader. In humour, *Punch* is cosmopolite. We are open to either pole, whenever a correspondent worthy of our columns shall date from either locality. Hence proceed we as we began.)

The Archbishop of BORDEAUX, a few days since, attended an agricultural meeting in France, whereat he made a speech. He began in the following jocose vein :—

"My dear brethren—I was sometime ago in a foreign land, *won by the blood and valour* of our soldiers, and which is now a second France, where *ideas of glory, liberty*, and civilisation will rise in a few years—*I mean Algeria*."

If we may trust the report of the speech—translated in the *Chronicle*—there were no "roars of laughter" at this : a fact which goes far to establish STERNE's theory, that the French are a grave nation. "Won by the *blood and valour* of our soldiers!" St. Paul would not have talked after this fashion : neither do we think would FENELON; but then the author of *Télémaque*, though a French bishop, was a slow man at a jest. "Won by blood and valour!" Those exquisite practical humourists, Richard Turpin, John Sheppard, and Jonathan Wild, would have thoroughly appreciated the wit—it would have been so much in their own way; all their goods and chattels being *won* upon the road, or in the houses of other people. *Their* blood and valour were, unhappily, rewarded with hempen garlands—but then they did not bleed in a uniform.

The Archbishop, following up his pleasantry, talks of "ideas of glory, liberty, and civilisation," all taught to the poor benighted Arabs by the benevolent schoolmasters expressly shipped for that benignant purpose, and equipped with muskets, swords, and ball-cartridge. The only way to give a savage an idea of glory is to cut his father's throat : to teach him liberty, it is necessary to make him con the lesson with the bayonet threatening his bowels; and to impress upon his sluggish mind a true feeling of the beauty of civilisation, why, let his house-top blaze over his head. When the teachers have murdered the benighted creature's children, destroyed, or worse than destroyed, his wife, and consumed his home and crops by fire—then, to crown the whole with a good jest—as a broad farce at the playhouse is often made to follow a bloody tragedy—then, let an ARCHBISHOP with grave face, for the very essence of burlesque is gravity—let the good, holy, yet funny man approach the ruins, and with the end of his crosier write these three words in the ashes—GLORY, LIBERTY, CIVILIZATION.

The Archbishop continues :—

"When we looked on the devastated and uncultivated fields, *our hearts were broken*; we *lamented* the *misery* of those tribes who inhabit *miserable huts*, and who are strangers alike to arts, science, and the benefits of agriculture, which are the glory of our beautiful country."

The sorrow of the French infantry was, we have no doubt, as the droll priest states, truly heart-rending. In many instances, the poor soldiers were so blinded by their tears, they could not see whether they bayonetted men or women, or both : and then, not being able to endure even the sight of the "miserable huts," they—out of the very softness of their natures—set fire to them.

The Archbishop arrives at a beautiful "but :"—

"*But* these tribes have by instinct the greatest respect for the ministers even of that religion which is not their own. The hope of seeing them one day as happy as yourselves gave us courage."

Instinct—we have the authority of *Falstaff*—is a strange quality. Hence, it may induce the tribes to respect the ministers of that faith which the Arab holds in utterest abhorrence. "Beware of instinct," says *Falstaff*. Strange and manifold are its vagaries, and this, quoted by the Archbishop, verily the strangest.

"Since *the way has been opened* by the valour of our soldiers, *religion* has come and made their conquests fruitful."

Thus, according to the humorous Archbishop, the bearded pioneer, with axe and saw, is the true gentleman usher—the only efficient person to open the way—for religion. Mother Church must ride upon a piece of artillery; or she may go behind a dragoon, like a butter-woman upon a pillion. Blow breaches in walls—"open a way" over the dying and the dead—and then, sweet religion, with swinging censers, will walk through. A fine sight this! And yet we never heard of campaigns in Galilee. We never yet saw a piece of ordnance with a *Christus me fecit!*

The Archbishop goes on :—

"I perceive in the midst of this assembly men destined to live in camps, and to march in the midst of perils and the hazards of battle. Do not think that religious sentiments belong exclusively to the peaceful inhabitants of towns and the country. The bravest soldiers can do nothing without them."

They cannot—in the meaning of the Archbishop—wound, slay, burn, act the human devil upon earth, without "religious sentiments." Following out the principle laid out by the jocose Churchman, the very best wadding for the murderous musket would be—a leaf of the Bible.

The Archbishop, like a true wag, crowns his humour with a story :—

"Napoleon, one day being surrounded by his staff and all his most devoted companions in arms, was asked what had been the finest day of his life; and, as he was silent, some said it was the day of Austerlitz, others, that of the Pyramids. At last, pressed by questions, he answered, 'It was the *day of my first communion.*'"

Imagine the bronze eye and immovable cheek of the imperial Moloch when he uttered this : yet first it is necessary to get over the greater difficulty, namely, to believe that he ever *did* utter it. But Napoleon was not a fool : he knew too well the value of hypocrisy to throw it away upon "companions in arms;" he might have talked to a Bishop in such fashion, but not to *ses vieux moustaches*.

Hear the Archiepiscopal peroration :—

"In whatever position you are placed, *keep up religion!* it alone can ensure the repose of the soul; it is the tie of communication between the creature and the Creator; by it consolation is received from that Father who loves us with such a tender love, and *who wishes us to live like the members of one family*."

And to that end, teach the stubborn part of the family "ideas of glory, liberty, and civilisation." To effect which, it may be necessary to be somewhat strict in discipline; a little stringent. Never mind that; you can still "keep up religion." Invade a country, but still keep up religion. Slay, violate, murder, and destroy, and carry away some of the family in bondage. These are inevitable accidents; you can still keep up religion. And when gorged and spent with

THE TEMPERANCE GUY FAWKES

AT THE LONDON DOCKS.

slaughter, and black as fiends from the blazing bones of infidels, you may then smile sweetly in the face of Heaven, and laying your bloody hands upon the Gospel, taste the true content of Christians, for you have—in the Archbishop's sense at least—kept up religion!

Is not the said Archbishop a pleasant person? Can we wonder at the vivacity of Young France, when her grey-haired priests are thus waggish? Q.

TO DAILY GOVERNESSES.—IMMEDIATE!

For the sake of our accomplished countrywomen, we reprint the subjoined from the *Times*:—

"WANTED, in Islington, a MORNING DAILY GOVERNESS, *of lady-like manners*, for three or four young female pupils, capable of imparting *a sound English education, with French, music and singing, dancing and drawing, unassisted by Masters. She must be proficient in music and singing, and able to devote three entire morning hours only for five days in each week to her pupils.* One resident in the district would be preferred, *but inferior talent need not apply.* SALARY £2 A MONTH! Unexceptionable references *will certainly* be required. Address, pre-paid, to S. S., Mr. Compton's, grocer, &c., 3, Morgan's-place, Liverpool-road, Islington."

Five days in the week for three morning hours! This then would be fifteen hours a week, even if hebdomadally reckoned, for ten shillings—and "no inferior talent need apply!" Let us calculate the work and profit of the daily governess.

Ten shillings per week for fifteen hours is eight-pence per hour. There are three *or* four pupils to be taught; let us take three. This will not be three-pence an hour for each pupil who is to learn for her papa's three-pence, the very soundest English education—French, music and singing, dancing and drawing! Now, allowing that the governess can obtain two other employers of equal liberality with "S. S.," she may positively earn, for nine hours' labour per diem, thirty shillings a week! Is not this a prospect to tempt Minerva herself from the skies, to turn daily governess?

We can imagine the governess of "no inferior talent" knocking at the door of "S. S." (Shabby Shabby, of Stony-Heart-Place, is his real address.) How Betty the housemaid, at eight pounds a-year, her board, tea and sugar, pities the elegant drudge as she lets her in! With what gratitude does Betty return to her scrubbing, and dropping upon her knees to her work, how fervently does she thank fate that she cannot impart a sound English education,—that she knows neither French, nor music nor singing, nor dancing nor drawing! She may from the slop-pail look down upon the daily governess, and, from the bottom of her soul, pity her!

And "S. S."—who, with a hardihood equal to its liberality, prints the above advertisement—has three or four little girls! Oh, sir—or madam, as it may be—if, by the hardness of fortune, either of the poor creatures should be forced to turn accomplishments to bread—(from *some* hands, bitter, bitter bread, indeed)—pray, every night pray, before you sleep, that the helpless girl—the doomed "daily governess" may meet with no such task-master as "S. S." Supplicate that it may never be her destiny on such an errand, to "address, pre-paid, at Mr. Compton's, grocer." Pray that an early death may take her to the churchyard, rather than her necessities should lead her to "Morgan's-place, Liverpool-road, Islington."

How very much would it surprise the race of "S. S.'s"—what a look of offended virtue would they put on, were somebody to exclaim to them—"It is such as you who help to fill our streets, and throng the saloons of our theatres—it is such as you, who make the Magdalen indispensable." We have recently read the statistics of insanity; and have found governesses to be in a frightful disproportion to other educated classes. Can this be wondered at when we read such offers as those of "S. S.?"

COMMERCIAL MORALITY.

A DROLL illustration of commercial honesty was last week manifested at the Mansion-House. Captain Tune, of a Boulogne steamer, was charged with embezzling a sum of money entrusted to him to be brought from France to England. The nominal sum was 1,400*l.*—the real much more: but only 1,400*l.* was paid for, in order to avoid the 2*s.* 6*d.* insurance upon every extra 100*l.*! And now these gentlemen, so anxious to obtain transit for their hundreds of pounds *without paying* the two-and-sixpences, come forward and clamour about dishonesty! Verily, commercial morals are, sometimes, a little complex. As for Captain Tune, who has hitherto borne a most exemplary character, we see no shadow of a charge against him. Now, there *is* a slight admission on the part of the gentlemen who forgot to pay for *only* 1,400*l.*! Will they confess how many hundreds they attempted to send insurance free?

THE PATRIOTIC LORD RANELAGH.

LORD RANELAGH has doubtless spoilt General Nogueras' stomach for his dinner at the Mansion House, even should the invitation to the said General hold. Nogueras is accused of the murder, by military execution, of Cabrera's mother: and certainly the Spaniard does not sweeten himself from the blood of an old woman of eighty. Nevertheless, we have a word or two to say to Lord Ranelagh. His Lordship fought on the side of Don Carlos, and has been charged with firing upon the English flag. The fighting lord replies to the accusation as follows:—

"It is superfluous to enter into any history or justification of the Durango decree, but I should have hoped that *the mere fact* of Englishmen having *espoused the cause of legitimate sovereignty* from motives *purely disinterested, would have sufficed* to exonerate them from *the suspicion of cruelty or want of patriotism*; and I would simply ask those of our anonymous calumniators who have served under General Evans, how they would like to be themselves identified with the butcheries of Rodil, Valdez, and other Christino Generals?"

The legitimate Carlos has earned an undying reputation for cruelty, pusillanimity, rank poltroonery. And we confess that, whatever admiration we may have for Lord Ranelagh, it does not arise from a contemplation of his chivalry in the Peninsula. Carlos was a butcher of his countrymen, and Lord Ranelagh hired himself, *pour s'amuser*, as one of the butcher's workmen. On the purest and most disinterested motives, his Lordship drew his sword to cut throats. As for "patriotism," we believe those folks have less of that quality to spare who mix themselves in foreign quarrels, either for what they may deem honour, or for pay and rations. We care not for the side—whether that of legitimist or constitutionalist: we look upon the hired Englishman, *by either party*, as no better than a salaried bravo. Lord Ranelagh says:—

"I will now add a few words upon the general question of being brought into collision with my own countrymen in a belligerent character. I beg to inform 'Legionite' and the *anonymous* 'Englishman,' that, in point of *fact*, I never did come into collision with the troops of the Legion; but, in point of *principle*, had an opportunity presented itself, I should not have had a *moment's hesitation in doing so!*"

This was a predicament to be expected. What, then, are we to think of the men of either side, we repeat, who sell their swords to foreigners, with the chance, in the *mêlée*, of cutting the throats of their own countrymen? Courtesy may call them soldiers: Truth has a sterner word for them.

CONTEST FOR THE ALDERMANIC (DRESSING) GOWN IN HOLYWELL STREET.

THE gown above mentioned having become vacant—that is to say scarce—by Alderman Snooks having resigned it (to his footman), a contest of the most bitter character immediately commenced in Holywell-street. About six-and-twenty candidates instantly pounced out of their shops, and began a most vigorous canvass, throwing themselves upon the livery (of the footman) with the greatest eagerness, and resorting to the most violent means to get a firm hold upon it. After much altercation there was a show of hands, and it was soon evident that the struggle for the gown would lie between Mr. Moses and Mr. Levy. A poll was then demanded, and at ten o'clock the numbers were:—

Levy	8 (pence).
Moses	9 (pence).
Majority for Moses . .	1 (penny).

The candidates then came forward and addressed the livery (servant).

Mr. Levy said, that, should the gown devolve upon him, he should be happy to render an account of anything to be got by it to the livery (servant), who could judge of the fairness of his (Mr. Levy's) conduct. It was not so much the gown that he cared about. It would put nothing into his pocket. *(Cries of Oh! Oh! from the livery.)* But it was the honour he had in view; and if he obtained the gown, it would be, pecuniarily, of no value to him. *(Cheers and hisses.)*

Mr. Moses then came forward, amid much tumult. He presented himself there that day as a candidate for the gown, and he confidently pointed to the numbers on the poll as a proof that he should be victorious.

At this moment Mr. Levy polled two more, when Mr. Moses, making a last appeal to the livery (servant), became equal in point of numbers to his opponent, when the struggle became so desperate, that the gown was ultimately left between both, and the livery, torn by the contest, called a policeman, who instantly proceeded to a scrutiny.

Here the matter rests for the present.

MR. ANON'S NEW POEMS.

UNCH,—I do not know what may be your opinion of the enclosed specimens, which I have the honour to be the means of communicating to you; but it appears to me that the author (if he may not be more properly termed the composer) of them, having hitherto played at poetical nine-pins with very indifferent success, has at last hit the right muse on the head.

The author, with whom I have as yet but a slight acquaintance, albeit, it shall not be my fault if I be not shortly better known to him,—has, I think, fallen upon a method of conveying delight to the reader, which (although at first sight it may not seem to be so) is as new as it is interesting. A morbid melancholy, habitually indulged, is alike pernicious to the poet and to his peruser; but it cannot be denied that there are many "I would not, if I could, be gay" ladies and gentlemen, who *will* resort to these pensive stimulants. My friend the author knowing this full well has, in the following short, and I think I may add sweet poem, contrived to satisfy their longing, and to point out its absurdity; to mix them up the bane and antidote in one stiff "go." Thus, having read the poem, if you will take the trouble to cast your eye, first down the left, and next down the right side of it,—you will see what it all comes to.

A h! that I were deep laid within the tom B,
L ow as my hopes too long have been; for ther E
L ies peace expecting me: and yet, and ye T,
M ust I not urge for life one argumen T?
Y outh still is mine, nor does the world den Y
E xistence to me:—no—even as the da M
Y earns for her young, and, to my quick ide A,
E vinces joy, seeing them from afa R
A pproaching; even so my throbbing hear T,
N ature's best clock, beats every hour till I,
D eath! may be thine. Ha! ha! I'm precious thi N.

Let me tell you, PUNCH, if my Lord Byron and other poets of his stamp (*stamp*, indeed—and grin and howl, too)—I say, if these persons, instead of keeping it to themselves, had adopted this manner of conveying to their readers their knowledge that this was, after all, the upshot of their performances, the world had been all the better for their candour.

I cannot say much for the following poem. Its ingenuity may be admired, but I like not the spirit in which it is written. If the iron has entered a man's soul, he should procure a moral laundress to iron it out neatly for him, that there may remain no crease in it. Happiness is a very desirable acquisition; and he who, because he cannot get a goose on Michaelmas day, despises a goose, should forthwith begin to practise self-contempt by way of consistency.

DON'T tell me of the world; I do not THANK
YOU or the world, compos'd of friends like YOU.
WISH happiness again! wherefore? what FOR?
YOU say 'tis all in all; I say 'tis NOTHING.
MAY swift destruction seize the wretch who SAYS
GET happiness, which is nor a, nor THE,
IT, this, nor that—the shiver'd GALLIPOT!

I protested against "the shiver'd gallipot;" but the author pleaded that it was highly poetical. I perceive that it was not a little convenient.

The next poem is constructed on a different principle. Brief, but all-sufficing—gay, but not licentious, it seems, as it were, an emanation from the soul of Anacreon shot through the body of dancing-master Wilson, and re-appearing on the point of his kit-stick. It will be seen that the initial letter of each word contributes to the asking of a question that cannot be too often proposed to the giddy and heedless fair. The lyric is headed—

ON SEEING MISS SARAH ——— DANCE AT THE CROWN AND ANCHOR, GREENWICH, ON EASTER MONDAY.

Dance Oblivious Ever, Sally,
Youth Ordains Unending Rigs,
Mock Old Time; Head Every Rally,
Keelhaul Nightcaps Over Wigs.
Yet Of Unbidden Reels Enough:
Odd'sbodikins! Uncommon Tough!

I must confess, I could not at first understand the ejaculation in the last line, and the uncommon toughness; but I am informed they are designed to indicate a seemingly involuntary applause of the vigour with which Sally obeyed the injunctions laid upon her in the earlier part of the poem.

I now leave these specimens to speak for themselves.

Great Prospect for the English Drama.

THE Queen, during her trip to the Continent—it will delight the hearts of English managers to hear it—has been three times to the theatre. Such is the effect of habit!

DOINGS AT THE BLUE COAT SCHOOL.

AST Thursday being St. Matthew's day, it was kept at the Blue Coat School as the anniversary of its foundation. The boys wore the *οδδερ* crop, peculiar to this and other charities, and sported the yellow stockings, of the order of the ochre. It was remarked that the show of calves would have done credit to a cattle-show; supposing at least that leanness instead of plumpness had been the point that was aimed at.

The Lord Mayor and Aldermen were in attendance, and were most deliciously taken aback by an oration, supposed to be in Latin, from which the following is an extract:—

"Diddite rumdumdum nunc Omnibus Higbury civis,
Quare igitur Stratford parva coronat opus.
Nunc iteam Smithfield vigilans florensque pecusque,
Penna dedit trepidum trumpere didde dolus."

The pure latinity and elegant versification of this passage particularly took the fancy of Alderman Magnay, who, from his name being derived from *Magnus*, *Magna*, (qy. *Magnay*) *Magnum*, is looked upon as a great classical authority among his fellow citizens.

After the sensation produced by the Latin oration had partially subsided, one of the scholars came forward to deliver an harangue in Greek, of which we give two lines as a specimen.

Δουν γω θη τωλλγατες υψετ βι ναυτε ρεβεκκα.
Τον δαπομαι μεετινγ γρεατ κινγ ις δανιελ ο κοννελ

After a few more displays of learning on the part of the boys, and classical taste on the part of the citizens, the grand business of the day was commenced, which consisted of handing round a glove to the company, for the benefit of the "first Grecian." It is recorded by somebody, who wrote before Stowe, but who stowed it when the other began, that it was formerly the custom at the Blue Coat School to send round a hat; but this custom being thought an encroachment, the hats were taken from them, under Rufus, but that the muffin-cap was given them as a substitute by Sir Walter Raleigh, who, among other ingenious discoveries attributed to him, is supposed by some to have invented muffins. Froissart says crumpets, but the probability is, that muffins are of longer standing—for they certainly take more baking, and must be earlier on that account. To revert, however, to the handing round of the glove—the first Grecian—who seems to have been one of those *waggyshe wightes* that Pennant talks of somewhere—had the happy idea of getting a regular gauntlet instead of a glove, and handed round one of those monstrosities of Hexham Tan, which are usually seen on the hands of the first and other robbers in melo-dramas. The gauntlet having been tolerably filled with "largess," among which we observed a good sprinkling of copper, the Lord Mayor and civic functionaries retired amidst the vehement cheering of the Blue Coat Boys.

The little white band of the blues—worn round the neck—was in attendance during the whole of the ceremony.

THE WHISTLING OYSTER.

THE Singing Mouse, that lately made the chamber of a humble pair melodious, has now an established reputation. Like RUBINI, it has warbled to the highest company. It is no longer a thing to be sneered at and doubted—a trick—a cunning touch of ventriloquism, but is—what naturalists call bats—really half-bird, half-mouse. Its history has been minutely recorded and criticised, and scepticism itself is converted by its chromatic capabilities. For the sake of the worthy couple, the owners of the mouse, we regret that the harmonious animal will be so soon put among things forgotten, by the advent of a greater wonder. We are prepared to be met with an incredulous pooh pooh—a stare—a laugh—a poor abortive joke, at what we are about to narrate; but we have used too many goose-quills to heed the levity of ignorance.

We have, then, to announce to the philosophical *and* musical world (conjunctions, like parsons, sometimes couple strange things,) the sudden appearance of—

A Whistling Oyster!

We feel that a circumstantial account of the discovery of the wonder is due from us; and shall therefore emulate the candour manifested by the owners of the singing mouse aforesaid.

The Whistling Oyster is now in the possession of Mr. Pearkes, of Vinegar-yard, opposite the gallery door of Drury Lane Theatre; and was discovered by him on Tuesday week. We give the facts from the mouth of Mr. Pearkes himself.

It appears that Mrs. Pearkes was absent at Gravesend for her health. Mr. Pearkes—business keeping him up late—was in the habit of retiring to bed about one in the morning. Though much disposed to sleep, Mr. Pearkes could not shut his eyes for a continued whistling, which appeared to issue from his shop below. For several nights he thought it was the policeman, and again and again threatened to complain to the inspector of B. 32; but B. 32 as constantly declared, upon the honour of the force, that he never whistled, except to a housemaid in Brydges-street. Mr. Pearkes became more anxious, for every night the whistling continued, increasing in volume. Then Mr. Pearkes thought there might be thieves, pockets having sometimes been picked very near the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane. On the morning of Tuesday week, about three o'clock, there was a peculiar significance, a shrillness, in the whistling, and Mr. Pearkes, leaping out of bed, and arming himself with a rushlight and pistol, descended his bed-room stairs, determined to discover the mystery, or perish in the attempt.

Arriving in the shop, Mr. Pearkes found all silent. He looked warily around him—not a sound—not a soul. He retired into the sanctuary of his back-parlour, when, after a few seconds, the whistling recommenced. He stepped into his shop, when, to the astonishment of himself and his handmaid, Jane—for the poor little girl had come down in her night-cap and papers—he saw and heard an oyster, with open shells, whistling—"My native land!"

Mr. Pearkes and Jane were both so astounded that neither could seize the oyster which, startled, shut its mouth; and, so much were Mr. Pearkes and Jane perplexed, that the musical oyster, lying among a heap of others, could not be distinguished from the oysters that were dumb, every one of which was taken up and whistled to by Mr. Pearkes and Jane, in the vain hope of bringing out its voice. At last Mr. Pearkes resolved next night to set a trap for the oyster. He did so in the following manner.

He placed a tin oyster-scollop, half-filled with bread-crumbs, with salt, pepper, and a bit of butter, near the oysters, and, putting out the lights, retired to watch in his back-parlour. At three in the morning the whistling commenced; and the astonishment of Mr. Pearkes may, as in all such cases, be more easily conceived than described, when we inform our readers that Mr. Pearkes saw the oyster walk from its companions to the counter, towards the tin scollop, and heard it begin to whistle. Mr. Pearkes immediately rushed from his hiding-place, and secured the musician. The oyster has since become extremely tame, and whistles various tunes—"In the deep deep sea"—"It is our opening day"—and some of Dibdin's nautical airs. Mr. Curtis has examined the creature, and accounts for its musical capabilities, from a very fine pearl which it carries in each of its ears. It has already whistled before the Lords of the Admiralty, and will in a few days start on a visit to Greenwich Hospital.

Mr. Pearkes has in the handsomest manner, suffered our artist to take the portrait of

THE WHISTLING OYSTER,

as it appeared whilst executing the charming air of—"Come to these yellow sands."

Important to English Dramatists.

We take the following from *The Morning Chronicle*:—"The new lessee of Covent Garden has been *in Paris* in quest of *novelties!*"

EGYPTIAN WHEAT.

Everybody remembers the unrolling of a mummy in London three years ago, for the scientific world was thrown into a state of rabid excitement by the announcement. The unrolling of a mummy is a process something like that of picking to pieces a cigar; but it is nevertheless a very interesting process, for it enables scientific men to make a long speech upon every bit that is peeled off in the course of the operation. Everybody remembers the mummy being unrolled, and the curious speculation as to whether the gentleman inside had been one of the body-guard of the

A *GREEN* OLD AGE.

illustrious Cheops of Egypt. It appears, however, that the mummy was a farmer, in the neighbourhood of Memphis, and that he had gone to the ancient Mark-lane for the purpose of selling some corn, of which he had a sample in his hand, when he was carried off and rolled up into a mummy. Perhaps this atrocious act was perpetrated by some of the Anti-Corn Law League, who, no doubt, attended the Memphian markets for the purpose of lecturing. The hypothesis we have suggested is the only way we have of accounting for the facts disclosed in the following advertisement:—

"EGYPTIAN WHEAT.—Three years ago a Mummy was unrolled in London, and in its hand was a small bag of wheat. Some grains of it were sown and vegetated. Its produce has again been sown, and has produced an average of 38 ears, or spikes, for each grain sown. To be sold, in packets of ten grains each, at one pound per packet, at London. The time for sowing is from the 1st to the 25th of October."

This very desirable wheat, at only two shillings per grain, offers to those who have mignonette-boxes a fine opportunity of joining the agricultural party, and cultivating their own corn in their own flower-pots.

EFFECT OF FOREIGN TRAVEL ON THE QUEEN.

As going abroad is generally considered to "finish the education," we may presume that something has been added by her foreign trip to that perfection which it was always customary to find in Queen Victoria. A trip to the Continent, which is supposed to give polish to the lawyer's clerk, and add brilliancy to the bagman, must have rendered her Majesty—dazzling as she was before—something almost too bright to contemplate.

We understand that the Queen has learnt, from the price of provisions in France and Belgium, a few lessons that will have their effect upon the mode in which the next speech from the Throne will deal with the question of the Corn Laws. It is said, that, one day at dinner with her uncle, King Leopold, Victoria, giving an arch look towards the children, and then at their parents, remarked that Brussels sprouts were the only article the people of Belgium were obliged to pay very dearly for.

We can fancy her Majesty marketing at home, with the recollection fresh upon her of prices abroad—for economy is the order of the day in the royal household. We should not wonder if an inspection of the Windsor Castle butcher's bill may not induce her Majesty to put up with tariff beef, of which she has had a taste during her recent trip to the Continent.

Perhaps the homely habits of her fellow-sovereigns, who frequently go into shops and cheapen goods—as Louis-Philippe once did a cotton umbrella—may induce her Majesty to follow their example; and as Leopold gave an impetus to commerce by buying a few shirt-buttons in one of the arcades, Victoria may make her purchases in the Burlington or Lowther. What will she say to magic-lanterns at half-a-crown, when she has seen the very same thing for a couple of francs—one-and-eight—on the other side of the water?

Singular Accident.

There has been another conspiracy in Paris. Strange to say, it was discovered by the police!

Punch's Police.

YESTERDAY, a person assuming the equivocal yet comprehensive title of *Evening Paper*, was brought before Mr. Hall, at Bow-street, charged with giving fictitious characters to new books, and new numbers of Magazines, as they are put forth by various publishers. The habit of the accused was to state that every novel "was the best of the season," and this—it was proved—without having read a single page of the contents; and to aver that the Magazine wet and uncut from the press, was more than ever brilliant and beautiful. A favourite phrase of the accused when lauding a volume was, "this work should be on every gentleman's table," or agian, "no library can be considered complete without it." The solicitor who attended on the part of the public, prayed for the infliction of the extreme penalty on the offender; namely, that of twenty pounds for giving a false character. The worthy magistrate—who in all cases is a pattern of mercy—said he thought the exposure would be sufficient to put the public on its guard; and moreover, added that he thought the character of *Evening Paper* was by this time so well known, that nobody believed a word the party uttered. Nevertheless, Mr. Hall in discharging the accused, desired him to be wary for the future. What makes the conduct of *Evening Paper* more atrocious, is the following case:—A poor mantua-maker had, by the persuasive arts of the fellow, been induced to lay out her last twopence at a circulating library for Lord William Lennox's *Tuft-Hunter*. The poor creature's case excited the greatest indignation in the court, and the twopence was we understand made up to her from the poor-box.

BRITISH ASSOCIATION AT CORK.

BIRDS of a feather are said to flock together, and the meeting of the British Association at Cork called into play the talents of an advertising shoe-maker, who felt himself "called upon to come forward on the momentous occasion," to uphold the credit of his craft and his native city. It seems he has devoted his entire existence to the human understanding, by taking models of his customers' feet in gypsum, and he offers to apply the principles of Euclid to the ordinary ankle-jack, by cutting it out on mathematical principles. He also promises to impart a classical shape to the highlow; but, unless highlows were common under the Cæsars, we do not see how that cheap, but chaste, *chaussure* can be rendered classical. The cobbler of Cork has done for the boot, what Newton did for the Ribston pippin—investing the article in question with a high scientific interest. He will go down to posterity with a highlow in one hand, and a copy of Euclid in the other. As Cincinnatus, (who, by the bye, must have been very hard up when he thought of such a manœuvre), turned his ploughshare into a sword—so has the cobbler of Cork converted the bootjack into a pair of compasses.

USEFUL RECEIPTS.

TO MAKE PORT WINE.—Take logwood chips 2 lbs., rusty nails ½ lb., white vinegar 1 pint, water 4 quarts, treacle ½ lb.—simmer the whole for an hour, then

SET TO COOL,

and strain and bottle.

SHERRY.—Take brown vinegar 1 quart, moist sugar 2 lbs., water 4 quarts—simmer the whole for a day with a cast off Wellington boot, add some finings, and bottle as above.

MADEIRA.—Same as the Sherry, with an additional quart of water and a pair of old leather slippers.

GOOSEBERRY FOOL.—Take two quarts of very ripe gooseberries, strip off the stalks and eyes, turn them carefully into a damask cushioned chair, and—sit down upon them.

PICKLE.—Walk home from a ball on a wet night with pumps on.

PLAYHOUSE REGULATIONS.

FEW nights since the tragedy of "The Black Hole" was about to be repeated at the Surrey Theatre. It was a benefit night; a night, sanctioned by custom for the perpetration of anything for the profit of the speculator. The house was made to contain about 400 persons more than could be conveniently accommodated. Melodious were the shrieks to the ears of the manager and benefit-maker! Sweet the oaths in the gallery, inasmuch as they sounded of extra shillings. On the Continent, they have a foolish custom of compelling the manager to issue cheques numbered, so that when a certain number is delivered, the house is known to be sufficiently well filled, and no more persons are admitted. This plan was, on various occasions we believe, adopted by Mr. Macready; but it is a manifest interference with the rights of the English subject, who, if he choose to stand the hazard of suffocating himself or his neighbour, is—doubtless by the prime article in Magna Charta—permitted to do so; and we can only hope that the manager of the Surrey will continue to respect this privilege of free-born Britons.

This recent incident at the Surrey reminds us of the ingenuity of a late Hebrew proprietor of the Victoria. He was born with a genius for an overflow, and in this way he proved it. "Vy," says he, "this is how I does. I gets my pit full. Vell, ven it's full, I closes my wentilator at top! You should hear 'em screech! Then I goes in and says, it's cool as hice in the boxes; and for a shilling a head more you may pass. Vonce hin, they don't like to go home—they gives the shilling—I fills my boxes; and ven they 're quite full, vy then I hopens my wentilator!"—Fact.

Royal Nursery Circular.

PRECISELY at five minutes past two, the Dowager Lady Littleton consigned his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales to the corner for a quarter of an hour—cause unknown.

At half-past four the Head Nurse commenced fanning herself, and continued to indulge in that refreshing and spirit-stirring exercise until six, when she was pleased to express her unqualified conviction that it was the most sultry day of the season.

Trite but True.

"MUSIC's the food of love" they say,
This is a passage, every one now quotes;
The truth is clear, for in the present day,
Young Love is fed entirely *on notes*.

The Church Militant.

Two privates of the Foot Guards have lately been preaching at the Obelisk, near the Elephant and Castle; and this, too, in defiance of the celebrated apophthegm of the Duke of Wellington, that "men who are *nice* about religion, have no business to be soldiers."

Metropolitan Amusements.

CHANCERY LANE has been much frequented this last month, as several parties of distinction have availed themselves of the Long Vacation to visit this dreaded locality.

Foreign Intelligence.

ACCOUNTS state that Mount Vesuvius lately gave signs of a terrible eruption, when a box of Morison's pills was emptied into the crater, and the very next day all was—*still as death*.

How to Play at All-fours.

DRINK some bottled stout, two bottles of port, a glass of Mareschino, a jorum of whisky punch, and a tumbler of British brandy, and you will find, before you get home, how very easy it is to play at all fours.

Important to Sportsmen.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that our office will be open for the reception of pheasants, carriage paid, on the 1st of October.

"PUNCH."

N.B.—Please to send the usual allowance of bread for the sauce.

Printed by Messrs. Bradbury and Evans, Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the city of London, and published by Joseph Smith, of No. 53, St. John's Wood Terrace, Regent's Park, in the Parish of Marylebone, in the county of Middlesex, at the Office, No. 194, Strand, in the Parish of St. Clement Danes, in the County of Middlesex.—SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 30, 1843.

THE STORY OF A FEATHER.

CHAP. XXXVI.—SOMETHING MORE OF FANNY DAVIS.—THE POOR ACTOR'S HOME.—MISS GAUNTWOLF.

"Fanny Davis," continued the boddice, "is only now in her seventeenth year; and for her salary, she may, perhaps, have as many shillings as years. Yet is she the most discreet, the most gentle of creatures. Her first baby recollections are of the playhouse. From the first hour she could balance herself upon her two feet, Fanny was an actress. Ere she had been twenty months in the world's theatre, she was a little toddling fairy at one shilling per night. Being the child of poorest actors—folks just trusted with syllables in London—her baby earnings were precious silver drops in the small household cup of her parents. Hence, too, she had no real childhood. Happily for her, she was not an infant wonder. She was not taught to think herself a little lump of brain in red shoes; a dwarfed woman housed in the image of an infant. Oh, those baby prodigies!" cried the boddice.

"Baby prodigies!" I echoed in my ignorance.

"Comedy and tragedy queens of six years old," said the boddice. "Creatures made to chew Shakspere with their pap; poor little souls forced out of babyhood to mum maturity. And they catch a trick of it, poor things! and full-grown babies stare, and applaud, and whoop at the miracle, as doubtless Adam wondered when the first parrot cried 'Pretty Poll!' To make a prodigy of this sort, you must first kill the baby. Depend upon it, these doings are child-murders, with only this difference—they escape the coroner. Happily, I say then, Fanny Davis was none of these. She was not fed on the applauses of an audience—she was not brought up by the clapping hands of a wise and discerning public. To this moment she has never heard her voice upon the stage, but is accounted no more of than a part of the human furniture which makes up the train of queens and princesses; is now one of a mob of happy villagers, and now a silent chambermaid. Hence, to Fanny there is no hope—none. She can never be an actress—never anything but a sort of fringe upon an actress's robe. Her seventeen shillings per week may have increase of three—and there, in the playhouse at least—must the hopes of Fanny rest. And the best of it is, dear creature, she knows this, and in all her poverty is blithe as a robin in December."

"Is she pretty?" I asked.

"Very beautiful," answered the boddice; "and therefore in this place has need of a stout heart and constant spirit. Mr. Garrick is somewhat particular, and doesn't let the wild fellows of the town sharpen their wits upon the actresses—he doesn't let his greenroom be a place of ease to other places; nevertheless, he can't stop letters, and presents in them, with promises and kickshaws that catch poor butterfly girls. Generally one a night of these things comes to Fanny, and still it is refused. Only two nights since, a note was offered her. 'I know nobody to write to me,' she said. 'But it is of consequence, Miss Davis!' said the bearer. 'Is it so, indeed?' cried Fanny 'then pray take it to my father.' Bless her!" cried the boddice, 'I hugged her for the moment all the closer for it.'"

"A sweet thing, indeed," said I. How I should like to see her!"

"In good time," observed the boddice. But I havn't told you half. Though I loved the dear child from the first time she wore me, I knew not her full worth until about a fortnight ago. 'T is a touching story, though indeed there's little in it."

"Tell it me," I cried impatiently.

"Last Thursday week," said the boddice, "I was worn by Fanny, who, I observed, looked ill—very ill. Poor child! She was hoarse—almost inarticulate; and, I could feel, burnt with a fever. Several of the ladies—for Fanny is a general favourite—spoke to her, and begged her to go home. Still she answered with a smile, faint enough, that it was nothing—it would pass off—she should be better. At length, dear Mrs. Clive called the under prompter to Fanny. 'This dear child must go home—she sha'n't stay here.' 'Well,' said the prompter, 'she had better take off her dress, and—' 'Dress! Don't talk to me of your rags, man; she shan't stop an instant. Here, Nell!' and Clive called to her maid, 'wrap her up warm in my cloak—get her things together, and—you, Bob, go for a coach!' she said to one of the men. 'And mind, Nell, you take her safe home, and say I shall come and see her in the morning.' Now, Mrs. Clive," said the boddice, "is not a woman to be denied anything; even David shakes before her; and so, in a very few minutes, Fanny, well wrapt up, was in a coach on her way home, and Nell with her. I found Fanny's dwelling-place humble enough, but clean and orderly. There were five children, all much younger than herself, at home. Fanny's mother had some time since quitted the stage, as she says, to look after her family. Poor soul! this is a bit of professional pride: the stage quitted her. Her first hold upon it was merely a pretty face and slim figure, and as bloom and slimness departed, why, the stage slipped from her, and she then said it would be cheaper for her to look to her children at home, than to remain in the profession. Mr. Davis, with conjugal pride, is wont to speak of the sacrifice that Mrs. Davis made for her family; what she might have been, had she continued on the boards, nobody could tell. However, there was no arguing with a mother's heart; the dear soul would have her way, and—it *was* a sacrifice—but she has it. Mr. Davis had an uncertain nightly salary at Covent Garden, which he always speaks of as our house, though it is now three years since he belonged to it. Poor fellow! He is an honest, worthy creature, devoted to his wife and children, and by such devotion enabled to bear much. He and Mrs. Davis think each other the greatest creatures in the world. Hence have they enjoyment—with only a handful of sleepy fire in the winter's grate, and with pale-faced children about them—to talk of the triumphs of one another in the country."

"Is it possible?" I asked.

"True, I assure you; and a great solace it is to them. I remained about a week in their lodgings, and heard them at it every day. 'Well, John,' Mrs. Davis would begin, 'I saw *Hamlet* last night. People may call it a wife's prejudice, but 'twas nothing like your *Hamlet* at Cranbrooke. I shall never forget that point of yours at the *Ghost's* speech, 'I am thy father's spirit.' As for Garrick, he quite missed it.' 'It 's very odd, Mary,' said Davis, 'I was just then thinking of the new *Juliet*, and your *Juliet* at Gravesend. That line of yours—' 'What line, John?' Mrs. Davis asked, with the prettiest innocence. 'Oh, my dear, that line that struck the mayor so much —'As with a club dash out my desperate brains!' There, Mary, though you 're my own wife, I will say it, you went quite through the heart. The poor girl of the other night scarcely touched one's waistcoat.' And thus," said the boddice, "the happy pauper couple are wont to flatter one another."

"With an empty cupboard, 't is as you say, a great solace, and may serve them somewhat in stead of beef and ale," said I.

"Yes," answered the boddice, drily; "but they cannot feed the little Davises after that fashion. However, to my story of Fanny. Her poor mother was dreadfully alarmed when the girl was brought home. 'Oh,' she cried, 'those shoes—those dreadful shoes! I knew she 'd catch her death!' This made me look at the shoes, which, with Fanny's street attire, Mrs. Clive's maid brought with her. They were worn thin as paper; and though stitched and stitched, there were treacherous holes at the sides to let fever and death in from the cold wet street. Poor thing! In those reeking shoes had she that day stood three hours at rehearsal. 'My dear Fanny!' cried Mrs. Davis, with all the mother in her face. 'Oh, I shall be quite well to-morrow; I shall indeed. I am not so ill now—'t was only Mrs. Clive would make me come home,' said Fanny. 'And she 'll be here, ma'am, she bid me say, in the morning,' cried Nell, who then returned to her mistress. Mrs. Davis assisted Fanny to bed; and then, with heavy heart, rocking her youngest child to sleep, awaited the coming of her husband, who heard the story of Fanny's illness with tearful eyes; and swore that, come how they might, new shoes should come to-morrow. Poor, penniless player! I shall never forget the wretched, bewildered look with which he turned and turned over each shoe. 'I knew 't would come to this—I was sure of it,' he said, with anxious voice; and then again and again he handled the shoes; again looked at every flaw; and again and again heaving a sigh, dropt them at his feet. He then sat moodily looking at them for two or three minutes, and then leaping up, cried out, 'My God! that I should lose a child—and such a child—for a pair of shoes!' I have seen many a tragedy acted," said the boddice, "have many a time heard Garrick's soliloquy on death—it never touched me half so much as that poor player's grief on two old shoes."

"And Fanny?" said I, impatiently.

"She was better—so much better in the morning," answered the boddice, "that she resolved to go to the theatre. The streets were quite dry, she said, and she could get no hurt. Her father had gone out to borrow money for new shoe-leather, and her mother—as I think—upon the same fruitless errand. Fanny sat by the fire, with one of her little sisters in her lap; and her shoes—the fatal pair—were still upon the hearth. A sharp, short rap struck the door, which, ere one of the children could reach, was opened, and Miss Gauntwolf entered."

"And who is Miss Gauntwolf?" I asked.

"I forgot: you have not yet seen her. She is a girl in the theatre, in the same rank, and receiving about the same salary as Fanny."

"I perceive," said I; "Fanny's friend."

"Certainly not," said the boddice: "save on the business of the house, they never speak. Poor sold thing! but you shall hear all in time. Miss Gauntwolf entered the room in a very cloud of musk. She was—as, indeed, she always is—magnificently dressed, in a sack of rich sky-coloured satin, with cloak and bonnet, and the prettiest shoes to match. 'Miss Gauntwolf,' cried Fanny, colouring, and setting down her sister.

"'My dear creature,' cried the young lady, 'I saw you were very ill last night; and you know, I couldn't rest this morning till I came to see you. My dear soul! you don't take care of yourself. You don't wrap yourself up enough this dreadful weather. Now look at me, I always muffle—always—though I never stir out but in the carriage'"—

"Carriage! Did you not say the young lady had only seventeen shillings a week?" I asked.

"Seventeen shillings," answered the boddice gravely, and then proceeded with the talk of Miss Gauntwolf. "'Now, my dear, I hope you are better—much better,' and the visitor pouted her pretty lips, and threw a look of concern into her mealy doll's face, as she gazed at Fanny.

"Better, much better," answered Fanny, rising.

"Now, don't get up—don't use any ceremony with me. The truth is, I came in the hope of finding you well enough to go to the house. My dear, they do work us to death at that theatre, and so I've told his lordship over and over again; so that if you were recovered, I'd take you in my carriage. There is only my dear father in it," said Miss Gauntwolf.

"'Your father in the carriage?' said Fanny coldly.

"'That's all; and he's nobody you know—so there's a sweet creature—do come,' said Miss Gauntwolf.

"'I thank you,' said Fanny, 'I must wait for my mother!'

"'Now,' urged the young lady, 'I'm sure that's unnecessary. Do come.'

"Fanny resolutely shook her head.

"'But why not? Well, you are such a strange girl! Such a day as this—and you so weak, so ill; and there's a warm seat in the sweetest carriage in the world, and'—

"'I'd rather walk,' said Fanny firmly.

"'You'd rather walk!' exclaimed Miss Gauntwolf.

"'Much rather,' repeated Fanny.

"'Well, you are the strangest girl,' again said Miss Gauntwolf, piqued by Fanny's resolution. And then, at a loss for further arguments, Miss Gauntwolf sat in silence at the fireside, and listlessly, with her pretty blue satin slipper, pushed at Fanny's leathern shoe.

"Ha, my friend!" I cried to the boddice, "what a picture of ulcerous misery and noble truth is there! Oh that silly satin slipper, that would at all cost ride,—and that heroic, worn-out, leathern shoe, that in all weathers, would—rather walk!"

METROPOLITAN IMPROVEMENTS.

We perceive with much pleasure by an announcement on a black board, that the square-keeper of Soho-square has "had instructions to promote, as far as he can, the respectability of the inclosure." This very desirable work has already been commenced, by raking over the beds and rolling the gravel, while a vigorous attempt has been made to force vegetation by pumping on a dilapidated box-tree.

The pump opposite St. James's church still excites much attention.

"DO NOT MINGLE."

The double spout is in commemoration of the spouting that is continually going on in the vestry-room opposite.

PUNCH'S EXHIBITION OF PAINTING.

In consequence of the curiosity of the public to witness the exhibition of our splendid Pictorial Blind, we beg leave to announce that it will be on view until it is worn out, when we shall have another. Persons with gimlet-eyes are requested to be careful not to look too sharply into it. For the accommodation of the public, tall individuals are entreated not to occupy the front places. Reserved seats on the lamp-post opposite may be had by applying, of the boy Dick, on the day previous. Purchasers of a whole set of *Punch* from the commencement will be entitled to a seat immediately before the blind, and on the inside of the window. Regular subscribers, upon proving that they are so, will be accommodated with a private view just before taking down the shutters. Family tickets, admitting four persons to view the effect from the area below, may be had on reasonable terms. No omnibuses allowed to draw up opposite the blind for more than five minutes. Distinguished foreigners, and others temporarily resident in London, will, on showing their passports, be allowed to stand on the counter and look down upon the blind, a privilege that cannot otherwise be granted without an order from the proprietors.

THE INSTITUTION AT HOOKHAM-CUM-SNIVEY.

The following particulars have been furnished by our friend, Mr. Tiddledy Winks, the indefatigable secretary, and also editor of the *Peckham Railway Times* & *Camberwell-Green Chronicle*:

SESSION 1843-4.

Patron.

His Grace the Duke of Dulwich.

President.

The Hon. Smith Field.

Vice-Presidents.

Cambridge Heath, Esq.
St. John Wood, Esq.
Brook Green, Esq.
Muswell Hill, Esq.

Treasurer.

Mr. Bagnigge Wells.

Hon. Sec.

Mr. Tiddledy Winks.

Report.

The Committee have every reason to congratulate the Subscribers upon the flourishing state of the Institution. The following lectures are proffered gratuitously for the ensuing course:—

1843.

Oct. 10.—An Address, by the Curator of the Museum, on the inadequacy of his salary; to be followed by a Lecture from the President, on the absurdity of his application.

18.—The President (in continuation).

Nov. 5.—Brook Green, Esq. On the Impropriety of Pyrotechnics (addressed especially to the junior classes).

15.—Mr. T. Winks, *Hon. Sec.* On the Habits and Instincts of Beadles.

Dec. 6.—Muswell Hill, Esq. On the Genius and Writings of Baron Nathan, with illustrations from his benefit bills and addresses.

14.—Titus Pump Handel, Esq. Upon English Music; with accompaniments on the Grand Piano Organ, by Signor Giuseppe Grindledini.

There will be an evening meeting in November, to read a paper (the day before yesterday's *Times*). On the same evening Dr. Crick will unrol a curious papyrus, presented by the President. It is about four inches square, stamped with a hieroglyphic, representing a North American Indian smoking, and an enigma underneath in English, inquiring, "When is a door not a door?" The inscription will be brought before the committee, and the results are looked forward to as only second to the Rosetta Stone in interest.

A Circulating Library has been added, containing several works of

high interest, including a Report of the Poor Law Commissioners; a Court Guide and Road Book for 1818; a volume of poems by an amateur, privately printed, and presented by the author; a copy of the proceedings of the Hookham vestry during the regilding of the weather-cock; and an unbound copy of the Tuft-Hunter, purchased of Messrs. Dorset and Stilton at a reduced price.

The committee have great pleasure in referring to the MUSEUM. In addition to the objects formerly enumerated, the following have since been added, in connection with the late excursions of the Queen.

A. A portion of one of the corporation robes upon which her Majesty did not tread at Southampton, but upon which it is possible she might have done, had she chosen. The fabric is presumed to be of great antiquity.

B. The address drawn up by the people of Hookham, and written by the master of the Sunday school, to have been read to her Majesty when she passed through the village, but which was never presented, in consequence of her Majesty going another way.

C. A chair upon which her Majesty did not sit down, on account of its being dusty, when she visited the town-hall of Ghent. Brought over, at a great expense, by Mr. Winks, during his late tour, previous to his compiling his "*Four-and-Twenty Hours in Belgium and Flanders*," to be published by subscription.

Classes for music, drawing, French, Chinese, and Single-stick, will be opened immediately upon the discovery of any pupils; and a quarter of an hour will be devoted successively to each subject every other evening.

The following periodicals are liberally supplied to the Reading Room:—*The Monthly Magazine* of information pertaining to the General Steam Navigation Company; the Illustrated Tailors' *Miscellany*; the *Monthly Medical Gazettes* of Parr, Cockle, and Morrison. The daily papers comprise the play-bills of the Hookham-cum-S. theatre, when open; and the placards of the different weekly London journals are received, forming a synopsis of hebdomadal news.

Dancing is taught by the Baron Nathan during the *Relâche* of Rosherville and Gravesend vacation. The Baron has, in the most handsome manner, presented the Institution with the identical six-and-thirty eggs, amongst which he danced his celebrated jig, on the occasion of the committee visiting the gardens *incog.*

(Signed) TIDDLEDY WINKS, *Hon. Sec.*

THE GREAT ESQUIRE QUESTION.

CONSIDERABLE excitement has lately been occasioned by the claim of a number of individuals to the title of Esquire, on the ground of their having direct commissions from the Crown to hold certain insignificant offices. Our friend Chancellor, whose name is familiar to us on the Chelsea omnibuses, is a commissioner for watering the road or emptying the dust-holes, and upon the strength of this he has been putting in his claim to the squirearchy. The case created considerable interest before that most appropriate tribunal, the *Petty* sessions at Kensington.

We have no objection to the extension of the title of esquire. "The more the merrier," say we; but if it is to be given to everybody who is commissioned to do this or that under the Crown, where is it to stop? The postman has, we understand, refused to deliver the letters he has in his hands until he is addressed as esquire by the Postmaster-General; and Pummell, of the Kensington Staff, is in a frantic state about his dignity; for he combines the double rank of beadle to the people and fishmonger to the royal family. The waterman at Charing-Cross has also put in his claim to the dignity, on the strength of his badge, the number of which is immediately under the crown; and coming, as it does, from a government office, gives it increased validity.

Paris Arrivals.

SENOR OLOZAGA, with Espartero's Order of the Fleece.
Also, a wolf in sheep's clothing.

Victoria and the Fine Arts.

WE learn that the *artists of Belgium* were treated in the most condescending manner by Queen Victoria. We would, therefore, advise English artists and authors to go to Brussels and there get naturalised.

MELANCHOLY DESTITUTION.—We regret to publish the Report that Horace Twiss is living upon his wits?

DINNER AT THE MANSION HOUSE TO ESPARTERO.

THE events which contributed to place Humphery on the civic throne are of little importance to the public at large; but there is something interesting in a recent proceeding with which the King of the East has tried to shed a lustre over the fag-end of his dynasty. Hospitality has always been the grand aim of the Trans-templebarian sovereigns; and the Cockney potentate who could keep the pot of the Mansion House most perpetually upon the boil, has always secured for himself the most honourable paragraph in civic annals. The reign of Humphery has been a succession of the most gorgeous "spreads;" and from the day when the early sprats were martyred, according to custom, on the mayoral gridiron, to the moment when Espartero thrust his hessians under civic mahogany, the sovereignty of the present monarch of the East has been a perpetual round of gluttony. The civic spit has groaned perpetually under the massive sirloin, and the jack-chain has danced merrily along to the music of the hissing fish-kettle. Never has Basting-spoon in Ordinary been in the enjoyment of a day's leisure, and Lord High Skewer has been constantly in request to aid the energies of Deputy Dripping-pan.

On the occasion of Espartero's visit, Humphery the First seemed determined to outdo all former outdoings, and to write his name—if we may be allowed a figurative expression—in letters of venison on the fly-leaf of history. Amongst every delicacy that art could conceive, or cookery execute—amidst those splendid triumphs of gastronomy over digestion, which place man at the mercy of meat, and lay prostrate the statesman by the hands of the *chef de cuisine*—it would be impossible, amid such an *embarras de richesses*, to particularise any *plat* where there was literally something of everything. Though we have perused some of the most diffuse and desultory *cartes* of the cheap dining-rooms—though we have listened to the scarcely less elaborate announcement of the waiter, who comes forward to tempt the appetite by interjectionary allusions to such an article being "just up," or "in very good cut"—though we have heard all this, and read those copious bills of fare, where there is everything in print, but scarcely anything in the establishment—notwithstanding our experience in matters of the kind, we were startled by the profusion of the repast that the ex-Regent was invited to.

In compliment to the ex-Regent, everything Spanish that could possibly be brought in was used for the occasion. The table was of Spanish mahogany, and the Duke of Victory was supported on one side by a Spanish general, and on the other by a Spanish onion—which was served up in a nice stew, to bring to his mind the state of his own country as much as possible. The band, consisting of Somebody on the concertina, and Nobody on the flute, played a Spanish air; while the dessert consisted chiefly of Spanish nuts; and the Lord Mayor got in a joke, which had been many weeks in preparation, the gist of which was to ask Espartero if he would like to take Barcelona. The dinner napkins, which had nothing on them, were probably emblematical of Spanish bonds—which are, in effect, so much blank paper.

Espartero returned thanks for his health being drunk, and as he spoke in Spanish, the citizens tried to look as if they understood it. Poor Mr. Under-Sheriff Pilcher, supposing it to be comic, went off into a fit of hysterical laughter, particularly when the ex-Regent, spoke of himself as the "*victima desventurada de la perfidia, la traycion y el engaño.*" Mr. Under-Sheriff Pilcher, thinking the Regent was making a facetious allusion to civic hospitality, burst out into boisterous merriment, until he was nudged by Magnay, and poked by Moon, neither of whom knew what Espartero meant, but saw by his face that the mirth of the Under-Sheriff was out of season.

MOON STRUCK.

Everything, with this exception, passed off pretty well; but the excuses were so numerous, that it seemed as if all the great people in the kingdom fully intended to come, only they didn't.

PUNCH,

MEMBER FOR THE CITY OF LONDON.

TO THE ELECTORS.

GENTLEMEN,—A vacancy having occurred in the representation of your magnificent city, I lose no time in replying to the two thousand and one invitations to offer myself as your new member for Parliament. Although I feel it to be altogether unnecessary to enumerate the many qualifications of *Punch* for that distinction—although they are as plain as Gog and Magog in the eyes of an admiring generation, I nevertheless conform to custom, and shall inflict upon you the usual number of elegant romantic asseverations customary on such occasions.

Having, in the course of my long and useful life, three times occupied a most commodious cell in Newgate, I cannot be considered a stranger to the City. Having twice stood in the pillory in the Old Bailey, it will be conceded that I know something of at least one of the most valuable of your civic institutions. Hence, my claims must be allowed above all other competitors not enriched by such experience, although no doubt equally deserving with myself of that distinction. That, as your representative, I shall make the public money go farther than any other man, will be evident from the fact that I have been four times before as many Aldermen, charged with putting off gilt sixpences for sovereigns, a measure of economy that it will be my first object to force upon the Government.

My dear friend, Lord Brougham, has informed me that the money got rid of by the City of London amounts to nearly one million per annum: I am very happy to hear it; inasmuch as, from such an immense sum, there will be no difficulty in providing very handsomely for your representative.

Gentlemen, it will be my unceasing study to add to the moral majesty and physical dignity of the City of London; and with this object, I shall compel the Government to double the number of all the civic dignities, beginning with the Giants of Guildhall, and ending with the ticket-porters. Hence, you shall have two Lord Mayors, and a double number of Aldermen. And whereas, to properly provide for these functionaries, it will be necessary to add to the revenues of the City, all imposts and fees should be increased to three times their present amount, so that, with additional dignity of person, there will also remain additional surplusage of purse.

And next, as to city improvements. I shall obtain a government grant to whitewash Saint Paul's, face Temple Bar with Bath brick, and insert cut-glass eyes in the heads of Gog and Magog. And feeling how intimately connected with the greatness of a city is a city's literature, I shall bring in a bill to make eternal copyright of the wit of Sir Peter Laurie to himself and his heirs for ever. I shall also vindicate my reverence for high art by securing to Mr. Sheriff Moon the exclusive publication of the portraits of Whittington's Cat, to be annually raffled for at the Mansion House; making it compulsory upon all "foreigners" (as the savages west of Temple Bar are properly denominated,) to take a guinea ticket.

With respect to the fees for the freedom of the City, I shall considerably add to their amount, by compelling the customers of freemen to become free themselves. Hence, if any "foreigner" be eating oysters in the City, it shall be compulsory upon him to take up the freedom of the Fishmongers—if swallowing ginger-pop, to join the Vintners.

And as the duties falling upon corn and periwinkle-meters, ale-conners, sworn-brokers, and other offices of your gorgeous city, are onerous and harassing, I shall double their number—so that one half of these valuable public servants may year and year about visit Naples, Rome, (or, if they prefer it, Macquarrie Harbour,) for the benefit of their health and the relaxation of their intellects.

And, remembering that the hospitality of the City of London has made her the "envy of surrounding nations," I shall advocate the passing of an act that shall secure to the Court of Aldermen two dinners a day, with permission to invite their paupers from their country lodgings at Peckham and other places, to dine with them. My poor friend, Chatterton, has said of London—

"Her shield 's a turtle-shell, her spear a spit:"—

This shield I will have flung before the houseless poor—this spit shall kill, and roast them, food.

It shall also (by my efforts) be made lawful for every Alderman out of the City funds to provide for his children, his grandchildren, and indeed, for all relatives within kinship of German cousin. I will also relieve Aldermen from the necessity of attending the Old Bailey Court during Sessions, believing that justice will get on just as well without them.

As for my politics, men of London, they are of all sides, and all parties: hence, Tory, Whig, Conservative, and Radical, may with perfect consistency give me their vote: for as the pine-apple—as my friend Moon says—combines in itself a smack, a relish of every other fruit, so do I possess a shade and hue of every party under the sun. Therefore, Electors of London, rush to the poll; and place as the representative of your most enlightened and most economical City,

PUNCH.

P. S.—No objection to the votes of dead electors.

VICTORIA AT WATERLOO.

THE French papers of Tuesday had not arrived when we went to press: nevertheless, the following extracts may be depended upon, as illustrative of the state of feeling in Paris, when it was reported that the Queen had privately visited the field of Waterloo; although the report was duly contradicted.

[FROM LA PRESSE.]

Frenchmen, to arms!—This, the last and crowning insult to France, must be avenged! Victoria, the Queen of England, forgetful of the sympathy due to the reverses of the most noble and magnanimous nation of the earth, has—visited the field of Waterloo! The field of that battle, bought by English gold, and bartered by English treason. The island Queen has gazed with contemptuous triumph upon the soil enriched by the bravest blood of France! The Majesty of England has smiled a withering smile upon the tombs of thousands of Frenchmen! Vengeance, we cry! Vengeance, and a passport for Lord Cowley.

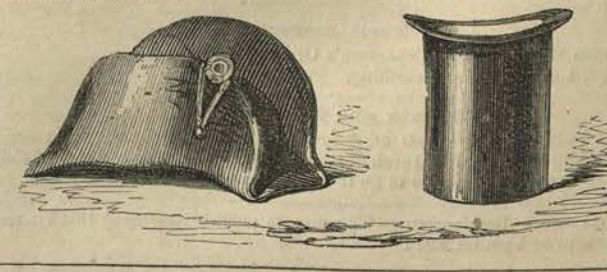
A POPULAR FEATURE.

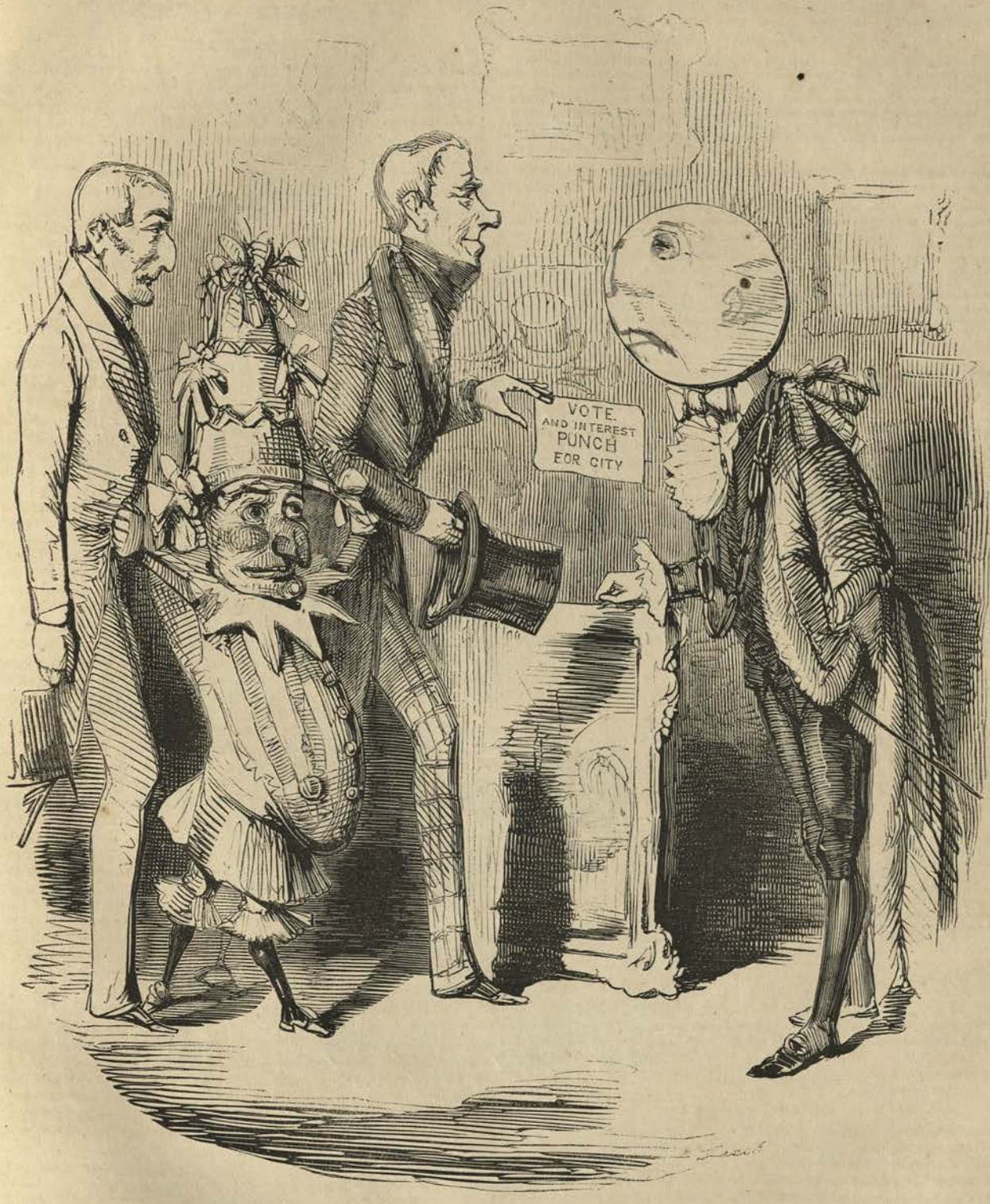
[FROM LE COMMERCE.]

It is with feelings of mingled indignation and disgust that we record an event, which must awaken scorn and loathing in the breast of every true Frenchman. England, subtle as the snake in her movements—untiring as the bloodhound—and sanguinary as the tigress—England, in the person of her Queen, has inflicted a deep and dastard wrong upon the sensibilities of France. With the wine of hospitable Eu, yet wet upon her lips—with her hand yet warm from the pressure of LOUIS-PHILIPPE—with the shouts of Frenchmen (we almost blush to call them so) yet ringing in her ears,—QUEEN VICTORIA rides post to the field of Waterloo, and gazes—we need not say with what emotion towards our insulted country—on the graves of our *braves des braves!* The insult was intensified by the previous falsehood. Queen Victoria was to come to Paris; to gaze upon the triumphs of our capital: and lo! Queen Victoria goes to Waterloo to smile above the graves of our fathers, our brothers, and our children!

[FROM LE NATIONAL.]

France has heard of Victoria's visit to Waterloo—heard it with indignant scorn. The jackal that digs the dead from their graves, yet spares their bones—not so, that worse than jackal, England. Will it be believed—yes, it will be; for—when England is the subject, Frenchmen will believe anything: will it be believed that the same *chaise de poste* which conveyed Victoria back to Brussels, also conveyed the skulls of twelve French grenadiers, dug from the field of Waterloo? And for what purpose—infuriated Frenchmen will ask—was this sacrilege committed? We will tell them; and when they have heard it, let their swords glisten in the sun! These twelve French skulls have been sent to the Court silversmith in London, to be mounted into drinking-cups; and, when mounted, to be presented to the Duke of Wellington, for the accursed orgies held at Apsley-House on the 18th of June.





PUNCH ON HIS CANVASS.

PUNCH'S GOSSIP.

FORKS!

MAN, in his present social state, may be represented by his fork. Look at it with philosophic eye, it is his type—his very self—the visible and tangible sign of his worldly worth. What an outcast is he, who has no fork! What a Pariah—what a mere animal—who picks his fitful meal not with three prongs, but ten fingers! And then, how great the aristocracy of prongs! How very different the metal and the workmanship! Consider, too, the hypocrisy of forks; and deny, if you can, that the said hypocrisy has in it the spirit of the times—that it represents the superficial seeming of tens of thousands. Here is German silver—English silver—Britannia metal—silvered steel—English plate—and fifty metallic juggles, whereof we know not the names, all putting on an outside lustre, and carrying certain indents, to cheat the common eye into the belief that it looks on solid silver and the Hall-mark. The Hall-mark! Where is the British lion?—where the Royal head? Britannia metal has it not—German silver is innocent of the impression; but there is a blot—a something nondescript marked in the fork—a sort of hopeful forgery that, with the unwary, may pass muster for the handiwork of the Worshipful Company of Goldsmiths.

We repeat it: as with forks, so with men. The screeching vice of our day—a vice that screams to heaven—is for every man to appear at least solid silver to his neighbour; and, so that the appearance be successfully put on, the real worth of the metal is of little matter. An iron fork is an abomination—at once the representative and confession of direst poverty. No: the gentility of life demands silver; well, as silver lies not within the reach of all hands, we put on an outside cheat of Britannia metal. It looks silver; eight people out of ten believe it silver; that belief makes our reputation; and we are complacently reconciled to the base metal by the sweet conviction that it cheats our visitors. "Not to be detected from silver," shout the advertisements, and we at once give preference to that consummate hypocrisy. "My dear," says Mrs. Smith to her husband, "nobody would know 'em from silver;" and Smith is more than content with his counterfeit forks; he is delighted with them, for at next to no cost they impart to him the reputation of property. And Smith looks at the back of the fork, and, peering at the hieroglyphics stamped therein, declares them to be wonderfully like the "Hall-mark," and that "not one eye out of ten would know the difference."

And how often is Smith's fork the representative of Smith! In the world Smith passes for a man of precious metal. Even as the fork is polished, so doth Smith polish his manner, and put a bright face upon himself to dazzle the world; and the world, the quick, keen-eyed world, that is so sharp, so knowing, assured that it sees the "Hall-mark" in all Smith's doings, trusts him upon his glitter, and Smith is rich; that is, like Smith's fork, Smith passes for silver, and gets all the honours.

Tens of thousands of men—of men of precious metal as they seem—what are they but Britannia metal forks? What their daily labour behind the counter, upon the mart, and in the highways, but to rub and polish themselves into a *silver look?*

Now come we to the plain, unsophisticated, household instrument, the plebeian of forks—the fork of iron. What a terrible history may hang about it! Of all the family of forks, how wretched!

Glorious is the fork of gold, doing its dainty work at royal and noble tables. Comfortable—yea, most comfortable—the fork of solid silver, visiting the mouth of ease and competence. Well to do, enough, those fraudful forks—forks of all imaginable metals that may pass for silver! But sometimes, sad indeed the fate of fork of iron! Sad in the scanty food it picks from out the poor man's dish! Sad in its long solitude, rusting in cupboard!

Here are two forks—silver and iron. A well-paid healthy artificer was he who made the precious fork; and it was sold into some good man's family—a good, prosperous, easy, well-feeding man. This silver fork hath smacked its prongs at a thousand luxuries! It knows the fat of venison—can tell what grouse is made of!—has had the ruby gravy gush from the sirloin beneath its claws. Veal, lamb, and mutton are its constant acquaintances, in all their vapid variety. The silver fork could write a cookery-book, discoursing practically.

What says the fork of iron? Why, it came into the world as death's weapon; and such was its fate—it fell into the hands of the poor—and scarcely knows the taste of meat. How was it made, and what good gifts did the said iron fork award to its maker? Doctor CALVERT HOLLAND shall tell us.

A book—a terrible book—called *The Vital Statistics of Sheffield*—has just been published, in which the tragic history of the iron fork-grinder may be read by the sons and daughters of the Silver Fork with some profit—perhaps. Doctor Calvert says:—

"Fork-grinding is always performed on a dry stone; and in this consists the peculiarly destructive character of the branch. In the room in which it is carried on there are generally from eight to ten individuals at work; and the dust which is created, composed of the fine particles of stone and metal, rises in clouds and pervades the atmosphere to which they are confined. The dust which is thus every moment inhaled, gradually undermines the vigour of the constitution, *and produces permanent disease of the lungs, accompanied by difficulty of breathing, cough, and a wasting of the animal frame, often at the early age of twenty-five.*"

Here are thoughts that might sometimes spoil a good man's dinner. Dr. Calvert proceeds:—

"It is found, on examination, that among the ninety-seven men, about thirty at this moment are suffering, in various degrees, from the disease peculiar to this occupation, and which is known by the name, grinder's asthma. The disease is seated in the lungs and the air-passages, and the progress of it is accompanied with the gradual disorganisation of these important organs. In its advanced stages, *it admits neither of cure nor of any material alleviation.* In the early stages, the only efficient remedy is the withdrawal from the influence of the exciting cause: but how is this to be effected by men who depend from day to day upon their labour, and whose industry from early life has been confined to one particular branch? Here, then, is the melancholy truth, that *nearly one-third of this class of artisans*, in addition to the poverty and wretchedness common to the whole, is in a state of actual disease—*and disease which no art can cure.*"

Mors loquitur:—

"In 1,000 deaths of persons above 20 years of age, the proportion between 20 and 29 years, in England and Wales, is annually 160. In Sheffield, 184; but among the fork-grinders, the proportion is the appalling number 475; so that between these two periods, three in this trade die to one in the kingdom generally."

Such is the history of the Iron Fork. It is Death's most handy weapon—upon the very threshold of life it stabs men in the lungs; deals a wound which admits of neither cure nor alleviation, but sends them coughing to their graves at twenty-five!

Oh, reader! thou mayest be a Gold Fork; thou mayest be solid Silver; nay, Britannia Metal—Queen's Metal—German Silver—British Plate! Yet, whatever thou art, as the daily fork visits thy mouth, sometimes think of the Fork of Iron—of the death it awards its maker, of the scanty meal it helps to thousands! Think of this; and, though the thought may sometimes spoil a toothsome morsel, 'twill fill thee with thanks for thy exemption, and teach thee tenderness towards the sufferer. Terrible is the sermon preached to other Forks by Fork of Iron!

Q.

THE CAPUTOMETER.

PUNCH has seen a pamphlet that one J. White, A.M., has addressed to Sir James Graham anent the church of Scotland, in which J. White declares, with some left-handed compliments to "the children of George the Third," that "all selfish and destructive forms of men are *broad-headed;*" and therefore it belongs to Sir James, and—

"you, the government, to look to yourselves, and particularly to notice the types of men in the House which you call the Lords,—to ascertain the truth of this, for it is your interest to inquire immediately into this national and universal subject—to consider also *the general run of the heads* of the Commons, for they are evidently steeped in bribery and corruption, and money-making on almost any principle—and, third, to examine these men in society who are called men of property—whether, speaking *generally*, they are not animal men, or broad particularly in the base of the head, or high principally in the crown."

Sir James, with the courtesy that distinguishes him, has ordered a machine to be constructed, to be called, the Caputometer, with which all members of Parliament will be duly measured; and those who are found to have the least head among them, will, for the proper working-out of Sir Robert's measures, be immediately promoted to the ministry.

A "LADY" BRIDE.

A WOMAN, calling herself *Lady Elizabeth Charlotte Berkeley Craven*, has been charged at Marylebone with swindling; but that is nothing. The romance of the case is this: she had inveigled a foreigner, a valet, who—blessings on his simplicity—had given her his watch and five pounds, believing that the fair *Elizabeth* had 17,000*l.* a-year, and only 70,000*l.* on her bridal day. With the 5*l.* *Lady Elizabeth* was to search out the valet's ancestral arms, that they might be quartered with her own. It has since been discovered that the valet's arms are a—jackass in a field proper. We love to read these cases. Dupes like the valet are public benefactors, and redeem life from the dullness of continual propriety. Moreover, they show that simplicity is not flown from the heart of man—scared away by the jingling of shillings. No; such folks as the valet still give us glimpses of Arcady; we hear them; and we still listen to the bleating of the sheep.

DOG TOBY OUTDONE.

THE last *Quarterly* contains a review of a book, lately published by a certain Monsieur BLAZE, entitled, "The History of the Dog."

In this book M. BLAZE, among sundry other wonderful and diverting stories respecting canine sagacity, relates how on some occasions, dogs, by an instinct bordering on a power of divination, have attacked men about to commit murder; the animals, apparently, being aware of the men's intention, independently of any overt act from which they might have surmised it.

For these surprising incidents M. Blaze accounts, by the hypothesis, "That the emotion of a man who meditates a crime produces a peculiar odour from his body." Sin, then, has its odour, as well as sanctity.

If this be so, it will be highly to the interest of the public, to cultivate that breed of dogs, whichever it is, that is in possession of so valuable a faculty. A good kennel of them would be an inestimable addition to the Detective Force of Bow Street. It is known that a dog will scent a hare long after she has started from her form; and, no doubt, the olfactory result of a crime would hang for a good while about its perpetrator.

Probably, if murder is odoriferous, other crimes are so too. Arson, robbery, fraud, forgery, are peculiarly unpleasant. A misdemeanor is disagreeable, and even forestalling and regrating have their distinctive effluvia. Indeed, popular phraseology recognises the effect of moral evil on the nostrils. He who suspects a fault is described as "smelling a rat." A bad character is said to be "in ill odour." *Emilia*, in "Othello," speaking of her husband's treachery, declares—

> "Villany, villany, villany!
> I think upon 't,—I think,—*I smell 't.*"

But if all wickedness affect the canine nose, it will be dangerous to let the dogs thus sensitive go loose. At least it will be necessary to muzzle them. Without such precaution having been taken, it will be perilous for many a "respectable man" to walk the streets. Your bill discounter, your scoundrel attorney, will have a whole pack at their heels, as though they were so much carrion. The noble sharper will do well to keep in his cab, or Cæsar and Pompey will be at his throat. Dogs are not admitted into Courts of Justice; but should one of these animals find his way into the Old Bailey Sessions-House, he will be as likely to fly at one of the barristers as at the prisoner; and may even attack some Alderman on the Bench.

The speculator, on his way to the Stock Exchange, with a swindling scheme in his head; the legislator going down to St. Stephen's to vote against his conscience, or meditating some law for the oppression of the poor, will be finding himself seized by the leg. Your gallant will have need to take care what his intentions are when he goes to declare his passion; or he may chance to be bitten for his perfidy. The cynic carps at pride and vanity, and if the animal he takes his name from has a like antipathy, many a fine lady will be obliged to look to herself on her way to church. In short, there will be no end to accidents, if these dogs are bred and allowed to go about.

However, should it be thought expedient to obviate such casualties, the animals might be taught to stand at a rogue, and made a sort of moral pointers.

One great obstacle to such a breed of dogs being obtained is, the low moral condition of our dog-fanciers. The dog is usually trained up in very indifferent society, which must greatly tend to blunt his nose to vice. He gets so accustomed to the scent of cursing, lying, swearing, drunkenness, and theft, that at last he does not mind it. The promotion, therefore, of this race of animals will not only, by causing everybody to take care what designs he contemplates, and to be always on his best behaviour for fear of a bite, effect much general good, but will also tend, by necessitating virtuous habits on the part of the trainer, to elevate a class of men who have hitherto, for the most part, been very degraded characters, to a respectable station in society.

KING PUNCH!

WE have had a very handsome offer from Athens; no other than an invitation—superscribed "private and confidential"—to mount the throne of Greece, *vice* OTHO, about to be kicked out. The document was forwarded to us per Package Delivery Company, and lies at our office for the satisfaction of the credulous. The occurrences of the past three or four years must have prepared the judicious lookers-on of the royal game of chess for the removal of OTHO; this event cannot surprise them: but their wildest hopes could never have looked for his successor in *Punch!*

At length, then, we have our reward! For many years, indeed—we might say, for centuries—have we been the chief adviser of certain crowned heads, albeit we have been shamefully defrauded of our rightful reputation. Here, in England, have we worked in palace and in parliament, and kings and ministers have fobbed us of our renown. But, thank Heaven! we can still point to the *Statutes at Large*, and feel that England acknowledges the presence of *Punch* in hundreds of their pages. We were hand and glove with George the Third, though he never owned to the intimacy. The American war was our work—so was the Royal Marriage Act, and fifty other acts, which have secured that monarch the title of "revered." And then for George the Fourth—alas! where is he now? (Where the undying grace—where the debauchery, made elegant and easy?) With him we were boon companion. We whispered to him, "Have a taste, and build the Pavilion!" We cried in his ear—"Vindicate the purity of wedlock, and impeach your wife." We were his minister in framing the Six Acts for CASTLEREAGH, and moreover lending his lordship his choicest English.

FERDINAND THE SEVENTH had the glory of embroidering a petticoat for the Virgin. We have kept the secret until the present; but that embroidery was the handiwork of *Punch*.

When CHARLES THE TENTH was playing at cards, and Frenchmen in the streets of Paris were trumping their king, it was *Punch* who, through the monarch, gave the order to "Kill in masses."

It was *Punch* who made LOUIS-PHILIPPE roar the *Marseillaise* from the balcony of the Tuilleries, and then counselled him to fortify Paris. Reader, we put it to your candour: Without *Punch*, what at this moment would have been the King of the French?

Well, the Greeks having determined to get rid of OTHO—that bad lump of Bavarian clay, that dull *Jemmy Twitcher* of kings—we have been invited, for once, to reign in our own name. Heaven and the nations know that *Punch* has often reigned in the name of another!

The offer is tempting; we confess it: our blood simmers, and our whole anatomy seems harmonious with royal thoughts. We *will* go to Athens, and, once upon the throne, we will follow the example set by our present gracious mistress, VICTORIA, and surround ourself with the sages, the poets, the philosophers, the artists of the day. Like her Majesty, we will never dine without having poetry, philosophy, and art represented at our royal table! Like her Majesty, we will not sit all our days in the ice-pail of state, but by sweetest condescension familiarise the people with the astounding truth that we are only flesh and blood.

With this determination we have acceded to the wishes of the Greeks. We have accepted the throne, with two provisoes. These are, that wherever we show our nose, we shall not be confounded with the roar of artillery, and *God save the King!*

May the goose-quill turn to a snake in our hand, and sting us mortally for the lie, if from the bottom of our heart we have not

pitied QUEEN VICTORIA in her late sufferings of cannon and wind-instruments. Bang—bang—bang! *God*—bang—*save*—bang—*the Queen!*—bang—bang! What a roar, and what a braying!

This we could not endure: we are too philosophic. We would not be a sort of Jupiter, whose every footfall on the brazen floor of heaven awakens a crash of thunder! We should be sick to loathing of the same tune pelted eternally at us. If not, we should be so uplifted by the sounds—so carried away by gunpowder and brass-bands—that we should forget our poor mortality in the roar. It is a hard matter to escape the most terrible egotism, when preached by forty-two pounders, church-bells, and everlasting *God save the King!*

We know it; we should die of the National Anthem—it would haunt us. Our skull, like a musical-box, would be eternally tinkling *God save the King!* Our brain would sympathetically arrange itself into the score; it would be written upon our heart, like Calais on the heart of Queen Mary. Look where we would—hear what we might—we should see and hear nought but—*God save the King!*

"The pansy at our feet,
Would the same tale repeat."

Our royal kettle on the hob would sing it—our cat purr it—our royal musical mice warble it! The sea-waves would write *God save the King!* upon the sands; and to our eyes, the very stars of heaven, in diamond type, would, in all their glory, twinkle nothing but *God save the King!*

Alas! needs it not more than mortal force to fight against such influence? Needs it not——

We had written thus far, when we received an answer from Athens. The Greeks make it a *sine quâ non*, that we must suffer some sort of *God save the King!* Very well. *Punch* will stick to foolscap, and forego the Crown.

BALLADS OF THE HEART AND HEARTH.

My gentle love, my only love,
My husband fond and dear,
Whose cheerful smile I prize above
All other pleasures here.

Still warmly my affections glow,
My very soul of souls,
But autumn gales begin to blow;
My life, "get in the coals."

I 've watch'd thee in the summer's day,
When sunbeams danc'd around,
And Phœbus shot his golden ray
Along the thirsty ground.

I 've clung to thee in winter's storm;
The thought across me rolls,
That love alone may cease to warm:
At once "get in the coals."

I 've seen upon thy manly face
The mark of recent snows,
And often I the frost could trace,
Sharpening thy cherish'd nose.

But we may banish e'en a chill,
Like that of frozen poles;
Nay, don't refuse—you must—you will—
This day "get in the coals."

CLEMENCY OF THE SEASON.

SUCH has been the clemency of the season, that we have received letters from our correspondents all over the country; some enclosing cabbage leaves, as specimens of a second crop, and others putting us in possession of endive down to the 24th of September. Our own correspondent, who has been living for the last fifteen months at Sandwich, in the hope of having something to communicate, has at last found a pretext for writing; and his letter, under the head of "Harvest," speaks of the grass now growing in the streets as being in fine condition for housing; but, unfortunately, nobody will take the trouble to gather it except strangers, who "cut it" as quickly as possible. We have not room for our correspondent's letter; and if we had, we should decline inserting it. A gentleman writes to us from Stonehenge, informing us that the chickweed growing between the stones of the Giant's Causeway is this year remarkably healthy. Our intelligence from the marigold districts is not quite so encouraging; but we have had a blackberry from Devonshire, as a specimen of the quality of this year's fruit, which may be seen at the office.

THE SOVEREIGNTY OF THE LAW.

IF ever *Punch* felt inclined to drop down upon his knees, and with a feeling of reverence, almost to fainting, wished to kiss the hem of law, it was a few days back, when Mr. Broderip, of the Thames Police, held—and justified his opinion by reference to *Carrington and Payne's Reports*, p. 741—that a man entrusting a golden sovereign to the hands of another for change had no longer any property in that sovereign.

"The case was this: A was treating B at a beer-shop, and A wishing to pay, put down a sovereign, desiring the landlady to give him change. She could not do so, and B said that he would go and get change. A said, 'You won't come back.' B replied, 'Never fear.' A allowed B to take up the sovereign, and B never returned with it.—Held *by the learned judges*, that this was *no larceny*, as A, having permitted the sovereign to be taken away for the purpose of being changed, he could never have expected *to receive back the specific sum, and had therefore divested himself of the entire possession of it.*"

Can anything be more clear than such reasoning of the learned judges? Yet, we dare say, there are fools to whom its extreme clearness will be opaque as mud—in the same way as we meet with enthusiasts who will insist that two and two are not five! And thus—thus the judges have determined. We have heard of such people as accessories *after* the theft. Were the said accessories dressed in scarlet gowns and horse-hair wigs? What an easy way to earn twenty shillings! Reader, give us a sovereign to get changed.

French Sensibility!

THE *National* is indignant that the Spanish telegraph should talk of "the *King's* (Louis Philippe's) navy." It says:—

"We know of two navies, one merchant and the other military; but, in fact, we know of no 'KING's navy' except the KING's yacht, the *Reine Amélie*, and the boats at Eu and Neuilly."

And then the *National* condemns these—

"Feudal or *rather* Britannic phrases, which are, no doubt, flattering to the KING, but are incompatible *with the spirit of our institutions.*"

"Our institutions!" Are the walls of Paris among them? Are the forts and bastilles "the King's" or the people's? Certainly,—according to the spirit of their institutions—intended for the people!

Lifts to Lazy Lawyers.

Q. What are First Fruits?
A. Rhubarb and little green gooseberries.
Q. How are seamen impressed?
A. By the cat-o'-nine-tails, or one of Father Mathew's sermons.
Q. When is it necessary to commence a fresh suit?
A. When the other has become too ventilating or seedy.
Q. What is a Release?
A. To exchange the society of your ugly aunt for that of your pretty cousin.
Q. What is a Clerical Error?
A. Preaching a three hours' sermon.

Literary Intelligence.

WE understand that the accomplished and lettered Waterman at the Charing-cross Stand, is about to publish a *Guide to all the Watering Places*, for the use of cabmen and others. It will discuss the antiquity of the subject, and show how the Egyptians were nearly brought to a stand by coming to a watering-place. We understand that a celebrated naturalist is preparing a new edition of the *Book of British Birds*, distinguishing carefully those which may be caught with chaff, from those who are not likely to be captured with that delusive material.

The High Tides.

THE Thames has been having one of its high days and holidays, taking a run into all the streets in its own neighbourhood, and dropping in upon the inmates of the kitchens and cellars, much to their astonishment. Old Father Thames has been, in fact, swelling it to a terrific extent, and treating several individuals to a quantity of heavy wet when they least expected it.

Aristocratic Constabulary.

IT is a delightful thing to see the Peerage participating the performance of the meanest duties with the humblest of the people. We perceive that the Duke of Northumberland is constable of Launceston, and that he acted as such on the occasion of Her Majesty's late trip along the coast. Everybody knows that the Duke of Wellington is the constable of the Tower; and, we believe, that once in the year his Grace takes his turn, going his rounds and taking up a drunken man just like any other constable. This is the true way to cement the union between the Peerage and the people.

PUNCH TO MR. CLIVE, MAGISTRATE.

CUPID WITH THE ATTRIBUTES OF MARS.

Sir,—I have read with great pleasure the report of your sentence in the Wandsworth Court of Police, on *Thomas Green*, charged with wantonly "coming behind Elizabeth Williams, and striking her a blow on the neck which felled her to the ground!" The said Thomas was further charged with violence towards another woman, whose face, beaten "black and blue," was evidence against him. I read, sir, that you, "taking all the circumstances into account, fined the prisoner—a young man of dissipated appearance—*seven shillings!*"

This sentence of yours, sir, will work great good. For these last four thousand years and more, we have been talking nonsense about "the weaker sex," and "lovely woman," and "gentle beings," and all such sugary hypocrisy. The consequence is, Mr. Clive, a woman cannot even be knocked down, or have her face beaten black and blue, without thinking herself grievously assaulted. Your judgment, sir, will disabuse foolish females of this error. You have very properly shown them that any dissipated young man, with seven shillings in his pocket, may, in a manner, take out a license to knock down and bruise the sisterhood. At Wandsworth office, women to be knocked down or beaten at three-and-sixpence a head! The *Thomas Greens*, Mr. Clive, are bound to thank you for reducing the price of luxuries. Your observing friend,

PUNCH.

THE UNIVERSAL PROGRESSIVE GENERAL HAPPINESS ASSOCIATION.

This Institution is regulated by a committee, and has for its object the distribution of happiness to the human race.

It is a well known fact that contentment produces happiness. It is likewise a well known, though lamentable fact, that no man, whether high or low, is contented with his *present* position in life, whatever it may be.

It cannot be denied that every man would be still *more* discontented were he placed in a position *below* that to which he had been accustomed.

It is therefore presumed that were each man raised one step immediately *above* that which he has hitherto held, universal contentment would be the result, and general happiness must necessarily follow.

The committee therefore propose, then, that a universal system of gradual progression be adopted, by which society, or at least that portion of it which will become incorporated with the Association, will be divided into distinct classes or divisions, commencing from those whose earnings amount to 5*s*. per week, and progressing gradually upwards until it ends with those whose annual incomes reach 5,000*l*. And by this simple and easy transition, it is confidently expected, (each man duly appreciating the change in his position) that universal happiness and contentment will be the beneficial result!

In order, however, to provide against the unpleasant contingency of the highest class being left destitute of an income, by seceding it to that immediately below them, the committee have made arrangements with the Bank of England for the employment of their surplus capital, to any extent they may require, towards the indemnification of the above class, ample security being of course furnished for the same—by somebody with whom the committee are not at present acquainted.

The committee themselves, in forming this Association, are actuated solely by disinterested motives; they ask but the privilege of enrolling themselves amongst the happy society they are about to form.

Patents for Inventions.

A new patent has been granted to Sir Peter Laurie, for perpetual motion, as applied to speech, inasmuch as when he begins to talk it comes to no end.

Queer Queries by Sir Peter Laurie.

Is there a garden planted with oakum trees, attached to every Union workhouse; and is it always in season, that the paupers are so constantly employed in picking it?

Does the Common Law which declares that no British-born subject shall be sent out of the country against his will, render it illegal to export small natives?

SAVAGE ASSAULT ON A SQUARE-KEEPER.

We regret to state that the square-keeper of Golden-square, who is naturally of a retiring and timid disposition, has long been the victim of juvenile brutality. A number of turbulent and water-thirsty (we had nearly said blood-thirsty) boys are in the habit of congregating round the pump, and the square-keeper, anxious to avoid a collision, has always walked away, pretending not to see them. Unfortunately, however, the other day he was directed by one of the inhabitants to disperse a cluster of seven juveniles who were collected in the usual spot; and the square-keeper, tremblingly alive to the emergency, went forward, shaking his cane, and uttering the following spirited sentence, "Come, come—this will never do." Upon this the boys at once assailed him with a sprinkling of water from the pump, as well as a flood of insulting language, after which they ran away laughing immoderately. We understand the policeman on duty immediately passed a note of condolence; and the square-keeper, overwhelmed with shame and confusion, proceeded to lay

DEPARTING GREATNESS.

the official cane at the feet of the treasurer. The resignation of the square-keeper has not yet been accepted.

Examination Papers.

OXFORD, 1843.

Punch is enabled to lay before Students, in the strictest confidence, certain questions which will be asked in the October Term, unless the plan (so successfully tried on Dr. Pusey) of deciding without asking questions at all, shall be previously substituted in place of the present system.

For the Degree of B. A.

What's the use of the Arundelian marbles at Oxford, when there's a statute expressly forbidding the game?

In "the *Social* War" between the Ætolians and Achæans, was there any amicable arrangement "not to make hitting in the face?"

Which of the Police was most to blame, when Alexander burnt Persepolis for fun?

What points of difference do you trace between the Consuls at Rome and the Consols at 95⅛?

Which has your preference, when considered as a humbug, the Oracle at Delphi or the Aerial Machine?

Give, in your best Latin, the remarks which Scipio Africanus would have made, if he could have seen Lord Chesterfield hunting the Roman country?

Prove that the geese, which preserved the Capitol, were of the Solon, and not of the *green* species.

Expatiate on the superiority of the English mould over the dangerous and expensive Roman candles.

Fashions for the Week.

In consequence of the sudden appearance of the cold weather, fashions have varied much in the present week. The prevailing costume has been a cross between summer and winter attire—the gentlemen wearing, in many cases, light trousers and wrap-rascal coats, while the ladies have been seen in fur muffs and gauze bonnets.

The Election for Lord Mayor for 1843.

WANTED, a person to fill the office of Lord Mayor of the City of London for 1843. No speculator in Talacre coal, nor any churchwarden who has been in the habit of auditing his own accounts, need apply. In consequence of the difficulty of finding a person with the requisite testimonials, it has been determined that a one year's character shall be considered sufficient. Anything under this cannot possibly be accepted; but a person being without a character now, may, at the expiration of one year, if he should have found a character in the mean time, renew the application.

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STORY OF A FEATHER.

CHAP. XXXVII.—I GO UPON THE STAGE.—THE GREEN-ROOM.—THE ACTORS.—MR. GAUNTWOLF AND A PINCH OF SNUFF.

In the midst of our conversation, my new acquaintance and myself were separated by one of the wardrobe women, and, for the time, I heard no more of Fanny Davis or Miss Gauntwolf. A few days passed, and, to my exceeding delight, I was selected by Mrs. Clive, and was to appear the next night before the king and queen, in the head of *Bizarre* in Farquhar's comedy of *The Inconstant*. Many little incidents, much gossip, which fell to my knowledge in my progress from the wardrobe to the boards, I pass in silence. My sensations, upon first entering the green-room, were delicious. I was in fairy-land. Even though I had passed through the disenchanting atmosphere of a dressing-room, I looked upon every actress as very near a heathen goddess; and Garrick and Aiken were more than mortal men. Indeed, at first, there seemed to me an air of romance about the meanest person—a something that took them away—set them apart from common life. The very stage carpenters were not, to my intoxicated fancy, the mere mechanics of the outer world. And then the ease, the hilarity of the green-room! The free and mirthful intercourse of men and women! Nothing prim or ceremonious in any of them; but, as I thought—a large, happy family of privileged mortals delighted to delight the world; folks, whose hardest labour was most delicious excitement; whose lives were passed in communicating pleasure, and receiving therefrom the sweetest plaudits, and the most approving smiles. I felt this; I, who had seen palace-life; I, who had been familiar with the breath and looks of royalty. Whether it was that I associated the words of Shakespear with Garrick, I cannot clearly say; but sure I am, I often thought the actor more of a king than King George the Third. Mrs. Yates, too! There was such inborn grace in that gentle creature; and fair Abington, with her sweet, liquid voice, and dove-like looks; and charming Mrs. Barry; and kind, womanly Pritchard; and out-speaking, pure-hearted Kitty Clive, who would beard the terrible manager, and then bestow the kindest words and thoughts upon the poorest underlings—the meek and pauper Fanny Davis—and there were, *and are*, many, many such, who looking down temptation with virtuous looks, are made, by their weekly shillings—wages earned in a fiery furnace—meek-hearted ministrants of daily bread to a whole family. I have known many scenes of life, but none in which the filial principle more nobly—nay, in few so nobly—exercised itself as among players, from high to low: the "vagabonds" branded in the statute. Many a time has the house rung with plaudits of Mrs. Cibber, in her sweet devotion, as the self-denying child! And at that moment, among the few girls, the attendants of the scene—the creatures upon whom undistinguishing profligacy in the boxes would set a price—were those, who practised in the hard prose of life, the lovely fable of the poet. Believe it, reader; I have known Cordelias in cotton gowns, and Grecian Daughters in pattens.

Let me, however, return to the green-room. As I have said, for some time all the actors appeared to me creatures of another world: men and women elevated above common life. At last I discovered that I had confounded them with their stage-characters. It required, indeed, a strong effort to separate the two. Garrick would be a hero—Mrs. Cibber a heroine. They dwelt in a cloud of rainbow fiction, cast by poetry around them. Or I have sometimes thought the actor—that is, the mere word-speaker, who brings no great original mind to his task—the jackdaw that, innocent of the larceny, is, nevertheless, the jackdaw always dressed in the feathered pens of authors. (Observe, gentle reader, I would not utter this opinion in a green-room: more; should destiny, in its benevolence, ever again lead me into that elysium, it is an opinion I would there and then most vigorously deny.) It is so difficult for the common mind to disunite the hero and the actor—to wipe off every particle of rouge, and pick off every spangle. I have digressed more than enough. You have, says the reader. To my story, then.

"Mrs. Clive," cried the call-boy; and oh! how my heart beat as *Bizarre* carried me upon her head to make my first appearance on the stage. Their majesties were in the royal box; but in the days I write of, this was a common event. Nevertheless, half St. James's was in the theatre; and at different intervals of the night, half the ministry in the green-room. Pelham chatted familiarly with Barry; and Marquesses and Lords formed about Garrick, as though, indeed, king David held a real levee in the playhouse. *Now*, ministers know themselves!

"Mrs. Clive," again cried the call-boy; for Kitty was talking and laughing to one of his Majesty's equerries—"Mrs. Clive—act drop's up, ma'am," was the summons, when Mrs. Clive, *Bizarre*—and Mrs. Abington, *Oriana*, hurried from the green-room, and Clive had scarcely time enough to say to her friend—"What an ass that colonel is, my dear!" ere both the ladies were upon the stage. Shall I ever forget the sensation! I was sick, and dizzy, and blind. As for the folks in front, I could distinguish no one. I saw nothing but a huge, black moving mass—a vast one thing heaving about, and making a noise; for the applause—which in my folly I took at first wholly to myself—when Clive entered, was excessive. When it had ceased, and I had a little recovered myself, I heard the king—and so must all the audience—say to the queen—"That's Clive—Clive—clever woman Clive; good character—good character—good woman, good woman." For a moment, I felt confused that their Majesties, who must so often have seen me when I adorned the Prince of Wales, should behold me on the stage. Poor vanity! how, indeed, should they know me?

When Clive made her exit, she was stopped at the wing by Miss Gauntwolf, who was to play one of the two ladies who assist *Bizarre* in her little plot against *Duretête*. It was a great night for Miss Gauntwolf; for she was for the first time entrusted with two lines: yes, she had on that night to make what we must call her virgin speech, as the first Lady. The second (dumb) Lady was given to Fanny Davis. "Do you like my dress, Mrs. Clive?" asked Miss Gauntwolf, with a fainting air; the two lines she had to deliver, making her an object of exceeding interest to—herself. "Humph!" said Kitty, looking the lady up and down, and then looking her through,—"Why, child," and Clive seized her by the ear, whereat sparkled a very handsome diamond—"whose is this?" "Mine, ma'am," answered Miss Gauntwolf, softly. "Indeed!" and Clive took a long breath. "And this ring?" "Mine, ma'am."—"And this necklace?" "Mine, ma'am." "All this finery yours, child," cried Kitty; and then she asked in a voice cold enough to freeze quicksilver,—"and pray, what—what may you have given for them?" "Nothing—nothing at all," said Miss Gauntwolf, with forced vivacity. "Yes, you did," said Clive; "yes, you did, poor thing! and bought them in the dearest market."

Clive was then making her way to the green-room, as Mr. Gauntwolf, dressed for the Fourth Bravo in the comedy, came up. He was a tall, big-boned man, with a coarse, thin, rugged face, high cheek-bones, and a voice like the edge of a saw. With this, he assumed a sort of pompous gentility, as gilding to the base material. Seeing Mrs. Clive talking to his daughter, he was approaching Kitty, with a mouth set for a compliment, and had uttered a word or two—though I knew not what—when Clive started back, as though from a pit-fall, and with almost tragic intensity of expression, cried—"beast!" She then passed a few steps on, and was met by her friend, the equerry, who again opened small-talk, which I did not attend to. The truth is, my curiosity was quickened towards Gauntwolf, who was still near me. I saw him apply himself to his snuff-box—a very handsome gold article, with a picture of Venus painted in enamel on the top. He was snuffing away the indignity put upon him by Clive, as Moody also, with open snuff-box, stood talking to another actor, near him. Gauntwolf, unasked, put his fingers into Moody's box, at the same time advancing his own. Moody, looking the intruder full in the face, instantly emptied the box visited by Gauntwolf's fingers, on the floor. "What may that be on the lid?" asked another actor, standing by Gauntwolf. "Venus—Venus," was the answer. "'Twas given to me—I think I've said so—by his lordship." "Humph!" said the actor, glancing at Gauntwolf, and then at his daughter—"I thought it was Virginia, or the Roman father."

For a long time, I could not understand why it was that everybody shunned Gauntwolf, as though his breath carried a pestilence. At last, I learned the horrid story. That such a man could look in the face of heaven—in the face of man! That he should walk upright! That a reptile in soul, he did not crawl like a snake to his grave upon the dust! That he should live, and bear the loathing of the world upon his shoulders, and yet try to smile, and make grim faces of content beneath it! The unutterable wretch had sold his daughter! He ate, drank, and clothed himself from the spotted fame of his trafficked child. Yes, Mr. Gauntwolf had shown himself equal to the devil in wickedness, and really carried with him the diploma of his iniquity in that gold box—given to him by his lordship!

There! Pah! Let us put some camphor in our ink, and go on.

Mrs. Clive remained talking to her friend as Garrick came from the stage. He was about to enter the green-room, when he met the young gentleman who played *Dugard*. "My good lad," said Garrick—"you are dull, plaguy dull in this; flat, very flat." "What would you have me do, sir? Indeed, I should be happy to be instructed," said the meek *Dugard*. "Do!" cried Garrick—"why you must feel

more spirit—you must work yourself into the passion that—zounds, my lad! this is what you must do—you must put more Champagne—yes, that's it—you must put more Champagne into it." "Sir," replied the actor, with a literalness of apprehension sometimes found behind the scenes—"sir, I should be very happy, but it's impossible." "Impossible!" cried David, looking with his wonderful eye, "impossible to put more Champagne into it!" "Yes, sir," said the stolid *Dugard*, "with my salary, how can I afford it?" "Foregad!" cried David, smothering a laugh—"I had forgotten that. No: I see; small beer is the best we can expect from you."

At this moment Fanny Davis, dressed for the Second Lady, was laid hands upon by Mrs. Clive: "Come to my room, child," said Kitty, and—the dressing-room is a sanctuary, of which I speak no further; nevertheless, I may say this much, Fanny wore, for that night, Mrs. Clive's stage-jewels, and what passed between the two, convinced me that Kitty had been as good as her word, and had called upon poor Davis and his all but shoeless child, as, from the boddice, I learned she had promised.

The play went on, and I was in the highest spirits. "My dear," said Mrs. Abington, coming off the stage into the green-room, "there's that viper, Kelly, in the pit."

"Poor wretch! come for the benefit of his venom, I suppose;" whereupon further conversation ensued; from which I gathered that the said Hugh Kelly was one of those insects of the ink-horn that make their dirty meals of public and private slander. Of him, however, I have more to say in another chapter.

"Confound it, Kitty," cried Garrick, in the course of the night, "why didn't you catch my eye in the last scene?"

"I couldn't," said Clive, with a face of delicious impudence—"it so burnt me up I couldn't look at it."

"Burnt you up!" exclaimed Garrick, half laughing, half vexed.

"Quite true," cried the indomitable Kitty; "how poor Mrs. Garrick has endured it, I can't tell: by this time I wonder the poor soul isn't cinders."

Still the play went on. An actor—I forget his name—who played *Gibbet*, again and again lamented to Mrs. Clive his hard destiny. He was the only man who could play *Mirabel*; but in that theatre, he was crushed, ruined, annihilated!

The green-room was empty. Mrs. Clive sat alone, unseen, behind the door. *Gibbet*, the ill-used actor, entered. He thought himself solitary with his wrongs. He stalked up and down the room, swelling and swelling—and then muttering and muttering his injuries. At length, he paused before the pier-glass; and, gazing intently at himself, he clenched his fist, and shaking it vehemently at the reflection of his face, growled with bursting heart: "You—you—you are a—a—fettered—lion!"

"Ha! ha! ha!" screamed Kitty Clive; and the fettered lion, more than amazed, rushed from the green-room.

The Harp of the Princess Royal.

This elegant musical instrument was no sooner sent home to the Palace, than the Princess Royal—with a musical precocity which is not by any means astonishing, considering that she *is* a princess, began playing "Mag's Diversion" with a boldness of touch and a rapidity of fingering that completely charmed all who were present. His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales joined in a duet for two juvenile performers on one harp, and his sister attempting to interfere with his part of the performance, the heir to the throne showed a disposition to play off a few variations *à la Bochsa*, which were at once checked by the Dowager Lady Littleton.

The Princess Alice kept up a vocal accompaniment to the instrumental achievements of her brother and sister; so that the harp promises altogether to be a rare source of harmony in the Royal Nursery.

Lifts to Lazy Lawyers.

Q. What is a Settlement of a Conveyance?

A. When an omnibus smashes a cab.

Q. What is the master's general report?

A. That wages are too high.

Q. Is "What's that to you," deemed a sufficient answer?

A. It may be, or may not; but it is likely to be excepted to for impertinence.

Q. Describe the meaning of the term *Nunc pro Tunc.*

A. It is the general exclamation you make when you are run against by a clumsy person. It generally has the word stupid added—*ex. gr.*, "Now then, stupid!"

Unworthy Plagiarism.

In consequence of *A Night with Burns* being so successful in the case of Wilson, we understand that Lord William Lennox is about to try—*A Night with the Industrious Fleas!*

PUNCH'S PETS.

In moments of sadness, we have sometimes thought—and thought groaningly—upon the strange condition of the world, if all its men and women, at a given hour, should suddenly resolve, and hold to the resolution, of becoming honest, and, in the true sense of the word, respectable! Alas and alas! for the newspapers. Why, they would be barren as the barren places of Arcady. What blanks in the advertising pages! What a sudden disappearance of good, substantial, household lies—what an exit of allowed, domestic knavery! Again, too, what an annoyance to yourself, gentle reader, and to all those really good and honest people, whose goodness and honesty are thrown out in fine relief from the "sullen ground" of social blackguardism. That cock's-feather, respectability, which we sport with so jaunty an air, picking our way upon our toes through the mire of vulgar life, would be no distinction, if every man might justly sport the same plume. No: it is especially valuable in our beaver, because the mob about us are not only wanting such feathers, but even hats or caps to stick them in. Would the ivory of the social chess-board look so *very* white but for the ebony that shoulders it? Would the honesty of a Cato look so beautiful without the rascality of a Cataline? Doth Lucretia owe nothing of her excessive lustre to Phryne?

It is thus—pondering on our own excessive respectability—that we have yearnings of gratitude towards the outcasts, the picturesque blackguards of the world, the brassy cheats, the silver-tongued swindlers, that—praise be to Mercury!—still are found among us. Your respectable man is very often a shuffling person. He can chuckle at roguery on paper—laugh and rub his palms at the doings of a Scapin or Lazarillo; yet let the same man merely find John Tomkins clandestinely courting the housemaid and the family cheese at the same time, and how the said Respectability roars for the police, and after puts on a face of dreadful injury before the magistrate. *Punch* has truer philosophy, finer practical benevolence; and therefore devotes—and will always devote—some corner of a page to the merits of those men who are despised when appearing in the flesh, at Bow-street or the Mansion-house, but would be very much admired in post octavo. One of these heroes, by name and (apocryphal) occupation"—

"*John Stanley Humphery*, the resident director of the City of London Convalescent Fund Pension Society and Savings Bank, Queen-street, Cheapside,"

has been examined before the Lord Mayor upon very sufficient charges of swindling: but beautifully—yea, "beautiful exceedingly," did our pet *Humphery* defy the magistrate:—

"The Lord Mayor.—You shall have ample justice done you, and so shall those who appear against you.

"Prisoner.—I am not within the reach of the law. *I have* studied the science sufficiently to know that."

Bravo, *Humphery!* That is the true study of life. Cheat, rob, swindle, on the safe side of the law, and prosper. There are many *Humphreys*, yet how few have *John Stanley's* honesty of speech—his downright, ingenuous English! Hence is he one of *Punch's* pets! We shall, doubtless, add to our gallery of favourites.

THE CLOCK OF ST. CLEMENT'S.

Our publisher is greatly inconvenienced by parties coming into the office to inquire why all the four dials of the clock of St. Clement's tell a different story, and why every one of them is always wrong. If the clock cannot keep going, let it turn off all its hands, wind up its affairs, and retire at once from public observation; but let it not attempt to occupy a high and prominent position, if it is unable to fill it with credit to itself and profit to the community. We have put up with more from this clock than from any other public servant. We thought it might only want time to bring itself round; but finding it will not give us any hour, we will no longer give it any quarter. We expected a meeting of the hands the other day at twelve o'clock, but it did not occur, and things remain in the same uncertainty. We feel justified in calling on the clock for an account of its works; and, if no minutes have been kept, we shall leave the public to judge of the entire matter.

Since writing the above, we have been told that it is the hour-hand which refuses to move in the affair, but that the minute-hand is quite ready to second anything reasonable.

When we remember the beautiful old legend, commencing—

Oranges and lemons,
The bells of St. Clement's,

we cannot help thinking how the bells have altered their tone since the period when the poet sung about them.

PUNCH'S CONTINENTAL TOUR.

PROGRESS 1.—LONDON, FOLKESTONE, AND BOULOGNE.

s her Most Gracious Majesty has lately been taking her pleasure by sea and land, accompanied by several of the most influential persons in the kingdom, *Punch* thought it behoved him to do the same, and become the chronicler of his own "*Punch's* Progress"—which, by the way, has been very great ever since he first appeared in print. A desire to pay his respects to Louis Philippe, and receive assurances of his cordiality, notwithstanding the former *mésintelligence* between himself and that monarch, was another exciting motive for his tour. And in order that, during his absence, no unforeseen troubles might affect his sovereignty, Boy Dick was appointed Regent, as well as Chancellor of the Till and Commissioner of the Stamped Numbers.

Having packed his wardrobe in the interior of his cap, *Mr. Punch* left his office one evening last week, and proceeded by omnibus to the terminus of the Dover Railway, determined upon travelling by the new and fashionable route *viâ* Folkestone. The process of taking your ticket is here exceedingly diverting, and forms the first amusement which the tourist encounters. For it is only by dint of running in and out of half a dozen doors, and interrogating as many policemen, that a vague idea is at last formed of where he ought finally to apply. This accomplished, and the money paid, he is sure to get upon *some* railroad; but whether the one upon which he intends to travel, is only found out on arriving at the end of the line. Travellers for Brighton are usually set down at Deptford, and the best way of ensuring a deliverance at Dover is to take a ticket for Greenwich. For near the terminus, the lines of rail cross and recross, and interweave in such a mysterious manner, that it only remains a wonder how the engine eventually gets anywhere at all, beyond through the walls of the line and down into St. Olave's schools.

However, *Punch* is able to do everything that the common world cannot, and, after being received in due form at the terminus by a second class carriage, he proceeded on his journey. The whole line was stated to be through a fine country, but *Mr. Punch* was unable to judge, principally from the circumstance of its being pitch-dark the whole way.

At length, upon arriving at the marine terminus, *Mr. Punch* was again received by the mayor of Folkestone, presumed to be the only one in that town, accompanied by his remembrancer and bearer of the whip of mercy, or coachman. Entering the *char-à-banc* attached, after a perilous journey over the cliffs, the latter part of which somewhat resembles driving down the wall of a house, the vehicle stopped at the "South Eastern Pavilion."

The hotel at Folkestone known by the above name is an edifice of singular elegance, which is popularly supposed to have been erected in one day. Imagine a large E O booth that would pull out like a telescope, round which had been attached the various cabins of the *Great Western* steamship, and you will have a fair idea of this building. In justice, however, *Punch* feels himself called upon to praise the great attention and excellent cheer to be found there—in fact, the night arrivers can get anything they please, but beds. For as it contains some thirty resting-places, and three times that number of claimants, a nightly skrimmage for counterpanes is the result. But *Mr. Punch*, being usually accustomed to sleep inside his drum, a bed is of little consequence to him, so he bespoke a board on the coffee-room floor, and walked out to make his observations.

FOLKESTONE FROM ACTUAL SURVEY.

The town of Folkestone consists of a church, two bathing-machines—let out as beds—and the Pavilion above mentioned. The soil of the principal streets is chalk, so that wheat flourishes better in the middle of the road than grass; and there is a fine harbour for the reception of vessels of all descriptions. At present these are principally earthenware, and all more or less damaged.

At eight the next morning *Mr. Punch* having got up (from the floor), and got down some breakfast, embarked on board the *City of Boulogne* for the French coast, and left the harbour amidst a volley of salutes from a mackarel-boat, which was about to enter, but compelled to give place to the steamer. The wind, in the language of the sailors, blew large artillery the whole passage; but *Mr. Punch* had become so callous to blows of all kinds, that it had no effect upon him; and he arrived in three hours at the entrance of Boulogne Harbour, where at low water vessels are compelled to take one bar rest.

Instead of being rudely repulsed, as upon the first visit to the grand nation, *Mr. Punch* was received upon landing with every demonstration of respect. He was immediately ushered into the Custom-House—an elegant building something between a railway-station and a gentleman's stables—and here gave up his passport. For the information of all future ages, we hasten to set forth the description of *Mr. Punch* as therein drawn, which we translate:—

(Copy)

Signalement

Taille (that means height) de 2 pieds, 1 pouce, Anglais.
Âge . . . *Il ne sait pas son âge* (He don't know his age).
Cheveux (hair, not horses) . . . *Point du tout* (None at all).
Front (forehead) . . . *Bien frappé* (Much knocked about).
Sourcils (eyebrows) . . . *En couleur noir* (Made with black paint).
Yeux (eyes) . . . *Très-grands et égarés* (Very large and staring).
Nez (nose) . . . *Long et très aquilin* (Long and very hooked).
Visage (face) . . . *Oval* (Oval).
Teint (complexion) . . *Varié selon les coups reçus* (Variegated according to the thumps received).

The description being found correct, *Mr. Punch* proceeded to the Hotel d'Albion, after being racked to nearly double his length by the exertions of the various hotel touters, by which all his limbs were dislocated; but this, being to him an ordinary occurrence, was soon set right; and then he proceeded to view the town.

As a description of Boulogne has been already given by *Mr. Punch* in his celebrated work on the "Watering Places of England," (amongst which this favoured city may certainly now be estimated), it will be needless to enter into details a second time. He was, however, much gratified at beholding several of his "pencillings" transferred by lithography, holding prominent positions in the printsellers' windows; to which, in an honourable spirit of bearing all the risk incurred by their republication, the French artists, or rather copyists, had affixed their own names. This is a fine instance of the liberality of this great nation, which is always the first to adopt our excellencies, and the last to acknowledge them. *Mr. Punch* has an amusing instance of this trait, for a more advanced period of his journey.

Having ascertained that the diligence—so called on account of its great speed—goes from Boulogne to Paris in eighteen hours French (which are equivalent to two-and-twenty English), *Mr. Punch* left Boulogne the ensuing morning in the *banquette* of the vehicle attached to the *Messageries Générales* of Lafitte, Caillard and Co., Rue St. Honoré, No. 130. Here he felt quite at home; as, when the apron was up, from its elevated position, it somewhat resembled his own show. Now that railways have driven coaches and post-chaises from the road, *Mr. Punch* thinks England could export her old ones with great advantage, to make diligences. A post-chaise fastened to a stage-coach before, and a slice of omnibus attached behind, with a worn-out cab mounted aloft, would form the fac-simile of these light and elegant carriages. At length the diligence got under weigh with great labour, and clattered over the heap of rough stones known in France as pavement, of the *Rue de L'Ecu*.

The Royal Exchange.

We understand that the Grand Duke Michel of Russia, on his recent visit to Windsor, presented her Majesty with a splendid specimen of that most delicious fruit, the Siberian crab, which are now being sold at a penny *per* pint in Covent Garden market. Her Majesty, in return, picked with her own hand from the royal orchard a delicious Windsor pear, which are being vended in the locality above alluded to at five for twopence.

Equation of Time.

The following notice is requested, by the Committee of Education, to be added to the revolving roundabout which forms the frontispiece to the school editions of Goldsmith's Geography:—

Note.—That when it is twelve o'clock at the Horse Guards in Whitehall, it is a quarter past nine on the west dial of St. Clement's Church, and five minutes to two on the eastern one.

PUNCH'S GOSSIP.

THE BEAUTIES OF MURDER.

We yet hope to see the day when murder will be recognised as a grace and accomplishment—an act, depending in its perfection on a peculiar slight and delicacy of hand, and a fine calculation of the laws of probability. We trust to see it at least on a footing with billiards; nay, if not asking too much from the stubbornness of a slowly-moving world, we would elevate it to chess. Thus, a Greenacre might walk arm-in-arm to posterity with a Phillidor. Our temperament is not enthusiastic; no: we have seen too much of the stiff-neckedness of men, to be the toy of eddying hopes; nevertheless, we cannot close our eyes to the progress of the world; we cannot but perceive that murder, which, in the days of ignorance, was shunned and execrated as a hell-born monster, is now allowed to have a melancholy interest about it; nay, to be a thing of certain ghastly prettinesses—of spectral nods and becks, and wormwood smiles.

We have been consoled, ay, delighted, with a late account from Glandier, a place made for ever poetically beautiful as Vaucluse, by the mortal witcheries of Madame Laffarge. There did she sprinkle arsenic, and make it for aye classic ground. From thence did she despatch the poisoned cake to the inexorable tyrant who had enslaved her with a wedding-ring. It was at Glandier that that lovely, intellectual woman hoped to sue a divorce in the Court of murder, paying—with a light and blithesome spirit—the heaviest fees of arsenic for the process. Hapless, ill-starred creature!

"The invisible world with Marie sympathised,
And her affections raised and solemnised!"

What a witches' sabbath was then celebrated! The fair Brinvilliers blessed the dough, and Mrs. Brownrigg—cordial, homely creature—spiritually shook the dredging-box; whilst she who distilled *Aqua Tofana* and other of the sweetly-killing sisterhood, worked invisible rolling-pins, all being lightest hands at *such* a crust! Ha, that *gateau!* what daily bread has it been to the clear-minded, high-hearted writers of France!

Well and truly has the age responded by its sympathies to the glorious daring of the injured Marie Capelle. "The light of her eyes, the balm of her sighs," as the poet sings, still casts lustre and sweetness upon all that was hers. The furniture, &c. &c., of the *château* of Glandier—we learn the elevating truth from the French papers—have just been sold. Crowds beset the house as a very shrine of homicide; doubtless snuffing the odours from the death-room of that clod, Laffarge, (a savage, unworthily elevated by his devoted, cake-making wife,) as though they were odours from the coffin of some saintly martyr, who "smells sweet, and blossoms in the dust."

We learn that "the wedding-dress of Mdlle. Marie Capelle"—the wedding-dress (mortal man-trap of lace and satin!)—was sold for 800 francs, 32*l.* English! And being sold, we learn, "still excited envy" of the fortunate possessor. And no wonder; for—

"———there 's murder in the web of it;
The worms were grave-worms that did breed the silk."

If worn at another marriage, let not the bridegroom take heed of shroud, coffin and passing-bell: he is provided for. This, indeed, we must conclude from the money that is given for the article. It was the property of a lady whose peccadillo was murder, and the spirit of the heroic, yet persecuted woman, must still live in it and make pretty promptings from its skirts. Nay, there is the beating of the heart—that noble susceptible heart of poor Marie—still in the gown; a beating that must make sympathetically musical the heart of the wearer. It must be so: else, *why* the 800 francs?

"The Prayer-book she used *at her wedding* yielded fifty francs!"

Was the commandment, "Thou shalt do no murder," erased therefrom? or was the negative alone scratched out? What an exquisite volume, hallowed by the associations of Glandier! The Reverend Doctor Frognall Dibdin—*vide* his *Library Companion*—ever and anon devotes the most glowing sentences to the type and binding, and "tooling" of *tomes*. It needs nothing less than the doctor's imaginative eloquence to do justice to Marie Capelle's *Prayer-Book*. To even our prosaic mind the volume seems printed on dead men's skins, in letters of human blood, illuminated with the fires of perdition! And therefore it "yielded fifty francs!"

"A mere sketch of her face fetched twenty-five francs!"

Beautiful devil! Bewitching murderess? What a countenance to contemplate, with growing faith in the energy and high moral courage of the pretty dabbler in arsenic! How lovelier far than

"———— saints and martyrs hairy,
That merest sketch of darling, pois'ning Marie."

"Some little albums, a few soiled pages of verses addressed to her, and other trifles, have attracted a crowd to the Glandier for a whole fortnight!"

Pope says "beauty draws us with a single hair." But murder, even with a very moderate share of beauty, draws by its own magnetic property. A reflecting generation, with blood-hound nose, follows it, but only to fawn upon it; to lick its lips at "little albums;" to snuff, with more than satisfaction, the incense of "a few soiled pages of verse" offered to the fair man-killer.

Now, had Marie Capelle jogged on, and settled down into the mere dowdy spouse of Mons. Laffarge, daily suckling her little fools, and daily chronicling the small-beer of Glandier, what an indifferent object would she have been to the world that has looked sad over her *Memoirs*, that has wept over her sorrows at the play-house, where, indeed, for a time her reputation "turned forth a silver lining" on the pit, and, like a lucky lady rat, she triumphed over arsenic!

Whilst, however, we do honour to the sensibilities of France, as respects all the varieties of murder, let us not be wanting in justice to England. No: we are ready to confess that the merits of murder have been very handsomely acknowledged by our countrymen. Thanks to certain alchemic pens, which have touched even garbage to gold-paper, murder has been as fine, and withal as jocund among us, as a May-day sweep. With us, even now, the shortest cut to reputation is a cut throat. Indeed, we have only to reflect upon the sudden renown that a man jumps into when, by steel or ball, he lessens our superabundant population, to wonder that such instances of heroism are not even more frequent. We are really astonished that the people at large care so little for the sympathy of their fellow-creatures; otherwise they would assuredly seek it by the readiest means—that of homicide. Let a sneaking fellow, who thinks honesty a fine thing, and therefore goes, with pale lips and with famine heat in his vitals, rather than boldly snap a trigger or draw a knife—let such a poltroon grow gray in rectitude, and he may perish unnoted and unpraised, like the vermin of the field: he gains no praise, no garland, no worldly reputation. Let him, however, kill somebody, and so earn the gallows; and with the act, he becomes a creature of deepest interest. Sympathising ladies take under their especial care the dear fellow's daily comforts, and the chaplain of the prison, upon his own responsibility, promises the culprit a free pass for paradise. A face of former vulgarity is made a thing of mark and likelihood by the sanguinary stain upon it; and the features that, otherwise, in Union deals would have been resolved into dust, no more thought of than the clods with which they mingled, are on the instant enshrined by art, for the admiration and improvement of families. The wood-cutter gives immortality to the homicide, whose face, with the new consequence of murder upon it, becomes a household thing—a *vera effigies* of "intense interest."

And all this is, doubtless, as it should be. A sensitive generation has at length discovered the true magnanimity of murder.

We acknowledge a heroism, a daring in the act, of which honest, peaceable fools, with little other than gruel in their veins, are wholly incapable. Hence, your true hero, like your true black-pudding, is made of blood—nothing but blood. Q.

THE SKUNK IN ENGLAND.

Some of our readers may never have heard of the skunk. It is an animal that bears an unsurpassable reputation for bad odour. The dogs that hunt it run in peril of their lives. Men follow it with their fingers to their noses. Of all the beasts of the earth it is the most foul and loathsome; the air of heaven is poisoned with its breathing. There is, however, a variety of the skunk. Some species dwell in cities, and live upon printers' ink; and this species is, of all, the most abominable. Even in the pure and magnificent city of New York——

By the way, talking of New York, we are reminded of the magnanimous editor of its immaculate *Herald*, Mr. Gordon Bennett. That gentleman, it may be remembered, approached with smiling, sympathising face, the Repeal King, O'Connell; when his majesty, stepping back, as though a veritable skunk, a noisome thing on four legs, and not a pen-and-ink-consuming biped, was face to face with him, uttered sundry hard, unsavoury words, impugning the Transatlantic labours of Mr. Gordon Bennett; who, indeed, is no American, but a Scotchman. Yes, the world owes a debt to Scotland, both for Robert Burns and Gordon Bennett. Well, in

THE IMAGE SELLER.

"Who'll Buy? Image! Fine Image! Who'll Buy?"

consequence of this inhospitable conduct on the part of O'Connell, his late admirer, Mr. Bennett, departed from the Repeal Meeting, amid certain sounds—

"————— whose roughest part
Was *not* the crumpling of the roses."

Having left the room, Mr. Gordon Bennett suddenly bethought himself of the true character of O'Connell. It is an extraordinary fact, illustrative of the connexion of mind and matter, that a man's opinions may be entirely changed, if the said man's nose be pulled, or if he be kicked, or, as Chaucer says, "smitten with a yerde smarte." Not that Mr. Bennett's nose was violated; certainly not: nevertheless, he suffered certain physical discourtesies, which entirely revolutionized his opinions of Mr. O'Connell. The editor of the *New York Herald* went in "to pray," but was turned out to swear. Mr. O'Connell would not take his hand; and, from the moment of such refusal, O'Connell became, in the eyes and nostrils of Bennett (a good judge, doubtless, of "abominable smells"), defiling pitch. Mr. Bennett promises to write to the *New York Herald* a full account of *his* notions of O'Connell and Repeal. Now, as Mr. Bennett uses very thick ink, some folks say as thick as thickest mire, we fear the manuscript may need his personal superintendence. We therefore trust that Mr. Gordon Bennett will take the first packet, and so read his own proofs.

Begging pardon of the reader for this digression (which, as it will be seen, has nothing to do with the subject we started upon) we return to the skunk. Our readers may not be aware of it, but such an animal—shipped from America—is now in England, and moreover—

Was ever anything so perplexing? Our devil informs us that there is scarcely space for another line. So we may return to the *genus* skunk in a future Number.

HISTORICAL QUESTIONS FOR BEGINNERS.

For those who begin and don't intend to go on—which is a very numerous class of persons seeking for general knowledge without being over-particular—the following questions are chiefly intended:—

What became of the pen with which King John signed Magna Charta?

He wore it in his hat; from which circumstance we derive the saying, that—So-and-so showed the white feather.

How long was the Long Parliament, and why was it so called?

As long again as half; and it was so called from the lengths it went to.

Whom did Charles the First succeed?

He failed! and therefore succeeded nobody.

Why was William surnamed Rufus?

Some say from his red hair; but we think it must have been on account of the roof of Westminster Hall, which he is said to have been the builder of.

Has the waste inclosure bill anything to do with the making of stays?

Very likely.

When was tanning brought to perfection in England?

At the battle of Hexham.

Was Wat Tyler any relation to Mr. Tyler, the son of the American President?

As Wat Tyler got a severe crack about the head, the relationship is highly probable.

Was the soldier of the tenth legion who jumped into the sea at the invasion of Britain, one of the celebrated Spanish legion who fought under Evans, and was the Standard he had in his hand the newspaper of that name?

Not knowing, can't say.

Equivocal Compliment.

In the *Morning Chronicle*, October 3d, there appeared the following paragraph about the Grand Duke Michel:—

"Col. Rowan, immediately on the Grand Duke's arrival, instructed a suitable number of the police to *daily perform duty* at his Imperial Highness's residence at Mivart's."

Any one reading the above would infer that the Grand Duke belonged to the noble order of the *Chevaliers d'Industrie*; and yet we are not aware of any petty larceny the Autocrat's brother has committed, that he should be subjected to this Bow-street compliment of being watched every day by the police.

THE NEW "MILITARY GUIDE."

A soldier correspondent in the *Chronicle* states that Lord Ranelagh

Depôt for Bear's Grease.

(late journeyman to Don Carlos) cut his mutton with the officers of the Legion, and

"having expressed a wish to visit the lines and see our batteries and defences, his request was politely acceded to, and he was accompanied thither by the staff of the Legion; who, however, little dreamt of the motive of the noble lord, and were somewhat astonished at hearing, some few days afterwards, that this gallant and honourable officer, after having visited and examined our position, and made himself acquainted with our strength, our forces, and our means of defence, had joined the Carlist army."

We think this incident does high honour to his Lordship, showing him to be a man above narrow prejudice; a man desirous of looking *into both sides* of a question. He could afterwards, as he thought, make the safer choice.

PRESENT TO THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

(From our own Reporter.)

Yesterday, the tranquil and retired village of Walmer presented an unusual appearance of bustle. From an early hour, carriages, cabs, and equestrians, continued to press towards the castle; and, about one o'clock, hundreds of visitors had arrived. They were nearly all military men, of good rank and standing in the profession; and the grand purpose of the day was to present, on the part of the officers of the British army, a most magnificent pair of duelling-pistols to the hero of Waterloo.

The circumstances of the late chivalrous duel are, doubtless, still in the recollection of our readers. Lieutenant Cuddy and Mr. Gulliver were tried at the Old Bailey—or rather the Lieutenant was tried—for the murder of Colonel Fawcett, and, to the great gratification of the army in general, was acquitted. Lieutenant Munro, by whose hand the unfortunate Colonel fell, and Lieutenant Grant, the second, have not yet surrendered to take their trial; but nevertheless remain upon Her Majesty's Army List, although either absent without leave, or specially allowed permission to stay away.

The officers of the army, keenly alive to the indulgence of the Duke of Wellington in this matter, subscribed a large amount to purchase a superb pair of duelling-pistols, for presentation to the Commander-in-chief, in token of gratitude for his kind and considerate feelings towards Lieutenants Munro and Grant. We understand that, after a long debate, it was resolved that the token presented should be in the shape of duelling-pistols, such instruments being peculiarly characteristic of the object of the subscribers.

We understand—for we were not permitted to be present—that the pistols were presented to his Grace in the state-room of Walmer Castle by the senior colonel of the meeting, who, in an appropriate speech, complimented the gallant Duke on the courageous face he had set against public opinion, by continuing upon the Army List two brave men, which the low ignorance of civil life charged with the crime of murder. "My Lord Duke," said the gallant Colonel, "we live in an age of revolutionary ignorance; an age in which the ruthless, low-minded vulgar, are too prone to confound the hallowed distinctions of society, and thereby to test, what I trust we may ever live to call 'the satisfaction of a gentleman,' (Hear, hear,) by the unjust and ridiculous standard of civil society. No, my Lord Duke; you have vindicated the high prerogative of gentlemen of the army; and, secure in your protection, they may snap their fingers at the law, and cock their military caps at that bugbear of the vulgar—

public opinion. In the name of those military men, and accompanied by their fervent gratitude, I beg leave, my Lord Duke, to present you with these virgin duelling-pistols: history and Battersea Fields can attest that such weapons cannot be in better hands."

The noble Duke, receiving the pistols, briefly replied. He hinted that he thought he had done with such instruments; but should it be otherwise, he begged to declare to his gallant friends that of all the weapons in his possession, he would assuredly give the preference to those which the meeting had presented to him.

The pistols were magnificent, and of *unique* pattern. They were splendidly inlaid with gold, and on the two sides of the stock were the two names in brilliants—"FAWCETT"—"MUNRO."

The officers adjourned to the Ship, at Dover, where they dined.

Festivities were kept up until a late hour, for it was midnight when we left Major Bombshell roaring "*King Death was a rare old fellow!*"

OLIVER CROMWELL'S PALACE.

WE all knew Cromwell was a brewer, but were not aware that Oliver lived at a public-house in Bermondsey. It seems, however, that a gin-shop, called the "Jamaica Tavern," is about to be pulled down; and, by way of getting a higher price for the old materials, an old tradition has been got up, asserting that the public-house alluded to was the palace of Oliver Cromwell. This is almost as good as the single combat between Charles the First and the Protector, introduced into a recent piece at Astley's, when Cromwell aims a cut at the toes of the Stuart, who leaps high into the air to avoid the blow, while the Protector cocks up his right leg and slashes away beneath it at the shins of the ill-fated monarch. The idea of the Bermondsey pot-house being the palace of Oliver Cromwell is too preposterous. Upon what authority is it stated that the Protector resided at a house with a "dry skittle-ground" attached to it? It might as well be said that Richard Cœur de Lion put up at the Saracen's Head, after returning from the Holy Land, though, by the bye, it is a fact that Tullia was driving to the Belle Sauvage when she pitched the foot-stool at the head of her coachman.

His Imperial Highness the Grand Duke Michel of Russia.

HIS Imperial Highness of Russia, with his attendants Prince Dolgorousky, Major Tolstoy, and General Lauskoy, are excessively hard up for invitations to dinner, there being none of the nobility at present in town to ask the illustrious foreigners to partake of aristocratic hospitality. This very cold reception is, however, in conformity with the temperature of those who experience it. We understand that a sort of mercantile attempt was got up among a few tradesmen to give the Grand Duke of Russia an idea of the importance of English commerce, by waiting upon him with a pair of Russia ducks, and a Russian leather portmanteau. The Grand Duke was graciously pleased to inspect both articles very minutely, and having had a good sniff at the portmanteau, declared the Russia leather to be genuine. An enterprising tool-manufacturer has presented the Grand Duke with a sledge-hammer of very curious workmanship. The hammer is a block of wood, cut into the form of the head of Major Tolstoy. The Grand Duke pronounced the resemblance excellent; and having tried the power of the instrument on the knuckles of Dolgorousky, was pleased to accept the sledge-hammer.

IMPORTANT TO LAWYERS AND BARRISTERS.—The *Archiv der Chimie* states, the Government of Saxony has offered a premium of 500 dollars for the establishment of a nursery for *leeches*.

A HINT TO YOUNG MEDICAL MEN.

THE anxiety of young medical practitioners to afford advice to their fellow-creatures is so meritorious in the eyes of *Punch*, that he, to requite it, will offer them a little of his own.

The licentiate, fresh from the Hall and College, will not, by merely putting his name on his door, entice patients into his surgery. He might as well write "Cheese" in a mouse-trap, could mice read, as it seems they can sing. He must make himself notorious. Advertising is heterodox quackery—unprofessional. He must write a book. *Punch* will suggest a subject, and show him how to treat it.

Father Mathew has been persuading large numbers of persons to discontinue, suddenly, the use of fermented liquors. It needs no ghost from the grave of Hippocrates to tell us that this violent change must sensibly affect the system. The nerves, deprived of their accustomed stimulus, will flag; the stomach, missing its dram, grow qualmish; a variety of aches and pains will be felt all over the body; the spirits will fail; and hypochondriasis, causing the sufferer to fancy himself ailing, which is tantamount, in a business point of view, to his being really ill, will extensively ensue.

Let the young physician, surgeon, or apothecary—wifeless, or it may be, poor wight! dinnerless for lack of practice—indite forthwith a treatise on the diseases of temperance. He may call it "Medicina Teetotalis," which is capital medical Latin. Let him expatiate on the various symptoms arising from the abrupt disuse of beer, wine, and spirits; which will be an easy task, particularly if, to drown his cares, he happens to have taken to drinking, and will try the experiment on himself. As easy will it be to propound a theory of treatment; because he need only render this unintelligible to cause it to be thought great things of. In support of it he will adduce cases, of course. For these he may draw upon his fancy; there are plenty of Joneses everywhere, and they may live in St. Giles's, or about Whitechapel, up various courts where nobody will go to inquire about them.

Thus will be composed a popular and attractive work. Patients will soon pour in; and now comes the question—what to pour into them.

Punch begs to present to those whom it may concern the following list of prescriptions:—

1.

℞. Tinct: Cardamom: Comp: ℥ viii.
Aquæ puræ, ℥ ix. Fiat mistura, cujus capiat æger cochlearia tria magna secundâ quaque horâ.

That is to say, eight ounces of Compound Tincture of Cardamoms and nine of the Crystal Spring, which will form a mixture closely resembling cold brandy-and-water, tolerably stiff of its kind. Three table spoonsful to be taken by the patient every two hours.

2.

℞. Sp: Juniperi Comp: ℥ ij.
Syrup: Rhœados, ℥ j.
Aquæ, ℥ iij. M. Fiat haustus ter die sumendus.

Namely: "Take of Compound Spirit of Juniper two ounces, of Syrup of Red Poppy a drachm, and of Water three ounces. Mix. Let a draught be made to be taken thrice a day." Gin and water in disguise.

3.

℞. Tinct. Aurantii
——— Cinnamomi, aa ℥ j.
Syrup: Limonum ℥ vi.
Acid: Citric. ℥ j.
Aquæ, ℥ iv. Misce pro Haustu quotidie, post prandium, sumendo.

"Of Tincture of Orange Peel and of Tincture of Cinnamon, each, an ounce; of Syrup of Lemons, four drachms; of Citric Acid, a drachm; of Water, four ounces. Mix for a draught to be taken daily after dinner." A good equivalent to Punch.

4.

℞. Vini Albi Hispanici, ℥ x.
Spiritus Myristicæ, ℥ x.
Syrup: Simplicis, ℥ iv.
Ol: Caryophyll: m: x.
Aquæ ℥ ix. Fiat mistura, et sumatur cyathus nocte maneque.

Of which compound the ingredients are ten ounces of Pale Sherry, ten drachms of Spirit of Nutmeg, four ounces of Simple Syrup, ten drops of Oil of Cloves, and nine ounces of Water. Let a wine-glass be taken night and morning. It will be an efficient substitute for negus.

The ingenuity of the practitioner will supply him with many variations on the above formulæ, and enable him to imitate divers potations, as Bishop, Cardinal, Dog's Nose, and others, with great advantage and success. He will thus cure numbers of patients; his fame will increase; his pocket will fill; he will be able to marry the girl of his heart; and will soon ride in his carriage.

Should any one accuse *Punch* of having, by the above suggestion, instructed those to whom it is addressed, to swindle; all he can say is, that those who may be taken in will have only themselves to blame for not reading him.

SHOCKING IGNORANCE!

A COMMISSION of inquiry has been instituted by *Punch* into the amount of knowledge of domestic economy possessed by young men in general; that is to say, of knowledge which will one day or other be absolutely necessary to them, but wherein they are, he regrets to say, most lamentably deficient, as will be seen from the subjoined extracts from the *Report* of his Commissioners.

"*Richard Bradshaw* examined.—Belongs to no profession. Has a small independence of his own. Lives in lodgings with partial board. Knows the Cock in Fleet Street; also the Cheshire Cheese, and the Rainbow. Has

often been to the Albion; it is called Simpson's. Knows what calves'-foot-jelly is; has tasted it at evening parties. Does not know how it is prepared; should imagine with something else besides calves'-feet; apples, perhaps, or white currants. Knows the difference between Brown Holland and Brown Sherry. The former is a cloth. Wore pinafores of it in his younger days. It may be made of cotton, or it may be made of flax, cannot say which, nor what it is a yard. Knows a merino from a Macintosh; the former is a sheep: the latter is a garment, which he sometimes wears. Cannot tell what huckaback is; if he guessed, should say it was a fish. A chinchilla is a sort of tippet or boa; fancies it is made from Angora wool. A pelerine is either a sash or a riding-habit; should think he knew what a Cardinal was; it was something like a Bishop. There were nutmegs in it and cloves. The price of coals was three-and-sixpence a week; did not know what Eden-Main was a chaldron. Has no idea what "Best Screened" means. Coffee was four-pence a cup; could not tell which was dearest, Souchong or Bohea: was not in general accustomed to take tea of an evening."

"*William Hawkins*, medical student:—Is twenty-one, and expects to pass the Hall shortly. Has heard of an aitch-bone of beef; thinks he knows it when he sees it, but cannot tell what part of the ox it is taken from. Has no idea what lump-sugar is a pound; believes it, however, to be dearer than brown. Knows very well what a pork-chop is; it costs seven-pence. Never had one from the butcher; cannot say what he would have paid if he had; thinks two-pence or three-pence: has an idea that tavern-keepers cheat dreadfully. Knows what the charge for tewed cheese is; has no notion what good cheese is per lb.; supposes the price to vary. A pot of beer is four-pence; and half-and-half, sixpence; of ale, eightpence; does not know what a barrel of stout from the brewer's comes to per gallon. Is sure that mould candles are cheaper than dips; but cannot tell how much, nor how many of either go to the pound. A cabman's fare is eight-pence a mile; cannot calculate a cook's wages."

"*John Tomkins Adams*, articled clerk:—Is nearly out of his clerkship. Has served in the country, but has come up to complete his studies in town. Is in the habit of taking mustard with beef. Has no conception how it is made. It may be mixed with cream for aught he knows. Cannot say what is the price of it per lb., nor whether it is sold by weight or measure. Has heard talk of *Mousseline de Laine*; also of *Gros de Naples*; should not know one from the other if he saw them. Knows what apple-sauce is good with. Cannot say how long it takes to roast a goose: should think it depended on the fire."

To the family readers of *Punch* the above disclosures will be horrifying; but it is to be hoped that their publication will pave the way for some national measure of education, calculated to remedy the melancholy intellectual destitution prevailing among our youthful bachelor population: whereof they present but a faint picture.

THE NEW REGULATION HAT.

CONSIDERABLE sensation has been excited in military circles, and particularly among the heads of the army, by the announcement of an intention to bonnet the whole infantry with a sort of pantomimic head-gear, such as is generally worn by the Demon of Revenge in the Cave of Despair, just before the scene changes to the abode of blue fire and blissfulness. This extraordinary castor is due to the inventive power of Prince Albert, who, with a spirit of pure philanthropy, has endeavoured to devise a hat which may spare the effusion of blood, by substituting the terrors of the *sombrero* for the horrors of the musket. It is expected that when an opposing rank catches a glimpse of the frightful old files, that the veterans of the British army will be converted into by these monstrosities, they will instantly take to their heels. We should earnestly recommend that if the pensioners lately hunted out from the Hospital at Chelsea, are to be thrown again into arms—some of them, alas! have long ceased to know the solace and convenience of legs—we should suggest, we say, that these veterans should be provided with these hats, and thus rendered serviceable in the only way in which they can be expected to become so—as scarecrows to a rebellious and unarmed populace. It is true that to a mob a soldier is formidable in any guise, but we doubt if much terror will be inspired by such Guys, as the Regulation Hat will render the ignoble and degraded successor of the Saxon warrior.

We have been at an enormous expense to get a drawing of this hat, and the only merit we claim for our sketch is its being wholly unlike the unsightly original. Our artist has flattered the hat, with considerable tastiness.

REBECCA IN LONDON.

REBECCA has been in the neighbourhood of the London University, and has dreadfully unhinged, not only the gate, but the gate-keeper. Having been warned that Rebecca would be abroad, the gate-keeper thought it would be more prudent for him to remain at home; and, having been advised to look out, he received the advice in the best possible way, for he slept upon it. Having been warned to be at his post, he did not come, so that Rebecca and her movement party found no bar to their progress. A cabman, who has often suffered the most humiliating treatment from the gate-keeper, is supposed to have been at the head—and perhaps at the tail—of the conspiracy to Rebeccaise the neighbourhood of the New Road, and make Gower-street North a sort of miniature Carmarthen. We understand that the alderman of Cripplegate has had a threatening letter, intimating that his gate is objectionable. Whether it is Cripplegate-within we cannot say, but we know that Cripplegate is without, and we are therefore unable to solve the mystery.

Royal and Ministerial Movements.

SIR R. PEEL'S manner at Windsor being unpleasant to Her Majesty, the Rt. Hon. Baronet has removed to his own manor at Drayton.

The Duke of Wellington having taken it cool all the Session, has gone to Walmer.

The Prince of Wales having had an indigestion from eating an unripe Swan's-egg pear, has been ordered to try Windsor.

The Repeal Cap.

MR. HOGAN, the sculptor, has designed a cap for the Repealers, which, however beautiful in itself, is by no means illustrative of the prime object of O'Connell. The Repeal cap should be a cap *without a crown*.

ADVICE TO YOUNG GENTLEMEN.

ON TAKING YOUNG LADIES ABOUT.

Young gentlemen are very frequently called upon to attend young ladies to public places; among others, to Institutions, Museums, Cathedrals,

FANCY PORTRAIT.—GENERAL SALE.

Auction Rooms, and the like, whereat explanations, involving scientific, antiquarian or classical knowledge, are likely to be required at their hands.

But young gentlemen who have left school some time, or whose information happens to be limited, are thus placed in very awkward positions, which occasion them to blush, stammer, look foolish, be laughed at, and perhaps be "cut out" into the bargain, by some awkward bookworm, dressed like Dominie Sampson, and no more able to waltz than a bear.

A few directions how to meet the emergencies in question will be useful to such young gentlemen. For instance:—

1. HOW TO TRANSLATE AN EPITAPH.

Hic depositum est corpus, *sacred to the memory*, Jonathani Swift, *of Jonathan Swift*, hujusce ecclesiæ decani, *author of Gulliver's Travels*, ubi sæva indignatio, *who died lamented*, ulterius cor lacerare nequit, *by a large circle of friends*. Siste, viator, *He was a tender husband*, et imitare si poteris, *a dutiful son*, strenuum pro virili, *an affectionate father*, libertatis vindicem, *and his end was peace*.

The above mode of proceeding will demand no more knowledge than what will have resulted from simple observation, and those brief "Meditations among the Tombs," in which the most fashionable young man, without having ever seen "Hervey," must have indulged in the course of his experience.

2. HOW TO ANSWER QUESTIONS IN BOTANY.

Q. Pray, Mr. Whoeveryouare, what is the name of that lovely flower?

A. Constantine Palæologus. A decasyllabic plant; native of Polynesia. Class, Alexandria; order, Virginia.

Q. And this?

A. That is the Ptolemæus Soter; imported a few years ago from Egypt by Sir Joseph Banks.

The foregoing are exemplifications of the replies which, in the absence of an acquaintance with botanical details, a moderate allowance of classical lore will enable anybody to furnish.

3. DESCRIPTION OF A STEAM-ENGINE.

That part of the machine which you see moving up and down is the hypothesis, the tube which it moves in is termed the dilemma. That wheel is called a category; it communicates motion to those other wheels, which are named predicaments, and the whole constitutes a true syllogism.

In the mode above indicated, Logic may be made to answer in default of Mechanics.

A Daniel come to Judgment.

Daniel O'Connell has just accepted the office of Repeal Arbitrator for Dublin. He will, no doubt, feel at home in the office of any traitor—and the appointment is therefore a judicious one.

More Germane to the Matter.

Some "good-natured" friend has been suggesting that Lord Brougham's last pamphlet, in which he defends himself by attacking others, ought to be called, if it reach a second edition, "Gall upon the Functions of the Brain."

Narrow Escape of the Hounslow Mail.

We have just received an account of the dangerous position of the Hounslow mail off Knightsbridge. The craft in which it is conveyed—a crazy old cab of about an eighth of a ton burden—was scudding away before the wind at the customary pace of five miles an hour, when she got into a sixteenth of a fathom of mud, amid the shrieking of the passenger. The word was instantly given to back her, and the captain, with considerable presence of mind, held on to the main braces with immense vigour. Having only half a horse power at his command, the craft could not be got off, and an attempt was made to lighten her by letting go the iron plates, which, however, eased her so little that the difference was not perceptible. All energies were now directed to the saving of the mails and treasure, which were carried into the Halfway House; and the usual restoratives in cases of wreck having been freely resorted to by the passenger and crew, the mails and treasure were re-shipped, and ultimately arrived in safety at the Post Office.

TO PUNCH.

Sir,—i see in yure last number butt One This pairagaff. "The Boy that alternated between the Nelson Pillar and the Hungerford Suspension Bridge has gone home for the Michaelmas holidays."

Now sir this his not trew. I have been put for a short time upon the Suthampton Dox to help the other boy engaged there.

Your humble servant, The Boy.

Answers to Correspondents.

[*à la* Sunday Newspaper.]

Walter Augustus—*The beaver, in his natural state, is not only waterproof, but washable.*

"The Camberwell Mario."—*Does the Singing Mouse sing from its throat, or its chest?* [*No; from its wire cage.*]

A Shareholder.—*Bramah did not supply the locks of the Regent's Canal.*

An Italian Boy.—*We are not aware who built Bacon's* "Novum Organum."

We cannot agree with "An Undertaker," *who complains of the tyrannical injustice to his trade, that* "*the king never dies.*"

"One who Plays upon the Ophicleide" *is informed that he has no remedy*

"My lips are now forbid to speak
That once familiar word."

at law against a mother who has a family of squalling children in the house where he is lodging.

Simplex.—*Elephants' trunks are not covered with horse-hair, nor is it usual for them to have their name in brass nails upon it.*

A Householder.—*Are the Lincolnshire Flats represented in Parliament?* [*Yes; by Colonel Sibthorpe.*]

Shakspeariensis.—*Mrs. Nisbett never played* Sir John Falstaff *to Compton's* Prince Arthur.

A Resident of Cwkm Lmlpqwngstlkt.—*We do not know of any wood-pavement that is insured in a Fire-office.*

An Army Agent.

Daniel O'Connell begs to inform Continental Monarchs generally, and the Duke of Bordeaux ("Henry the Fifth") in particular, that he has on hand an immense stock of materials, from which he can, "in 48 hours," furnish an Irish brigade. Throats cut at so much a day; a great allowance made if a quantity required. Cities set in conflagration with ease and despatch; and all the varieties of war executed with punctuality and precision. Colours warranted not to run.

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THE COMIC BLACKSTONE.

INTRODUCTION.—ON THE STUDY OF THE LAW

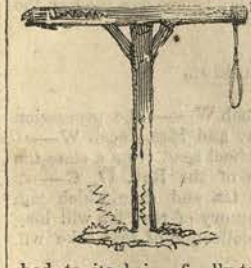
EVERY gentleman ought to know a little of law, says Coke, and perhaps, —say we—the less the better. Servius Sulpicius, a patrician, called on Mutius Scævola, the Roman Pollock (not one of the firm of Castor and Pollux), for a legal opinion, when Mutius Scævola thoroughly flabbergasted Servius Sulpicius with a flood of technicalities, which the latter could not understand. Upon this Mutius Scævola blackguarded his client for his ignorance, when Sulpicius, in a fit of pique, went home and studied the law with such effect, that he wrote one hundred and four score volumes of law books before he died—which task was, for what we know, the death of him. We should be sorry, on the strength of this little anecdote, to recommend our nobility to go home and write law books; but we advise them to peruse the Comic Blackstone, which would have done Servius Sulpicius a great deal of good to have studied.

The clergy and the Druidical priests were, in former times, great lawyers; and the word *clericus* has been corrupted into clerk, so that the seedy gentlemen who carry the wigs and gowns down to court for the barristers, are descended from the Druids.

A contest sprung up between the nobles and clergy. The former supporting the common law, and the other the civil. Somebody having picked up a copy of the pandects of Justinian at a book-stall in Amalfi, introduced them to England, but King Stephen would not allow them to be studied. Roger Vacarius, however, set up an evening academy for adults, where he advertised to teach the pandects on moderate terms; but the laity would not come to his school at any price. One thing that contributed to save the common law from falling into disuse, was the fixing of the Court of Common Pleas, which had formerly been moveable, following the person of the King, like Algar's booth or Richardson's show, with all the paraphernalia of a Court of Justice. There is no doubt that the Common Pleas had a van to carry the barristers' bench, the judge's easy chair, and the rostrum for the witnesses, from place to place; but when it became fixed, it made it worth the while of respectable people to study the law, which was not the case when the legal profession was nothing but a strolling company.

To those who take up the study of the law for the mere fun of the thing, we say with Sir John Fortescue, "It will not," &c. &c., down to "other improvements."

CHAPTER I.—OF THE NATURE OF LAWS IN GENERAL.



THE term Law, in its general sense, signifies a rule of human action, whether animate or inanimate, rational or irrational; and perhaps there is nothing more inhuman or irrational than an action at law. We talk of the law of motion, as when one man springs towards another and knocks him down; or the law of gravitation, in obedience to which the person struck falls to the earth.

If we descend from animal to vegetable life, we shall find the latter acting in conformity with laws of its own. The ordinary cabbage, from its first entering an appearance on the bed to its being finally taken in execution and thrust into the pot for boiling, is governed by the common law of nature.

Man, as we are all aware, is a creature endowed with reason and free will; but when he goes to law as plaintiff, his reason seems to have deserted him; while, if he stands in the position of defendant, it is generally against his free will; and thus, that "noblest of animals," Man, is in a very ignoble predicament.

Justinian has reduced the principles of law to three:—1st, that we should live honestly; 2ndly, that we should hurt nobody; and 3rdly, that we should give every one his due. These principles have, however, been for some time obsolete in ordinary legal practice. It used to be considered that justice and human felicity were intimately connected, but the partnership seems to have been long ago dissolved; though we cannot say at what particular period. That man should pursue his own true and substantial happiness, is said to be the foundation of ethics, or natural law; but if any one plunges into artificial law with the view of "pursuing his own true and substantial happiness," he will find himself greatly mistaken.

It is said that no human laws are of any validity if they are contrary to the law of nature; but we do not mean to deny the validity of the Poor Law, and some others we could mention. The law of nature contributes to the general happiness of men; but it is in the nature of law to contribute only to the happiness of the attorney.

Natural law is much easier of comprehension than human law; for every man has within his own breast a *forum conscientiæ*, or court of conscience, telling him what is right and what is wrong. The judgments of that court of conscience are infallible, and its decrees are never silent; for it is without an usher—which in this case means a husher—to preserve silence.

The law of nations is a peculiar kind of law, and it is generally settled by recourse to powder and shot, so that the law of nations is in the long run much the same thing as the common law.

But we now come to the municipal or civil law, which is the subject of the present chapter, though we have not yet said a word regarding it. Municipal law is defined to be "a rule of civil conduct, prescribed by the supreme power in a state, commanding what is right, and prohibiting what is wrong." Such was the definition of Puffendorf—whose name is probably a corruption of *Puffing off*, for he puffs off the law most outrageously whenever he can find an opportunity of doing so.

It is called a "rule" to distinguish it from an agreement, for a rule must be complied with "willy nilly," according to Bacon, or "will ye nill ye," according to Coke.

It is a rule of "*civil conduct*," because the municipal law insists on civil conduct, particularly from omnibus cads and cabmen.

It is "*prescribed*" because one is bound to take it, and a very disagreeable pill it sometimes is to swallow. It is one of the beautiful provisions of the English law, that not knowing it forms no excuse for not obeying it. It is an ingenious fiction of British policy that every person in the kingdom purchases every act of Parliament, and carefully reads it through; therefore, there can be no possible excuse for being ignorant of the laws that are made every session.

It is reported of Caligula that he caused the laws of Rome to be written in small characters, and stuck up so high that the citizens could not read them, though perhaps the higher classes, who, it is presumed, could afford to purchase opera-glasses, were enabled to make themselves acquainted with the edicts.

Municipal law is a rule prescribed by the "*supreme power in the state*," and this brings us to the question of the origin of government. Some writers think that society, in its original state, chose the tallest man amongst them as king. If this had been the case, Carus Wilson might have disputed the English throne with Mr. Charles Freeman, the American giant. Perhaps the expression in the national anthem, "*Long* to reign over us," has given rise to this very extraordinary theory.

There are three forms of government—a democracy, where the mass take such liberties in the lump, that there is no liberty left for allotment among private individuals; an aristocracy, which we need not particularly describe; or a monarchy, where one individual is absolute within a certain space, like the square-keeper of a square, which is fortunately the only specimen of pure despotism that this free country possesses.

Cicero thought a mixture of these three the best; but Tacitus, who had better have been on this occasion Tacitus indeed—and held his tongue—declared the idea to be a visionary whim; for he seems to have imagined that the oil of aristocracy, and the vinegar of democracy, never could have coalesced. Tacitus, however, was out, and, fortunately for us, the British constitution presents the mixture in its complete form, and we trust will long continue what it is,—"a real blessing to mothers," fathers, daughters, sons, and wives of Great Britain.

The House of Commons embodies the principle of goodness and purity, as a reference to the various election compromises and bribery cases will manifest. The House of Lords embraces the grand element of wisdom, as the speeches of Earl Coventry and other noblemen will at once prove, while the monarchy is the type of strength, as the fact of the throne being filled by a young woman of twenty-four abundantly testifies. Here, then, in the British constitution is concentrated the cream of everything that is good, wise, and powerful. Woe to the revolutionary hand that shall attempt to skim it!

We now come to analyse a law. In the first place, it is declaratory; in the second, it is directory; in the third, it is remedial, and in the fourth, it is vindicatory. The declaratory says so and so is wrong, and the directory immediately says it shall not be done, but it sometimes contrives to say so in such very civil and mysterious terms as to leave people in doubt whether they may do a thing or may not, until they find all of a sudden they are put in possession of its true meaning, and punished for not having been able to understand it.

It is *remedial*, for it gives a remedy. Thus, if you are deprived of your right, you have the remedy of a law-suit, which is a great luxury no doubt, though rather an expensive one.

It is also *vindicatory*, for it attaches a penalty—and such is the majesty of law, that, whether right or wrong, he is sure to have to bear a portion of the penalty who presumes in any way to meddle with it.

Offences are either *mala in se* or *mala prohibita*; but the *mala prohibita*

differ very materially from the *mala in se*, of which many instances could be given. Piracy is decidedly a *malum in se*(a), but a *malum prohibitum* is that which is only made criminal by the law. For example, it was attempted to make baking on Sunday a *malum prohibitum*, so that a good dinner would in fact have been a *bonum prohibitum* if the anti-baking-on-Sunday party had succeeded.

The rules for interpreting English Law are extremely arbitrary. Words are to be taken in their popular sense without regard to grammar, which is thought to have been always beneath the wisdom of Parliament. Grotius thought that the penalty on crime was a sort of tax on Sin, which might be defined without regard to Sin-tax. Puffendorf tells us that the law forbidding a layman to lay hands on a priest, (observe the pun, "a *lay*man to *lay* hands,") applied also to those who would hurt a priest with a weapon, or in other words, "lay into him."

If words are still dubious after the lawyers are called in (and they have a knack of making matters more dubious than before), it is usual to refer to the context; but this is, in many cases, only to get out of the frying-pan into the fire.

Next, as to the subject-matter. The words are always supposed—though it requires a tolerable latitude in the way of supposition—to have reference to the subject-matter. Thus, a law of Edward III. forbids all ecclesiastical persons to purchase *provisions* at Rome, which would seem to interdict clergymen from buying anything to eat within the holy city. It seems, however, that this only has reference to the purchase of "bulls" from the Pope; though it is not unlawful to procure portions of "bulls," such as rump-steaks or sirloins of beef, from the papal butchers.

Next, as to the effect and consequence of words, if literally understood. "It has been held," says Puffendorf, "after a long debate," that when the words amount to utter nonsense, they are not to be in all cases strictly followed. Thus, the Bolognian law enacting that punishment should be inflicted on any one who drew blood in the streets, was at last held (after several medical men had been put to death) not to extend to surgeons who should bleed a man taken in the streets with a fainting fit. But, lastly, the reason and spirit of the law must be looked at (when there happens to be any). The following case, put by Cicero, is so nice, that we throw it into metre :—

A law there was, that in a water-trip
Those who should in a storm forsake a ship
All property should in the vessel lose.
It happen'd in a tempest all on board
Excepting one, who was by sickness floor'd,
To leave the ship their utmost power did use.
The invalid, who could not get away,
Was with the wreck of course compell'd to stay,
And with it he was into harbour wash'd.
The benefit of law he then did claim,
But when to sift the point the lawyers came,
His claim with great propriety was quash'd.

The difficulty of saying what is the meaning of law led to the establishment of a perfectly distinct branch of jurisprudence, called equity. According to Grotius, equity, *non exacte definit, sed arbitrio boni viri permittet.*" Among other *boni viri*, to whose *arbitrium* equity has left

A BOX OF LUCIFERS.

matters, are Lords Thurlow and Eldon; the latter of whom was so exceedingly modest as to his judgments that he postponed them as long as he could, and even when he gave them, such was his delicacy, that it was often quite impossible to understand and abide by them. It has, however, been said that law without equity is better than equity without law; and therefore, though in law there is very often no equity, nevertheless there is no equity that has not sufficient law to make its name of equity a pleasant fiction.

THE SALVAGE OF THE TÉLÉMAQUE.

THE shareholders in this splendid speculation have at length got a dividend in the shape of the following short, but expressive circular :

"Quillebœuf, Sept. 30, 1843.—Sir: We beg to acquaint you that we have this day concluded the salvage of the *Télémaque*, and are sorry to say we can now undertake positively to declare there is no treasure on board her; had there been, it is quite impossible but that we should have discovered and obtained it during the course of our diving operations. "DEANE AND EDWARDS."

The classic terseness of the style of Deane and Edwards cannot be too much admired,—the beautiful touch of pathos in which, struggling between the man of feeling and the man of business, they mingle sorrow at making their announcement with a steady determination to "have it out," the mournful expression of regret followed by the startling declaration that there is positively no treasure on board the *Télémaque*. This passage from the pen of Deane and Edwards is worthy of anything in the works of Beaumont and Fletcher. The confidence with which Deane and Edwards declare they should certainly have found the treasure if there had been any to find, is another instance of powerful writing on the part of Deane and Edwards, whose word, by the bye, we have no reason to doubt, when we reflect on the divings and draggings, and drenchings and duckings that have been undergone, in the vain hope of fishing up something from the wreck of the ill-fated vessel.

Deane and Edwards have not gone into *minutiæ;* but we have the means of knowing that the result of the salvage recently concluded has been as follows :

A bit of the binnacle.
Half-a-yard of yard-arm.
A quarter of the quarter-deck.
A hen-roost and a portion of the hatchway.
A shivered timber.
A main-brace and a pair of leather braces.
A part of the cat-head and an old mouse-trap.

The above is a correct catalogue of the "treasure" which there has been so much fuss about. We understand that the shareholders will be entitled to draw lots for the binnacle; but all the rest of the salvage has, it is said, been seized under an execution by the man who lent the diving-bell!

BRITISH BENEVOLENCE.

THE *Oxford Chronicle* contains the following paragraph, which will hand down to posterity the names of Mr. and Mrs. Jacob W—— as the *Children's Friends*, and the sweeteners, *par excellence*, of the cup of infancy. How delightful to place the sugar of benevolence in the milk and watery existence of boyhood! and how the bosoms of Mr. and Mrs. Jacob W—— must have bounded with pride when they perused the annexed tribute to their philanthropy :—

"CHILTON.—A few days since the lady of Mr. Jacob W——, of E——, C——, kindly presented a substantial treat to the children educated at the Rev. G. C——'s boarding-school, at C——. Cakes and tea, to the value of 1*l.*, was distributed among them. The children *walked in procession to* E——, to thank Mrs. W——."—*Oxford Chronicle*, Oct. 7, 1842.

We have great satisfaction in being able to lay before our readers the programme of the procession to E—— :—

THE REV. G. C——.

THE CHILDREN OF THE SCHOOL.

THE USHER.

On reaching the house of Mr. and Mrs. Jacob W——, the procession drew up under the first-floor window, and Mr. and Mrs. Jacob W—— having appeared at it, the senior boy of the school read from a slate the following address :—"We, the grateful boys of the Rev. G. C——'s boarding-school, humbly thank you for the tea and cake which you have been pleased to bestow on us. The memory of that tea will long live in our hearts, and in future years the recollection of that cake will sweeten our existence."

The procession then left E—— in nearly the same order as it had arrived—the only difference being, that the usher led it back, while the rear was brought up by the Rev. G. C——.

The Leather Market.

WE extract the following from a commercial circular, which has been forwarded to us by Sir P. Laurie :—

SHOULDERS are in fair demand.

CHEEKS and FACES are not plentiful of good colour and quality, the best fetch quite late prices.

CALF SKINS. The very best Tannages sell readily, but we have a good number of inferior on hand.

Good WELSH SKINS sell freely.

We should be happy to enter into an arrangement with the worthy Knight for a constant supply of similar commercial jokelets.

MOON'S ART UNION.

Mr. Moon, having accepted the office of sheriff, under the conviction that it "would be agreeable to her Majesty," is entitled to sit in one of those vulgar vehicles with gilded panels, which are known as the sheriffs' carriages, and which, with a little fresh picking in and rubbing out, are handed down from horse to horse, and from—a certain animal to another certain animal.

Mr. Sheriff Moon is also entitled to dress up three or four individuals in a sort of May-day finery, which goes by the name of the sheriffs' liveries. It is well known that Mr. Moon holds at his shop a sort of gratuitous exhibition.

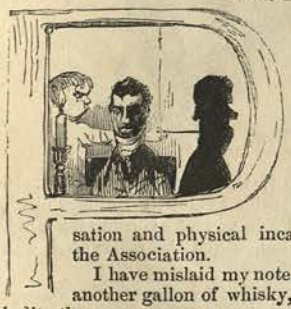
STUDY OF A GIRL.

By way of adding to the attraction of this exhibition, he has spread out his liveries on a table, and there is a person in attendance to explain the articles to the company—a sort of guide to the liveries—who enters into the particulars of their cost, who is Moon's body-coachman, and how many yards of lace there are upon the coats, with other matters, equally interesting and relevant. We shall not be surprised if Moon brings out "Moon's Hand-book to Moon's Liveries," with critical notes, showing the light in which they ought to be viewed by the public in general. Among the moon's changes for the present year, we are surprised that the almanacks did not notice the change of Moon, the engraver, into a person of civic importance.

By Express.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

To the Editor of Punch.



UNCH,—You should have had the annexed before, but Irish hospitality and whiskey have unavoidably prevented any extension of notes, except those of Irish melodies.

Whatever comparisons you may make between my report and those of others, will be only odious to them; for, between you and I and the whisky-bottle, all the "Own Correspondents" except myself were in a state of extreme civilisation and physical incapacity the whole time of the sitting of the Association.

I have mislaid my notes of Section C., but hope, in the course of another gallon of whisky, to be able to lay my hand on them and indite them.

I remain, your's Hibernically,

YOUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.

(Private.) P.S. Mind the algebra, and send me 10*l.*

Cork, October the 53rd Bowl of Whisky Punch, 1843.

FOURTH MEETING OF THE BRIGHTISH ASSOCIATION FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF EVERYTHING.

Section A.—Mathematical and Physical Science.

President.—CAPT. SEACOCK, R.N.
Vice-Presidents.—PROFESSOR CYCLOYD and MAJOR FORK.

"ON THE PRESENCE OF PRISMATIC COLOURS IN POTATOES."

BY DR. SPECTRUM.

The author had been led to investigate this subject from observing a flash of prismatic colours suddenly presented to his eye, on its being forcibly impinged upon by a potato. His curiosity led him to examine the projectile which had produced an effect so extraordinary, and, on investigation, he distinctly discovered traces of the red rays, and soon perceived that the purple and blue had been communicated to his skin, in the immediate vicinity of the eyelid. He had proposed various modes of accounting for this prismatic colouring, the most satisfactory of which was, that one extremity of a rainbow had rested on the spot where the potato grew, and had imparted some of its colours to the plant: this theory receives further confirmation, from the fact that the wicked urchin who hurled the potato at him, exclaimed, in so doing, "Smell that!" which phrase, it occurred to the Professor, might be in allusion to the old popular idea that the rainbow imparted to the dew on which it rested "a most sweete smelle;" which, by absorption, might have been communicated to the potato.

Mr. C. Sharpe laid before the Section a pair of spectacles belonging to a short-sighted friend of his, who, in looking very hard across the street at a person he fancied he ought to recognise, was suddenly startled by one of his glasses violently cracking. This was brought forward as an argument in favour of the tangibility and force in impact of the visual ray.

The President remarked, that the cause of the fracture was evidently in the short-sighted gentleman's eye.

Mr. Alfred Bunn read the report of the Committee for the Reduction of Stars on a method of Hypothetical Representation, as applied to Impossible Results, by Professor Muddlewitz.

It is well known, that if a series of ordinates be taken to denote the approximate formulæ of diverging axes, the corresponding abscissæ will denote the respective values of the variable, upon which the negative equation depends; but if, under these circumstances, infinitesimal media be substituted for the polarisation of reflected vibrations, the physical hypothesis merges the elasticity of the oscillating medium in the angle of incidence, and the solution resolves itself by analytical transformation into a molecular equivalent, whose arithmetical mean, with a subordinate maxim superposed, the rectilinear intersection of which must be equal to the area of dynamic fluctuation, will be the calculus of the atomic difference required.

The President from the abstruse nature of the very important and valuable paper just read, hoped he might be allowed to explain it, in a more familiar way, to those who might not be so conversant with the higher mathematics as his learned friend, Professor Muddlewitz. He then proceeded thus:—

Let E = a constituency.
I = its real opinions.
R = its hypothetical representative.
B and I = bribery and intimidation.
and X = an impossible result, namely, honest legislation.

Then, 1st, $\frac{C = Y \times B + I}{B + I} = R.$

2nd, $C - Y \times B + I = R \times B + I.$

3rd, $R = C - Y.$ And from the prevalence of B + I in all the equations of C, the value of I in known quantities is unobtainable, the result being invariably, R = C − Y. From the same inseparable union between B + I and R, in connexion with C, the value of X cannot be expressed in known quantities. Thus is the representation merely hypothetical, and its application can only be to an impossible result.

SOMETHING VERY EXTRAORDINARY!—A SURPLUS!

ONSEQUENT upon the astounding discovery having been made, last week, that there would be a surplus in the quarter's revenue, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, with the greatest promptitude, gave orders that all the clerks in the Treasury should immediately undergo a strict mathematical examination, in order to test their capabilities of managing the same, such a thing as "loose cash" not having been heard of in that neighbourhood for years past. That he might not be suspected of favouritism, the Right Honourable Gentleman appointed the two Moderators at the last Cambridge examination for honours, as examiners; and, by the kindness of those gentlemen, we are enabled to lay before our readers a copy of the questions set:—

1. Given the amount of surplus revenue in this quarter, find the increase of expenditure in next quarter?
   (*N. B.* We suppose the Cambridge plan is to begin with easy questions.—*Punch.*)
2. Given all Sir Robert Peel's votes during the last session, to find the chances of his voting any given way upon any given question during the next session.
3. Find the square root of the difference between the positive and negative value of any speech of his on any subject.
   (*N. B.* The answers to these two questions need not be carried beyond four decimal places; and any question about the propriety of continuing the income-tax is not considered as referred to in either.—*Punch.*)
4. Show the validity of demonstrations involving impossible quantities; for example, the proof of the value of the dividends due on Spanish Stock.
5. Supposing Alderman Gibbs to be an elastic ball, and the Parish Vestry a curve whose equation is "Full accounts—humbug," find the equation to the tangent at which the ball will fly off from the point of contact.
6. Investigate the rule for finding a limit to the number of possible roots to an equation, and apply it to find out the possible number of schemes for keeping up "the rint."

We have not yet heard the result of the examination; but we imagine the papers must have been posers, from the immense quantity of sandwiches, and all consumed by the examiners during the hours of examination.

MARRIAGES IN MIDDLE LIFE.

THE happy day for Mr. Jones to lead Miss Smith to the altar is not yet fixed, in consequence of some disagreement about the gig in which they are to go out of town for the honeymoon. The Livery Stable keeper wants an old debt paid off; but Mr. Jones is only prepared to offer cash in advance for the week's hire. Alas! how often are marriages postponed by disputes about a settlement.

The lovely and accomplished niece of the ugly but indefatigable Mr. Brown, has, it is said, consented to bestow her hand on the seedy and sentimental Mr. Simper. The bride has the reversion of the interest of four hundred pounds in the threes, after the demise of her uncle and some of his nearer relatives. Mr. Simper's prospects are at present rather gloomy; but, as he is said to have had a relation who left England forty years ago, and has never been heard of since, it is to be hoped that the matrimonial prospects of the young and interesting couple may be yet realised.

The nuptials between a certain highly successful adapter of French Vaudevilles and a popular *Coryphée* were celebrated last week at St. Clement's. The bell of the vestry rang a merry peal, and the church clock was put right during the performance of the ceremony at the expense of the bridegroom. The *Coryphée* was given away by the amiable and athletic chief of the Caoutchouc Incredibles. The wedding party left in one cab, and under five cotton umbrellas, for the lodging of the bridegroom, where a cold collation had been laid out under the superintendence of Mr. Caun, of the Bloomsbury Soup Establishment. Covers were laid for one, and plates for seven. In the evening, the happy pair repaired to Drury Lane Theatre; the bride to sustain her part in the Peri, and the bridegroom to applaud her from the shilling gallery. The bride wore in the morning a four-and-ninepenny print; but, in the evening, appeared in a magnificent toilette of gauze and fleshings.

A NEW MUSICAL INSTRUMENT.

THE Cabinets, Cottages, Grands, and Grand Uprights of Collard, Broadwood, Stoddart, Wornum, &c., have long been established favourites with the musical world, but they must all cede to the wonderful Instrument invented by Dr. Elliotson, and which he too modestly compares to a piano. It evidently more resembles a *Finger-Organ* of great power and compass, and even superior, as regards the Vox Humana pipe, to the famous organ of Haarlem, in Holland. As a mere article of household furniture, by the help of rich silk, &c., it may be made quite as ornamental, with this peculiar advantage—that standing on two *self-acting* legs, instead of being moved about in a sort of one-horse hearse, it will move itself to any quarter of the town where it may be required. Its musical powers may be estimated from the following account of a fantasia executed by the Patentee, on the themes of "La ci darem la mano," "Monster, away!" "Idol mio," and other popular airs :—

"Without any previous intention, I one day tried to mesmerise some of the cerebral organs in the young lady. On placing the point of a finger on the right organ of attachment, she strongly squeezed my fingers of the other hand placed in her right hand, and fancied I was her favourite sister; on removing it to the organ of self-esteem, she let go my fingers, which were in the right hand, repelled my hand, mistook me for a person she disliked, and talked in the haughtiest manner. On replacing the point of my finger on attachment, she squeezed my fingers of the other hand again, and spoke affectionately. I removed the point of my finger to destructiveness: she let go my fingers again, repelled my hand, mistook me for some one she disliked, and fell into a passion. The finger upon benevolence silenced her instantly, and made her amiable, though not attached: and thus I could alter her mood and her conception of my person at pleasure, and play upon her head as upon a piano."

The "Young Lady" appears to be a sort of piccolo. But the Doctor advertises another variety of the instrument, with much greater *boldness* of tone, and a particularly sensitive *pedal*, which responds to the pressure of the foot in a style only to be indicated as "*affettuoso*:"—

"The patient being placed in a chair, Dr. Elliotson commenced the experiment by directing his hand in a horizontal position to the precordia, or perhaps the epigastrium. In a few moments convulsive twitchings of the hands began to appear; she seemed distressed; the eyelids winked convulsively, and shortly afterwards she fell asleep. This may be considered as the first stage of the phenomena. The second was that of intense fear or horror at being left alone whenever Dr. Elliotson withdrew his hand from hers, or ceased to touch any part of her body. This feeling was on all occasions instantly arrested by simple contact—even by the doctor's foot being applied to hers."

This instrument, to all appearances, is richly inlaid with brass. Its compass is very great—quite equal, we should say, to Collins's "Ode of the Passions,"—though some of the stops appear to have been not very accurately tuned. For example, we doubt whether the critical ear of Moore, or Sydney or Horace Smith, would recognise the keen tone of wit in the following, which certainly sounds more *flat* than *sharp*. The doctor had played a little prelude about Noah :—

"The finger was then placed on the organ of wit, and the same questions being asked, she answered, 'I never bothered myself much about Noah; and as to the ark, why any tub that has a bottom will swim.' 'But the maker of it was a very great man,' said Dr. Elliotson. 'I don't know whether he was great or small, I tell you I never bothered about him.'"

This, however, may be but the imperfection of a new instrument,

or a rawness of the performer,—indeed, the inventor, not being a Thalberg or Moscheles, for want of practice evidently thumps down his finger now and then on the wrong key, and even mistakes the character of the tune he produces. Thus, whilst the instrument was "singing very sweetly"—

"Suddenly Dr. Elliotson removed the finger at a part of the song where the tune runs, 'I hate the sight of a sheep or a cow,' to the organ of philo-progenitiveness, or love of offspring, and then said, 'Why don't you like the sight of the little lambs?' She instantly replied, 'O yes, poor dear little things, they are so innocent.' Then removing it to destructiveness, and putting the same question, she answered, 'Like them! I should like to cut their heads off.' The finger was then placed on the organ of wit, and she continued, 'I cut their heads off, because they make such capital soup.'"

Now, what the performer here quotes as a philo-progenitive cradle hymn, or fondness for babies, was really only a pastorale, or partiality to lambkins. The destructive idea of the decapitation of the sheep, was a cruel capriccio enough: but the pleasant divertimento of making soup of their heads, instead of being a flourish of wit, was palpably a little voluntary on the organ of Scotch Cookery!

These are defects, however, that time will remedy; and once again, we venture to predict that the new FINGER ORGAN will supersede the Piano.

Fashions for October.

BONNETS have experienced little alteration in shape, except those that have been crushed by some one sitting accidentally down upon them. Shaded silks are still seen, the shading being thrown in by constant wear during the whole of the summer, causing the material to be much darker in some parts than in others. Scarfs will be in request, and so will lace; but for those who cannot get the point lace, the boot-lace will be a cheap and useful substitute. Flounces, which have been for some time coming in, are now made to stick out more than ever.

We have seen a very graceful head-dress for gentlemen—which, for evening *toilette*, is general. It consists of a *coiffure* of white cotton, with a tassel at the top of it.

CRUSOE AND HIS MAN FRIDAY.

ACTIVE HABITS OF GREAT MEN.

We have read lately in the papers, a paragraph on the subject of the active habits of his Grace the Duke of Wellington, who, it is said, cuts about from place to place with an agility that, for a man of his years, is truly wonderful. There is another great man, whose moves are no less rapid than those of the hero of Waterloo. We allude, of course, to Lord Brougham; who left the extreme of popularity by the down-train, and arrived at the terminus of popular contempt in something next to no time. Lord Stanley is another public character whose rapidity of movement is astonishing. His lordship left Whiggery at such a rate, as to lose sight of the station he started from, and was put down at Toryism within an incredibly short period.

A DECIDED CARD.

The annexed is so completely in *Punch's* way, that he tenders his best thanks for the marked consideration of his old and esteemed friend:—

"Dear Punch,—As I cannot conscientiously recommend myself for this situation, I have taken the liberty of proposing you, and trust you will think it deserving of your merits. "Yours, J——."

Recommended to the Attention of Mr. Punch,

BY A MEMBER OF THE

Anti-poking-your-nose-into-other-people's-business-Society.

WANTED IMMEDIATELY

By the above Institution,

A FEW PERSONS OF GOOD CHARACTER,

(*Age or Sex immaterial*)

AT A SALARY OF £500,

With a yearly increase, until permanently fixed at £1000 per annum, who will be required merely

TO MIND THEIR OWN BUSINESS,

AND TO LEAVE OTHER PEOPLE'S ALONE.

Applications, with Testimonials, to be made to the Secretary of the "Neglected Home Department."

THE GRAND RUMP-STEAK BANQUET AT THE NELSON MONUMENT.

We stop the press to announce that the Grand Rump-Steak Banquet, given by *the* Man to *the* Boy, and by *the* Boy to *the* Man, who have been so long and so successfully engaged on the monument to Nelson and National Industry, came off with an *éclat* that must have been gratifying to the best friends of the Column.

The Man took the chair precisely at three o'clock, and *the* Boy occupied the *vice* two minutes after. The first course consisted of a penny loaf, which *the* Boy presented to *the* Man on the end of a fork. After a lapse of a few minutes, the landlord of the *Rose and Thunderbolt* arrived at the summit considerably out of breath, and bearing in a superb delf-dish, surmounted by a tin cover, two pounds of the very primest Hereford steaks, exquisitely cooked, and garnished with tufts of horse raddish, and circular slices of onion. The waiter would have arrived the next, but having an asthma that confined him for a few minutes to the 645th stair, the pot-boy, bearing two gallons of XXX, and a bottle of the most elderly Thomas, had the good fortune to precede him. The waiter having gained his wind and the summit, placed an elegantly mutilated tureen, containing a quantity of Yorkshire reds upon the table. The mealiness of the potatoes elicited long and continued eulogiums from *the* Man and *the* Boy. In a very few minutes the dishes were in a condition to be removed, and were cleared away accordingly.

The Man then rose to address *the* Boy. He commenced by alluding to "the proud eminence to which they had raised themselves," and stating that "the telescopes of Europe were at that moment upon them," and concluded a speech of great eloquence (but which our reporter was not able to catch, as the waiter's asthma became exceedingly troublesome,) by burying his nose and his emotions in the can containing the "Malt."

The Boy was so much affected that he could not reply, and some minutes elapsed before it was discovered that he nearly emptied the spirit bottle. The party rose (irregularly) soon after five, and commenced the descent of the Column, which was a labour of considerable difficulty, as the staircase is constructed upon those principles which, as Byron says, were in vogue before the invention of fermented liquors.

POST MORTEM EXAMINATION OF A SHARP-PRACTICE LAWYER.

Punch was the other day indebted to a medical friend for an opportunity of being present at an *inspectio cadaveris*, which took place on the body of an attorney, one *Mr. Caveat Clutch*; who, after a long career of Old Bailey practice, bill-discounting, distraining, debtor-grinding, and pettifogging in general, had, a few days previously, departed this life for another, lamented by a large circle of Sheriff's-officers and bailiffs.

The deceased had disinherited his only son for marrying a penniless orphan, and the young man had emigrated to Australia. Nobody else was left to care about him, and the permission to make the examination rested with his old housekeeper; who was easily prevailed upon, for the consideration of half-a-crown, to grant a *habeas corpus*.

The features of the deceased presented an intense expression of roguery; whence it was inferred that the ruling passion of the mind had been strong in death. The eyebrows were very shaggy, and the nose much hooked; the lips were thin and compressed; and the whole integument of the face had a strong similitude to parchment. All men are said to resemble some particular animal in countenance; but it was doubtful whether the defunct looked most like a wolf or a vulture.

The interior of the chest having been brought into view, a transposition of the *viscera* was found to have taken place. On looking for the *heart* in its usual situation, that organ was "*non est inventus*." *Punch* expected that it would be found wanting; but that, the surgeon told him, though morally probable enough, was physically impossible, and presently showed it to him lying on the right side, which, it is needless to say, is its wrong place. It was small, and of stony hardness, being much ossified; and the parts that had not been converted into bone were remarkably black. How existence could have been carried on, with a heart in this state, for years, excited the no small wonder of the doctor and of *Punch*.

The air-cells of the *lungs* were of singularly large dimensions, which, the operator informed *Punch*, is a peculiarity characteristic of the reptile.

The *spleen* was of great size, in a state which the surgeon called *hypertrophy*; this, he observed, must have been caused by its extreme activity, which, he seemed to think, had been proportionate to the inaction of the heart.

The contents of the *cranium* being next examined, the *brain*, in its external conformation, was found to display an analogy to that of the jackal and fox. The *pineal gland*, which is said to be the seat of the soul, was altogether in a state of disease.

The *anterior lobes*, which are considered to be connected with the intellectual faculties, exhibited, here and there, traces of inflammatory action; which the medical man ascribed to the unhealthy employment, such as quibbling, cavilling, plotting, chicanery, and knavery and rascality in general, wherein they had been continually engaged.

Altogether, quite enough was found to account for the cause of death; the individual evidently not having been fit to live any longer.

SONGS OF THE STEAMERS.

THE CAPTAIN'S ROUNDELAY.

Away, away, we gaily glide
Far from the wooden pier;
And down into the gushing tide
We drop the sailor's tear.

On—with the strong and hissing steam,
And seize the pliant wheel;
Of days gone by I fondly dream,
For oh! the tar *must* feel!

Quick, let the sturdy painter go,
And put the helm a-port;
Lay, lay the lofty funnel low,
And keep the rigging taught.

'Tis true, my tongue decision shows
I act, the captain's part;
But oh! there's none on board that knows
The captain's aching heart.

Upon the paddle-box all day
I've stood, and brav'd the gale,
While the light vessel made her way
Without a bit of sail.

And as upon its onward flight
The steamer cut the wave,
My crew I've order'd left and right,
My stout—my few—my brave!

PUNCH'S CONTINENTAL TOUR.

STAGE THE SECOND.—PARIS.

HE diligence, at five o'clock in the afternoon, stopped at Abbeville to dinner, where *Mr. Punch* found the master of the Hôtel d'Angleterre dressed very differently to the innkeeper of Abbeville, whom he had formerly seen at Sadler's Wells Theatre. So very little time was allowed for the meal, that every course of it might be called a race-course. The guard of the diligence startled the company, just as they began their meal, by telling them, in a most absolute manner, that they must be off directly. The effect was electrical; but this was not the first time *Mr. Punch* had received a shock from a positive conductor,—thanks to the Polytechnic Institution and Adelaide Gallery. A migration of unsatisfied swallows took place to the diligence; and everybody having paid three francs and a half for the risk of choking themselves, continued their journey.

Mr. Punch continued to be received with the greatest enthusiasm at the various places on the road. The villagers everywhere offered him fruit and flowers, which he generally took; until he discovered that they expected a ten-fold remuneration for their presents, similar to others who make gifts to distinguished personages. Deputations of the juvenile population usually accompanied the diligence up every hill, when it went slow. Traces of the chivalric heraldry of *la vieille France* were observed in their surcoats, which were chiefly quartered. They appeared to demand *largesse;* which, being distributed in small quantities by the passengers, led to frequent conflicts between them, at the conclusion of which their arms were usually embattled upon a ground sable. These conflicts could be witnessed long after the diligence had passed the scene of action; for the road from Boulogne to Paris resembles the Long Walk at Windsor, as it would appear paved in the middle, with half its trees cut down, and pulled out to one hundred times its length. None of the meadows are inclosed; so that, to follow out the heraldic terms, property is not shown by a "field party per pale."

An agreeable variation to the monotony of the journey was afforded to *Mr. Punch* at Poix, by the conflagration of the Post House. The inhabitants immediately assembled; and, having first apparently endeavoured to frighten the fire away by great noise, and running about, as the savages treat eclipses, at last collected all the tea-cups and jugs they could command, to extinguish it; in which effort, when the building was burnt to the ground, and everything combustible entirely consumed, they ultimately succeeded. *Mr. Punch* inquired of a foreign gentleman who sat next to him why they did not use fire-engines? and was informed, with great effect, that the enthusiastic nature of *la grande nation* prevented them from throwing cold water upon anything They had no opinion of hydropathy in acute inflammation; and their only fire-engine was the press, which was rather combustible than cooling

The fortifications of Paris, erected outside the barriers for the purpose of giving the Parisians a series of military balls upon the occasion of any

popular ebullition, excited *Mr. Punch's* admiration, who scarcely thought they would have allowed their love of excitement to carry them so far. It appears that their object is not yet precisely known; whether they are built for the purpose of keeping the enemy out of bounds, or the citizens within.

At last *Mr. Punch* arrived at the terminus of his journey, which he thinks was called the *Ménageries Générales*—possibly from the variety of singular animals who collect there. A guard, who was in attendance, after examining the luggage of the passengers, as if he expected to find their carpet-bags filled with eggs, and their hat-boxes full of wine, allowed them to go wherever they chose; and this he did with an air of great politeness—which refinement was shared by everybody in the office, people even of the lowest class speaking French with great fluency and correctness of pronunciation.

Immediately upon quitting the bureau, *Mr. Punch* was arrested, and carried instantly to a building in the Rue Richelieu. He at first imagined that another unpleasantry awaited him; but was pleased to find that his captor was one of the arrestive force of Hôtel Procurators, who lie in wait for travellers, and convey them by main force to their particular inns. *Mr. Punch*, fearful of again offending the government, submitted quietly to the outrage.

The government, by the way, does not appear settled. At the corner of a street *Mr. Punch* read an inscription, advising the populace to "RUE LOUIS PHILIPPE" as plainly as words could express it; and in a similar spirit, nearer his hotel, was another placard which directed them to "RUE THE 29TH OF JULY"—evidently put up in the same spirit. The unsettled disposition of the French has led M. Arago to invent a machine for their especial gratification, which will have the power of making three hundred revolutions in a minute. They have hitherto only accomplished two in fifty years.

Mr. Punch first visited the PALAIS ROYAL. The grand gallery is a cross of the lion-house at the Surrey Zoological Gardens with the Lowther Arcade, in which everything is sold, but more especially the purchasers. All English manufactures are highly prized; and our Birmingham jewellery is held in great estimation. The inferiority of French cutlery, especially razors, renders shaving an elaborate process, for which reason it is generally abandoned; and in common with the usual treatment of most things springing from a poor soil, they pay more attention to dressing their crops than cutting them. In fact, they consider all attraction to be capillary.

If the inhabitants of Torrington Square were to come to distress, and let their ground-floors as shops, turning the front parlours into piazzas—if they were then to throw open the inclosure, subscribe all their kitchen and nursery chairs to adorn it, and put the fountain from Windsor Castle in the middle, a fountain of steady habits not much addicted to play, they would have the Palais Royal done into English. As it is in everybody's way from every place to everywhere else, it may be termed a populous thoroughfare.

The most interesting part of the Palais Royal is the office of *La France Dramatique*, in the Galerie de Chartres, which may be defined as the "Asylum of Destitute English Dramatists." A slight knowledge of the language is necessary to become a member; and the candidate must prove that he is possessed of a dictionary, and at least two quires of scribbling outsides. At this admirable institution characters and situations are found for those of our countrymen who are in want of them; and nothing is required of them, but studiously to suppress the names of their benefactors. The French playwrights are the only conspirators who contrive to keep their plots unknown to the police until they are fully developed.

THE LOUVRE, which is near the Palais Royal, was the next spot visited by *Mr. Punch*. It was used as a receptacle for stolen goods, until the year of the Restoration, so called in consequence of everything having been sent back to the owners. From the great care taken of the objects by Napoleon, he may rightly have been estimated rather as a preserver than a spoiler of museums. But *Mr. Punch* always admired Napoleon,

because he somewhat resembled himself. He thrashed everybody, whether they deserved it or not: he never hesitated at treating his wife with every callous cruelty short of throwing her out of window: he was a man of small stature, with a fine head: if he once determined a tin bell to be a fiddle, nobody dared contradict him; and though last, not least, he had an inimitable power of keeping the populace always amused.

Mr. Punch was much pleased with the SEINE, which appeared a merciful dispensation of Nature to supply Paris with pea-soup. Its traffic is not extensive, being for the most part confined to the barges of the washerwomen, whose craft is remarkable; and, compared to our own methods of washing linen, they beat them to pieces. All their work is, however, over-done—in fact, done to rags.

The PLACE DE LA CONCORDE, so called, *Mr. Punch* imagines, from having been celebrated from its earliest epoch for scenes of strife, ferocity, and bloodshed, was at the time of the Revolution appropriately situated. It was the valley of death, which separated the palace from the Elysian

fields! Now it is very gay—all asphalte and Dutch metal. At present, (2 P. M., October 9th, 1843), it is called the Place de la Concorde, as *Mr. Punch* has above stated. He is thus precise, because the name of the place has altered as much as the fashion of a sleeve; and he will not promise but that this day week it may be popularly known as the Place de la Guerre. In the centre of it is an Egyptian Obstacle, supposed to be Cleopatra's needle, covered with hieroglyphics, of which the thread is altogether lost.

IMPORTANT TO UNMARRIED CAPITALISTS.

MR. GEORGE ROBINS

AS the honour of announcing that he is instructed to offer to Public Competition, at the Auction Mart, on Monday, October 23, all that valuable Lot and Royal Lifehold Property, the

YOUNG QUEEN OF SPAIN.

So overwhelmed is Mr. ROBINS with a sense of the importance and responsibility, as well as of the dignified, not to say delicate nature, of his commission, that he feels expression fail him; nevertheless, he respectfully begs to invite attention to

The Gold and Silver Mines of South America,

the source whence a portion of the revenues of the Spanish Crown would, were its ancient rights enforced, be derived, and wherefrom Spain received the trifling tribute of

100,000,000 DOUBLOONS ANNUALLY,
(as long as she could get it)

in which the felicitous competitor for the

HAND OF THE YOUNG AND LIVELY MONARCH

would, Mr. ROBINS need scarcely say, acquire at least a

Life Interest.

This surely must be admitted, by every unprejudiced mind, to be a magnificent opportunity for an

Eligible Investment of Capital

to any Nobleman or Gentleman desirous of becoming the holder of

SPANISH STOCK.

Not that Mr. GEORGE ROBINS would wish, in an instance such as the present, to be suggestive of mercenary ideas; but still he cannot help feeling that the possession of

BOUNDLESS WEALTH

would not be undesirable to the most unworldly mind. But not to dwell on matters which, after all, will be considered by the gallant bachelors of England of minor importance, Mr. ROBINS will now mention a few of the more attractive features of this royal bargain, namely,

RAVEN TRESSES,

of glossy and silken texture, gracing with rich luxuriance

Eyes of Starry Radiance;

Also, cheeks which, if they do not exhibit the lily and the rose contending for mastery, may, nevertheless, challenge for their sovereign possessor the fascinating appellation of a

BEAUTIFUL BRUNETTE.

Besides, admiration may be confidently solicited for a feature, which, if not exactly a

PHIDIAN NOSE,

is nevertheless endowed with a charm peculiarly its own. How desirable a partner, not to say speculation, the Royal Peri would prove to the

ENTERPRISING CAPITALIST

will at once be inferred from the fact, that

THE EMPEROR OF ALL THE RUSSIAS

would be delighted, did circumstances permit him to avail himself of the opportunity; that

HIS MAJESTY LOUIS PHILIPPE

is anxiously soliciting the alliance for one of his own princely offspring; likewise that

The August Family of Saxe Cobourg

are in pursuit of the same object; and Mr. ROBINS may make a similar affirmation respecting

THE GREAT MOGUL.

This advantageous connection will place the successful bidder in the possession of

A PRINCELY RANK,

which a little tact and discrimination will speedily elevate into that of

The Sovereignty of Spain,

the attainment of which will not be an unfounded hope; since there generally occurs in that country a

REVOLUTION EVERY SIX MONTHS,

a circumstance which MR. ROBINS only mentions to point out the advantage that may be derived from it. It must be recollected that the King of Spain would be the happy

LORD OF THE ALHAMBRA;

and to the romantic mind it may be sufficient to state, that the territory in question is the celebrated

LAND OF THE CID!

MR. ROBINS would willingly expatiate on this theme for ever, were possibilities in accordance with his wishes; but, as space compels him to conclude, he will only add, that the husband of the Queen of Spain may look forward with every assurance to a

LIFE OF DOMESTIC BLISS.

The circumstances under which he will be placed affording extensive capabilities, if cultivated with the smallest portion of tact, for the formation of

A PARADISE ON EARTH;

which will be not inconsiderably enhanced by

The Certain Absence of a Mother-in-Law!

Printed Particulars, with a Portrait (warranted) may be had only at Mr. GEORGE ROBINS's Offices, Covent Garden.

PUNCH'S CENSUS.

PUNCH being desirous of bringing the Census to the public, if the public can't be brought to its Census (Senses), intends giving the following information in an early number.

1. The origin of hundreds—showing how many tens are required to make a hundred.
2. The area of Great Britain: showing the number of Area Sneaks in Great and Little Britain.
3. The number of Emigrants for the last forty years: distinguishing those who carried out their furniture from those who left it behind; or, in other words, those who cut their sticks from those who carried their sticks with them.
4. The ages of the population: distinguishing not only male from female, but the Hounslow mail from all other males, and both sexes from Middlesex.
5. The excess of females over males, and the excesses of males over the dinner-table.
6. The density of the population of large cities; particularly describing the density or thickness of the head, for which a city population is generally remarkable.
7. The number of offenders in each county—including dramatic authors who have been condemned for their bad works, and actors who have committed murder, but have escaped through public apathy, being unwilling to go after them.
8. The number of persons travelling along Oxford-street between the twenty-first and twenty-second minute of the eleventh hour of the twelfth of last month—distinguishing those who crossed over from those who did not; and including a tabular view of the rates at which they were walking, classified by the timekeeper for the omnibuses, and revised by the general postman.

Puseyism in the Church.

WE have heard with much horror that the rector of *Rat*cliff Highway, having seen a large rat in the vestry-room, has ordered a cat to be introduced into the building. This is another instance of the alarming spread of *Pussy-ism*.

Progress of Science.

A TAILOR advertises, in the daily journals, *geological coats* at ten shillings. From the price, we should be inclined to think they must belong to the secondary formation.

Astronomical Notice.

Full Moon, immediately after dinner on the 9th of November next. *Moon eclipsed*, at the inauguration sheriffs' dinner next year. *Moon in perigee*, going home therefrom.

How to procure Singing Mice.

FIRST catch your mouse, and then mesmerise his "Organ of Tune."

Latest Arrival.

THE monthly stone, to its destination at the Nelson Monument.

THE BEST WAY TO ASCERTAIN IF A DOG BE MAD.—If a dog be mad he will not take water. To ascertain this, offer him some London milk, and if he lap it, you may be sure he is perfectly safe.

WHAT is the height of imagination?——Having dined at a tavern to imagine you have paid the waiter, and for him to suppose so too.

EXTRACTS FROM A STAR-GAZER'S DIARY.

DEAR PUNCH, *Grub-cum-Guzzle, October* 10.

MY worthy friends, Sir John Herschell and South, have been sorely

A DOUBT-Y (DOUGHTY) KNIGHT.

puzzled, this week and more, by the spots they discovered on the face of Jupiter. Now, I maintain, with all due submission to the astronomical knights, that the case is as plain as a pikestaff. I think, however, that the best way will be to give you an extract from my Diary on the subject :—

" Oct. 2. Thought I 'd have a squint at Jupiter—observed him thro' one of Dollond's telescopes (190 power)—discovered a large spot in his centre.

" Oct 3. Observed Jupiter again—discovered three fresh spots of a reddish colour on his disc.

" Oct. 4. Jupiter is covered with spots, and his face is red as a turkey-cock's. I begin to have a suspicion of the truth.

" Oct. 5. It is as I suspected—there can be no doubt of it—I 'll pledge my diploma to the accuracy of my observations—Jupiter has got the—MEASLES ! "

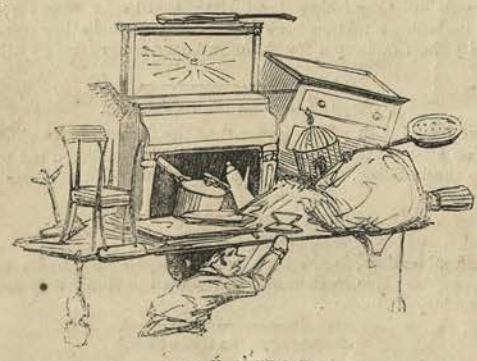
I remain, my dear *Punch*, yours till death,

JOHN STUMP, M.D.

PUNCH FOR THE CITY.

IT having been understood that *Punch* would positively stand for the City, a meeting of his friends took place in the office, where a committee, consisting of the publisher and boy, is daily sitting. The proceedings of the central committee were so exceedingly interesting, that we cannot refrain from giving a report of them.

At ten o'clock precisely, the publisher made his appearance on the office stool, amid much cheering from the boy Dick, who has been lately appointed



CHARGÉ D'AFFAIRES

to *Punch ;* and the former having been unanimously called to the chair, he proceeded to open the business of the meeting.

He began by observing that this was the proudest moment (but six) of his whole existence, but what those six prouder moments were could be of no moment to any one. (*Hear.*) They had met there that day to further the election of *Punch* for the City of London. (*Cheers.*)

Dick wished to know, in case *Punch* should be elected, what would be his views on the subject of the Income Tax.

The publisher was thankful to the gentleman who had asked that question. (*Ironical cheering from the boy.*) He, the publisher, was sure that *Punch's* views of taxation did not coincide with those of the present ministry, who taxed not only the property of the public, but the patience also. (*A groan from Dick.*) He could only say, in conclusion, that *Punch* had the interest of numbers—ay, even of the back numbers—at heart (*hear*) ; that *Punch* was an individual of undoubted parts—ay, monthly parts—(*much laughter from the boy*) ; and that *Punch* spoke volumes for himself, as the five volumes already published could testify. (*Enthusiastic cheering from Dick, which was responded to by a stranger looking in at the blind.*)

The boy now rose, evidently much affected. He said that if he saw *Punch* returned he should witness what he had never heard of yet—for of all the millions who took *Punch*, no one ever thought of returning him. (*A laugh from the boy himself at his own joke.*) He was at all times ready to assist in the good cause ; and he had himself been frequently known to bear the whole weight of *Punch* on his own shoulders. (*Pooh ! pooh ! from the publisher.*) The boy continued. He would persist that he had borne the weight of *Punch* on his shoulders, for had he not assisted to carry the number from the printing-office.

The publisher having explained, and thanks having been voted to Nobody for his able conduct, the meeting separated.

Literary Bankruptcy.

I, WILLIAM LENNOX, do HEREBY GIVE NOTICE that I intend to present a PETITION to the COURT OF LITERARY BANKRUPTCY, praying to be examined, and intending to make a full disclosure of all the persons from whom I have borrowed, and into whose books I have run in order to obtain a literary credit. As witness my hand, this 7th day of October, 1843. WM. LENNOX.

WITNESS : Henry Colburn,
Publisher to the said William Lennox.

Light Sobereigns.

'BY PUNCH ! A PROCLAMATION !

WHEREAS it has been represented to Us, that certain Sovereigns are very light, and not of the value that they ought to be ; and Whereas such a Sovereign was lately current in the neighbourhood of Kew, but has since been withdrawn from circulation : We do hereby command all people to cut such Sovereigns, and have nothing whatever to do with them.

Given at Our Office, in the Strand, this Twenty-first day of October, One thousand Eight hundred and Forty-three.

PUNCH.

APARTMENTS.—Any gentleman of retired habits may be accommodated with a light and airy apartment at the summit of the Nelson column, within five minutes' walk of the Theatres and West End. To students of loud wind-instruments, or the double bass, this offers an eligible abode, not so much from its being out of the way of annoying anybody, as its perfectly isolated and undisturbed position. The only anomaly connected with a residence therein is, that it will be necessary for the occupier to get up before he goes to bed. Apply to the Resident Watchman, who is also preparing another mystery at the Boccius Light.

TO PERSONS ABOUT TO MARRY.—You will save half the expense, and all the usual worry, in not telling anybody what you are about to do. A runaway match, with the consent and knowledge of parents and friends on both sides, will obviate all necessity for sending cake and gloves to your connexions.

WHEN YOU MARRY, buy your furniture and bedding at some respectable upholsterer's, and prefer good second-hand articles to cheap varnished new ones. Although the greenwood has charms for the poet, it has none for the housekeeper.

STRAND JOKE LOAN OFFICE, 194, STRAND, opposite St. Clement's Church.—Jokes continue to be granted without delay at this office to all respectable comic writers, dramatic or otherwise. Threepence per cent. is charged commission, every Number containing one hundred jokes. Persons about to start in business as wags will find this an eligible opportunity. Forms of application, upon which the applicant may seat himself whilst waiting to be served, are in course of preparation.

PUNCH'S POCKET-BOOK,
FOR 1844,
EMBELLISHED WITH SEVEN ETCHINGS ON STEEL BY LEECH,
AND NUMEROUS WOODCUTS.

PUNCH, with his usual benevolence and untiring zeal to gratify the earnest wishes of his friends, has now the gratification to announce that in a few days he will be prepared with HIS POCKET BOOK for the New Year, price Half-a-Crown.

To say that the Work is written by PUNCH, and illustrated by LEECH, is at once to pronounce it a jocular and pictorial gem.

It will be necessary to give Orders early, as the first edition will be limited to a million copies.

Printed by Messrs. Bradbury and Evans, Lombard Street, in the precinct of Whitefriars, in the city of London, and published by Joseph Smith, of No. 53, St. John's Wood Terrace, Regent's Park, in the Parish of Marylebone, in the county of Middlesex, at the Office, No. 194, Strand, in the Parish of St. Clement Danes, in the county of Middlesex.—SATURDAY, OCTOBER 21, 1843.

☞ *We exceedingly regret that the severe indisposition of the writer precludes the continuance of* The Story of a Feather *in the present Number.*

THE COMIC BLACKSTONE.

SECTION THE THIRD.—OF THE LAWS OF ENGLAND.

The Civil Law may be divided into the *lex non scripta*, the unwritten or common law, which was not originally in black and white; and the *lex scripta*, the written or statute law, which was originally in black and white; "though," says Coke, "ye blacke in all our lawes did alwayse preponderate."

By the unwritten law, we do not mean that any laws have been communicated by word of mouth from one generation to the other, for this would be reducing the common law to mere talk. The western world being totally ignorant of letters—by which it is to be understood that the alphabet was at that time wholly unknown at the west end—our ancestors trusted to tradition, and thus the laws became more familiar to them than A B C; and the earlier lawyers trusted to their recollection, which, no doubt, gave rise to the maxim, that liars—of which lawyer is an evident corruption—should have long memories. The Druids were evidently no disciples of Mr. Carstairs, and they probably despised penmanship chiefly on account of their being wholly without pens; but Aulus Gellius has left this subject in the darkness that so naturally belongs to it.

Fortescue thinks our common law is as old as the primitive Britons; and we are ourselves inclined to refer to the times of pure barbarism for the origin of our legal system.

Mr. Selden fancies we got a bit of it from the Romans, and that we picked some from the Picts; so that, according to Selden, the English Law is a delicious jumble, and of this its confused state appears to give ample evidence. Bacon says, our laws, being mixed like our language, are so much the richer; but Bacon always cuts it uncommonly fat when he gets on the subject of legal richness.

Antiquarians tell us that Alfred the Great compiled all the laws into one volume, which he called a dome or doom-book; and, considering what people are doomed to by the law, Alfred could not have hit upon a happier title for his production. This book was lost in the reign of Edward the Fourth, or probably sold for waste-paper, which accounts for its having been looked upon as most decidedly "the cheese" from that day to the present.

In the beginning of the eleventh century, there were three different sorts of laws, the Mercian, the West Saxon, and the Danish; out of which we are told, by Ranulpolas Cestrensis, (who was, we suppose, "a gentleman, one *et cetera*,") that Edward the Confessor formed a digest of laws, which shows that the Confessor's digestion must have been first-rate; and, perhaps, living as he did near the sea-shore, he was enabled to profit by the anti-bilious properties of cockles. Some say that Edward the Confessor's book was a mere crib from Alfred's, and Alfred has been called the *conditor* or builder of our law, while Edward the Confessor has been nick-named the *restitutor* or restorer. Being a confessor, we wonder he did not confess this fraud, if he had really been guilty of it; but perhaps, on the *lucus a non lucendo* principle, Edward was called a confessor from his never confessing anything. Whoever may be entitled to the authorship, these laws constitute the *jus commune*, or *folk right*, as Edward the Elder rather facetiously phrases it.

The goodness of a custom depends on nobody being able to say how it came to be a custom at all; and the more unaccountable it is in its origin, the better it is for legal purposes. If this fine old principle were to be applied to the ordinary business of every-day life, he would be the best customer of whom the tradesmen should say—"I can't think how I ever came to trust or deal with him."

The unwritten law has three kinds of Customs. General customs, which apply to the whole country, such as the custom of going to bed at night and getting up in the morning. Particular customs, applying to particular places, such as the custom of intimidating the boys at the Burlington Arcade, by the presence of a man armed with a brazen-headed tomahawk; and certain particular laws that have obtained the force of custom in some particular courts,—such as the custom at the Court of Requests in Kingsgate-street, of making an order on the defendant, and asking him how he will pay, without hearing much of the evidence.

The judges decide what is a custom and what is not. They, in fact, make the law by saying what it means; which, as it scarcely ever means what it says, opens the door to much variety. "Variety is charming" according to the proverb; and the study of the law must, on this authority, be regarded as one of the most fascinating of occupations. "Law is the perfection of reason," say the lawyers; and so it is, when you get it: but if a judge makes a decision that is manifestly absurd or unjust, it is declared not to be law—for "what is not reason" say the lawyers, "is not law:" a maxim which, if acted upon, would have the effect of condensing the law most materially, or perhaps exterminating it altogether.

The law is preserved in reports, of which there are many thousand volumes; so that any one in ignorance of the law has only to purchase or borrow these—compare the different decisions, and apply them all to his own case, when he will either be right, or have the happiness of correcting the law by a fresh decision telling him that he is wrong; which will, of course, be ample compensation for any little inconvenience he may have experienced.

The best of the old law treatises is Coke upon Littleton, by which obscurity has been rendered doubly obscure. Mr. Selden, whose acuteness missed the pun, might have said, that a bushel of Coke superadded to a Little Ton, was enough to put out the fire and extinguish the light; but Mr. Selden has left it to us to make this observation. Coke upon Littleton is, no doubt, something on the model of Butter upon Bacon—the latter being a work that never was seen, though it is often alluded to. The former is said to be a mine of learning; and, like all mining concerns, there is a good deal of mystery with not a little roguery, mixed up in it.

Among particular customs may be instanced the customs of London, one of which is the custom of having a dish of sprats on Lord Mayor's day; and another is the custom of making jokes, which the chief clerk always indulges in.

The civil law, perhaps, ought now to be noticed. It consists of the Institutes in four books, and the Digests in fifty, added to which are the Constitutions in twelve books; and the novels, or new constitutions, which like many novels of the present day, are not readable.

The Canon Law is made up of rare patchwork, in which various popes had a hand, and their contributions were appropriately enough called *extravagants*. In the reign of Henry the 8th, it was enacted that there should be a review of the Canon Law, but like some of the reviews appointed to take place in Hyde Park, it was postponed, and nothing has been since done in it.

We need say no more of the Canon law, considering that it is subjected entirely to the common law, and does not in all cases bind the laity—but Spelman thinks that the term "son of a gun," is incidental to the canon law, for the law was always sovereign, and the sovereign is said to be the father of the people.

We now come to the *lex scripta* or written law—the oldest specimen of which is that glorious bit of old parchment known as *Magna Charta*. *Magna Charta* is now chiefly useful as a subject for oratorical claptraps. The scrawl is sadly indicative of the horrible state to which the discontented barons were reduced for want of "six lessons in the caligraphic art." John was made to sign as a *sine quâ non*—but the large spot of ink over the J. will be a blot upon his name as long as Magna Charta is in existence.

Statutes are of different kinds. General or special, public or private. A public act regards the whole community—though there are exceptions—for, if Mr. So and So is advertised to appear as Othello at Covent Garden Theatre, it is a public act, and yet no one seems to care for it.

A special or private act regards only the party concerned; as if there were to be an act to secure the profits of Waterloo Bridge, this would be an act in which no one but those who were paid for drawing it could feel any interest.

The mode of construing a statute gives fine scope for mystification; and it has been said by the learned Barrington, who began his education for the office of a Botany Bay judge, as an English pickpocket, that any one may drive a coach and horses through any Act of Parliament.

Penal statutes must be construed literally—thus if an act inflicts a punishment for stealing a shilling and *other* money, no one could be convicted under that statute for stealing a pound, because *other* money only would be mentioned.

Where the common law differs from the statute law, the latter prevails—and a new statute supersedes an old one—which is just turning topsideturvy the principle which governs the common law, where the older the custom happens to be the better. Widdicomb and Methusaleh are the two best authorities on questions of common law; but this is not germaine to the subject.

If a statute that repeals another is itself repealed, the first statute is revived; another provision which is in the nature of law, though not in the law of nature. It is as if we should say that, if one man kills another, and he is afterwards killed, the first man revives—a position which noue but a lawyer would insist upon.

Any statute derogating from the power of subsequent parliaments does not bind, for parliament acknowledges no superior upon earth—except, perhaps, Mr. Stockdale and his attorney Howard, who certainly showed themselves superior to parliament by getting the upper hand of it. Cicero, in his letters to Atticus had what is vulgarly termed a "shy" at the absurdity of "restraining clauses"—and he seems to think that if Parliament were fettered, it would be more like Newgate, for its acts would be little better than Nugatory. Cicero did not make this joke, but he laid the foundation of it, and as it is a maxim in law that *qui facit per alium facit per se*, we may give him the credit of it.

Lastly, an act of parliament that is impossible to be performed, is of no value—in which respect the acts that cannot be performed, resemble many of those which can be, and are carried into execution. It is, however, a rule admitting of many exceptions, for if Parliament were restrained from doing unreasonable acts, its proceedings would be necessarily greatly interfered with.

These are the materials of which the laws of England are composed—and they constitute a hash of the most savoury character.

Of equity we have already said something, and any one who is engaged in a chancery suit, will appreciate its blessings. Equity detects latent frauds, but there are exceptions to this rule, for equity would not assist the purchaser of a dining-table made of green materials, at a cheap mart for furniture. Nor would the Chancellor give his opinion as to whether any latent fraud had been practised. Equity will deliver a person from such dangers as are owing to misfortune or oversight; but if a man has the misfortune to fall into a cellar by an oversight of his own, he may wait a long time before equity will get him out of it.

Equity will give specific relief adapted to the circumstances of the case, but if a man has a tooth-ache, equity has no specific in the way of relief, except, perhaps, extraction—for Chancery will take the bread from the mouth, and may, therefore, as well extract the tooth from the jaw, for the latter without the former is superfluous. Such is the glorious nature of our constitution, that equity cannot touch the life, though it may sweep away all the property.

A judge may not construe the law in criminal cases, except according to the letter—and sometimes it amounts to a dead letter.

We cannot conclude this account of the statute law, without observing that all eminent jurists say it ought to be consolidated; but this seems much less easy to do than to talk about. Several commissions have recently been appointed, and various reports have been issued, the last of which is the sixth of the Criminal Commissioners, who, however, are no less criminal than the others, for they have all made a horribly long job of it. We confess, that figuratively speaking, the law requires boiling down, but we prefer trying to get at its essence, by merely roasting it.

THE SHERIFFS AND THEIR DIGNITY.

The Sheriffs of London have been in a state almost bordering upon phrenzy, in consequence of their utter ignorance how to conduct themselves on state occasions, what kind of carriages they ought to ride in, and how they ought to dress themselves. Messrs. Moon and Musgrove have each purchased the book of etiquette; but, after reading it carefully through, have found nothing applicable to the case of individuals in a high state of shrievalty. The chapter on taking ladies down stairs displays a good deal of polite learning; but however useful it may be to Mr. Moon in his mercantile capacity, it throws no light whatever upon his shrieval duties.

With regard to the carriage, we are surprised at the ignorance of Messrs. Musgrove and Moon; for we thought that every dirty little boy in London was thoroughly familiar with those gingerbread concerns which are used on state occasions by the civic dignitaries. Any dealer in old hackney-coaches could have told Mr. Moon what a sheriff's state-carriage ought to be. Gingerbread, picked out with gold-beater's skin, are the usual colours, while the sheriff's armorial bearings consist of a hat couchant on an iron grating rampant. As to the sheriff's dresses we are quite sure that every necessary information may be obtained in Holywell Street, where second-hand Court suits and dilapidated bag-wigs are to be had on very moderate terms. It may be as well for Messrs. Moon and Musgrove to study the use of the small-sword in relation to the human legs, with a view to preventing the former from getting inconveniently between the latter. If elegance of deportment is desirable, we recommend the sheriff to consult some of the sheriff's officers, who carry everything before them, or, at all events, seldom leave anything behind them.

A New Irish Melody.

Long we 've serv'd as your Parliament hacks,
O'Connell, Chief Consul, Dictator,
While taxin' the screeds off our backs,
Still the wrongs we inherit are greater:
Och hone! Och hone!
Yet they call you our Great Liberator.
Yeah, why can't you leave us alone?

Toss'd in troubles for centuries past,
Relief bills—"*we're free to confess,*"
Don't relieve us a taste, for the last
Keeps us still in a state of distress—
Och hone! Och hone!
We 've no grievance or trouble the less.
Yeah, why can't you leave us alone?

You tell us we 're slaves—God relieve us.
Who wrong us? Who chain us? Our betters—
The clink of the Rint 'tis—believe us,
You take for the clank of our fetters.
Och hone! Och hone!
How deeply we feel we 're your debtors.
Yeah, why can't you leave us alone?

Those Freemen—your friends *at a distance*,
Hail with joy your "Sedition" at nurse,
And promise your "*Bonds-men*" assistance,
So begin by assisting your purse;
Och hone! Och hone!
Take the Slaveholders' bribe, with its curse.
Yeah, why can't you leave us alone?

You ransack the Psaltars for wrongs,
O'er the relics of griefs—hulla gone;
Swell state evils, in speeches and songs,
Show wounds, that might heal left alone.
Och hone! Och hone!
For extortion, kept green to be shown.
Yeah, why can't you leave us alone?

Are thy scars bleeding still in thy breast?
Ollum Fadhah, and Desmond—O'Neil?
Shall sleepless thy spirits ne'er rest?
Must Revenge rise and brandish her steel?
Och hone! Och hone!
And shout from thy graves for Repeal?
Yeah, why can't you leave us alone?

You 're instructing John Bull but to hate us;
Contented we 've fought side by side,
When no foe would dare separate us—
An embrace, which the whole world defied.
Och hone! Och hone!
Shall Treason that Union divide?
Yeah, Danel, just leave us alone.

THE CHINESE TREATY.

It seems that there was a regular jollification over the signing of the treaty with China; and the Imperial Commissioners appear to have soaked in a considerable quantity of grape-juice.—Keysing, the uncle of the Emperor Too-Twang, (and who occupies such a conspicuous position at The Chinese Exhibition,) showed his respect

for the character of a lord by getting as drunk as one; and he was, no doubt, happy to meet with an individual so ready to wet the treaty as Sir Henry Pot-tinger. We understand that the instructions of the Government at home were that if the Chinese Commissioners should ask for "something to drink," it was on no account to be refused to them. It will be seen by the papers that Keysing favoured the company with a song, and called on Sir Henry Pottinger for a song in return. Our own correspondent has favoured us with copies of the two effusions, which we have much pleasure in subjoining:—

Song,

Sung by Sir Henry Pottinger at the signing of the Chinese Treaty.

Air—*Bound 'prentice to a Waterman.*

"As middy of an Indiaman I learn'd a sail to reef,
But bless your heart I always was so gay,
That I loved my grog, my sovereign, Old England and its beef,
And so I do upon this happy day.
"Singing ri, fol, &c. &c.

Sir Henry danced a few steps of the hornpipe at the end of each verse.

"Board men-of-war a captain next I learn'd to tell a yarn,
And seeing T. P. Cooke one night a sailor play,
I talk'd in language nautical, and call'd the stern the *starn*,
And other naval terms, my boys, I learn'd to say.
"Singing ri, fol, &c. &c.

Sir Henry dances again.

"I've sail'd"—

Here the gallant Pottinger forgot the words, and completely stuck. Key-sing endeavoured to encourage him by tapping on the table with his grog-glass; but Sir Henry found it utterly unable to get on, and volunteered a naval hornpipe after the manner of Mr. T. P. Cooke, which was accepted as a substitute.

The following is the Chinese song of Keysing:

Air—*Jim Crow.*

Ica mefro ma ncientpekina
Lo ngti meago.
Whe reile arn edt otu rnabo ut
An dju mpji mcr ow.
Tu rnabo uta ndwhe elabo ut
An ddoj usts O.
Eve ryt imeitu rnabo ut
Iju mpji mcr ow!

WOMAN'S MISSION.

Book with the above title has lately been advertised in the papers. We have never read it; but we have our opinion as to what its contents ought to be, and of this we shall give a summary.

In treating of the mission of Woman, we shall omit all notice, further than the present, of washing, ironing, baking, brewing, frying, stewing, roasting, boiling, scouring, scrubbing, grate-cleaning, turning the mangle (though that, perhaps, is as often Man's mission as it is Woman's mission), selling apples, and carrying fish; because, albeit these things are the mission of some women, they are not by any means that of Woman, considered as that charming, smiling, bewitching, fascinating abstraction, which the term will suggest to the reader.

The mission of Woman, as we understand Woman, though some people may doubt whether anybody understands Woman, is two-fold. Some great philosopher—we forget whom—observes that it resembles that of a candlestick; Woman, like that piece of furniture, being destined for utility and ornament. But perhaps Woman is rather like the candle than the candlestick, she being universally admitted to be the light of life. On which point the profoundest sages, inclusive, we believe, of "the wisest man the world e'er saw," are agreed; as likewise are all the poets, with the exception of Euripedes and Juvenal.

The physical conformation of Woman is admirably adapted for certain purposes of utility, for which the clumsier sex is disqualified. When we consider the female hand, we observe that it is furnished with peculiarly delicate and taper fingers; thus exhibiting an admirable provision of Nature for darning the stocking—pleasing task!—and for hemming the pocket-handkerchief. The female middle finger will be seen, on examination, to have been especially fashioned for the thimble; for, though an implement of that name is used by the tailor, it is quite another thing. It is open at both ends, and wants the elegantly conical form, which is characteristic of that of the sempstress.

To replace the shirt-button of the father,—the brother,—the husband—which has come off in putting on the vestment;—to bid the variegated texture of the morning slipper or the waistcoat grow upon the Berlin wool: to repair the breach that incautious haste in dressing has created in the coat or the trousers, which there is no time to send out to be mended—are the special offices of Woman; offices for which her digital mechanism has singularly fitted her: and without her what should we do for their performance?

In the ornamental, no less than the useful capacity of woman, the conformation of her hand is of singular service. Its peculiar capabilities of touching the ivory key are well known: Woman was made for the piano, and the piano was made for Woman.

The immortal Milton, in his lovely poem "L'Allegro," sings with much feeling of the "savoury dinner" of

"herbs and other country messes,
Which the neat-handed Phyllis dresses."

The neatness, therefore, of the hand of woman is evidently, in the bard's opinion, a qualification for culinary proficiency; and to this, though we may not owe the brisket or the sirloin (the Phyllis of the kitchen being generally the reverse of neat-handed), we are certainly indebted for the tart. What but female ingenuity could produce the fairy-like trellis work which decorates the subjacent jam? The junket, the omelette, the syllabub, the jelly, are nicest when the handiwork of Woman. Man may brew; but who, save Woman, can make tea? And who has not felt the difference between the go of grog which the waiter has brought at his call; and the sweeter alcoholic mixture which has been mixed by the spoon of Beauty?

Woman's mission, in short, is to make herself as useful and agreeable to man as possible. The writer of the book, whose title has formed the subject of these remarks, has perhaps included among her duties those of setting little boys and girls a good example, and teaching them their alphabet. If not, he—or she—has been guilty of an omission. Whether the said writer considers the study of metaphysics or geology to be involved in Woman's Mission or not, we do not know; but we would not recommend ladies to be wedded to those pursuits who contemplate any other kind of wedding.

MEDICAL EXAMINATION.—UNIVERSITY COLLEGE.

Q. How do you define *Tic douloureux?*

A. Borrowing ten shillings on a three guinea case of instruments over night, and losing the duplicate in the morning.

Q. What medicines are most likely to have a direct sympathy with the muscles?

A. Cockle's.

Q. How can you tell the difference between a test and a precipitation?

A. Seeing how much impudence a man will stand before he knocks you down in the gutter.

THE MANAGER'S PETITION.

Pity the sorrows of a poor lessee,
Whose tragic stars have made him close his door;
Who lately cleared his company of three,
And wants relief from half a dozen more.

Yon house, erected upon classic ground,
With tempting aspect drew me from my road;
For Harris there a splendid fortune found,
And Kemble a magnificent abode.

Hard is the fate that managers must bear.
Here those to whom I would have given bread.
Each of Macbeth required an equal share,

And so I roll'd him into three instead.

I hop'd to make of this the actor's home;
But if the fearful truth must needs be told
To my new plays the public would not come,
Nor cared to see the murder of the old.

My company—the best I could engage,
Lured by their vanity from duty's law,
Are now abandoned to a minor stage,
For on the patent boards they do not draw.

The public press, kind soother of my care,
Hail'd with applause my resolute decree.
Go—actors go—I will not yet despair,
Left is the stage to Laurençon* and me.

Pity the sorrows of a poor lessee,
Whose tragic stars have made him close his door,
Whose season is already cut in three.
Oh! give relief—and all his hopes restore.

The Levelling System.

Mr. Brunel has been busy in taking, for the new embankment to Battersea, the level of the Houses of Parliament. The talented gentleman was offered the speeches of Sir Robert Peel to assist him in his undertaking; but he indignantly refused them, as he did not wish to take Parliament at the low level to which Sir Robert Peel had reduced it.

Translation.

"Multum in parvo." *Pattison in smalls.*

* Laurençon, the agent for the juvenile Company with which Covent-Garden is announced to re-open on the 30th instant.

PRINCE ALBERT'S STUDIO.

Ever since the accession of Prince Albert to the Royal Husbandship of these realms, he has devoted the energies of his mind and the ingenuity of his hands to the manufacture of Infantry caps, Cavalry trousers, and Regulation sabertashes. One of his first measures was to transmogrify the pantaloons of the Eleventh Hussars; and as the regiment alluded to is Prince Albert's own, His Royal Highness may do as he likes with his own, and no one could complain of his bedizening the legs of the unfortunate Eleventh with scarlet cloth and gold door-leather. When, however, the Prince, throwing the whole of his energies into a hat, proposed to encase the heads of the British Soldiery in a machine which seemed a decided cross between a muff, a coal-scuttle, and a slop-pail, then *Punch* was compelled to interfere, for the honour of the English army. The result has been that the head-gear has been summarily withdrawn by an order from the War Office, and the manufacture of more of the Albert hat has been absolutely prohibited.

Greatness of mind is shown in various ways by different individuals. Hannibal was a great cutter-out, for he cut a passage through the Alps; but Prince Albert cuts out Hannibal, inasmuch as his Royal Highness devotes his talent to the cutting-out of coats, waistcoats, and "things inexpressible." The Prince's studio could not fail to be an object of interest to the readers of *Punch*. We have, therefore, at an enormous sacrifice of time and specie, obtained a view of it.

Desirous that Prince Albert should not be outdone by the Doudneys, the Moseses, and others, who sing of Tweeds and Taglioni wrappers, we have drawn up for his Royal Highness the following poetical advertisement:—

BUCKINGHAM PALACE.

Come, away to the palace! and look at the show
Of elegant garments by Albert and Co.
He 's infantry jackets, emblazoned behind
With lacing, and everything else of the kind;
That the soldiers who run from the enemy's whacks,
Will cut a good figure in turning their backs.
And look at the beautiful Infantry hat—
Did aught ever bear a resemblance to that?
With its side ventilation, intended, 't is said,
To keep all the soldiers quite cool in the head.
Exactly the thing 't will on trial be found,—
We offer the hat for a couple of pound.
If soldiers are meant for alarming a foe,
They 're soon rendered frightful by Albert and Co.
The Prince only asks, and he fears not denial,
For all his ingenious inventions a trial.
At his royal establishment there you may view
A waterproof cavalry Tweedish surtout;
With facings of Macintosh crossways extended,
For storming a garrison much recommended;
And thus its pretensions to merit he clenches,—
He warrants 'twill keep out the wet in the trenches.
A boot he 's devising with moveable linings,
To give satisfaction in sappings and minings;
'Tis greatly adapted the foot to adorn,
And warranted easy for bunion and corn.
His prices, he trusts, none will fancy are dear,
By contract he takes thirty thousand a-year!

Please to copy the address—Albert & Company, late of Gotha House. Families punctually supplied.

The Long and the Short of it.

A gentleman, the proprietor of the badge 837, has favoured us with a new reading of the following well-known passage:—

"Man wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little *long*."

which he supposes to be a figurative allusion to the intuitive habit of taking "something *short*."

Oxford Intelligence.

It is not true that the rumour which assigns the vacant see of Lichfield to Dr. Wynter has caused any uneasiness at Oxford. Even those most opposed to him would very gladly see him sent to Coventry.

PRINCE ALBERT'S STUDIO.

CITY ELECTION.

THE disgraceful conduct of the Returning Officer for the City of London Election has been the subject of animadversive conversation in our own particular circle. The manner in which our name has been kept out of the poll list, savours of such shameful partiality, that we shall move for a Parliamentary Enquiry into the matter early in the ensuing Session. The following should have been the statement:—

NINE O'CLOCK.

Punch	1,408
Pattison	1,308
Baring	1,042

At this hour we received the following note from Baring:—

"DEAR PUNCH,—Would the Governor-Generalship of India be at all in your way? "Yours,

"BARING."

To which we replied:—

"DEAR BARING,—We understand you; but what is to become of the rest of the universe "Yours,

"PUNCH."

TWO O'CLOCK.

Punch	5,930
Pattison	5,820
Baring	5,691

On this announcement being made to us, we pulled out our frill, and was proceeding to the front of the husting to address the constituency, when a note, enclosed in an envelope of the most delicate lace-work, was put into our hands by one of her Majesty's special messengers. The royal *billet* ran as follows:—

"DEAR PUNCHEY—(We allow her Majesty a little familiarity)—As Peel cannot get over a week of the next session, do not trouble yourself to continue the present contest. We shall want you for Premier.

"Your gracious Mistress,

"VICTORIA."

"Have you seen Albert's New Regulation Hat? If so, would you like to have one? I think it would become you admirably.—Dinner at eight.

"V. R."

What effect this gracious intimation had upon us may be gathered from the

CLOSE OF THE POLL.

Punch	Resigned.
Pattison	6,532
Baring	6,367
Majority	165

THE MITRE A NIGHTCAP!

THE other Sunday, HENRY, LORD BISHOP OF EXETER, according to the *Western Times*, "took his seat upon his throne, drew the curtains around him, and made all snug for meditation."—DR. COLERIDGE, of Thorverton, preached. At the conclusion of the homily, the congregation, expecting the customary episcopal benediction, remained sitting. A breathless pause ensued. All eyes were turned towards the throne. Had anything happened to his Lordship? The verger crossed over, and timorously rapped with his mace. There was another pause, broken by—a snore which proceeded from the episcopal snuggery. The official knocked again, louder; the response was repeated, more sonorously. Another knock; a downright whack: and up jumped the Lord Bishop; shook himself, and pronounced the blessing. The *Western Times* infers that the Right Reverend Prelate was asleep.

Now, whether this story is "a thing devised by the enemy," or not, we do not know. Nor, supposing it to be true, do we know which to blame, the Bishop or the Parson. Prelates are human; narcotics will affect the nervous system: and even episcopal vigilance must yield to opium. Whether, therefore, DR. COLERIDGE mesmerised BISHOP PHILPOTTS, or whether a voluntary dismissal of ideas produced this effect; or whether it was owing to a devout abstraction of the mind from sublunary things, consummated in a holy trance; we are quite unable to say.

The supposed circumstance of a Bishop's sleeping in Church, to have been published as a piece of news, must have been regarded as something extraordinary—we doubt if it is so. An episcopal snore in Church, certainly, is an uncommon acoustic phenomenon; but if Prelates do not sleep in the Church, certain questions that we would ask, are not easily answerable. How came it that Christianity was unknown in the mines and factories? How was it that the extent of destitution, metropolitan and provincial, has been but lately brought to light? How happened it that the first appeal on behalf of the houseless sleepers in Hyde Park to public charity was made by the *Times*? Whence arose the sale of pews and sittings? How is it that the "superior classes" drive to church in their carriages, and leave their servants on the box outside? Verily, too many of their Lordships must have been sleeping in the Church.

We cannot, however, condemn the BISHOP OF EXETER for his imputed somnolency; even assuming the accusation to be a true bill. Homer sometimes nods; when he is out of his element; and so may BISHOP PHILPOTTS. Who ever heard of his sleeping in the House of Lords? There, at least, the Right Reverend Father is always "wide awake."

AN ORATION BY THE IRISH DEMOSTHENES.

(BEFORE THE PROCLAMATION.)

FREE born Irishmen!—ah, no!—slaves! We stand upon a spot where, six hundred years ago, the green turf beneath our feet was purple with the blood of our fathers. Fathers? Oh, worse! Mothers and their lovely daughters. This blood was shed by the Saxons—by those who are now longing to cut your throats. Oh! do not think—do not dream of cutting theirs. There would be an excuse for you, a strong excuse, a mighty great, an almost total excuse; but you would not be right—not quite right. And what did the Saxons do when they had shed all this blood? They wrote the word "potatoes" with it.

Oh! be calm—let me ask you to be calm. I see the lightning of indignation flashing from your eyes. I hear the thunder of your ire. It shakes heaven and earth; and all the buttermilk turns sour. I tremble at what I have said. I fear I have gone too far. I would not go too far for all the world. Suppose, only suppose, you were to rush to Dublin, storm the Castle, and put the slaves and despots in it to the sword—What should I do? I do not know what I should do. Oh! shout, and say you will not do this if you can help it. That shout satisfies me. If your endeavours to obtain justice should longer be frustrated; if we do not get Repeal by constitutional means; you might be driven to act as I have said. Mind, I only say, *if*—mark that *if*. *If* you were so to act, Posterity would not blame you. Posterity would say you vindicated your just rights. But I should blame you. I am obliged to say I should blame you, although I should agree with Posterity that you had vindicated your rights.

"Hereditary bondsmen, know ye not
Who would be free themselves must strike the blow?"

But I am certain—that is, nearly certain—that you will not strike such a blow. Oh, no! you are too loyal to our gracious Queen. Hurrah, boys, for the Queen! Another cheer! Yes; we love our Queen. We should not love her if what she said of us in her speech from the Throne were not the words of her Ministers. Three groans for the Ministers! I wish they could hear those groans. They are doing their utmost to drive us to rebel. If we were to rebel, we might hurl the miscreants from power, and secure our independence for ever. But let us not rebel—I should be very sorry if we were forced to rebel. One word more. Never forget that money is the sinews of—agitation; and let each contribution to the Repeal fund exceed, if possible, the last.

ANOTHER.

(AFTER THE PROCLAMATION.)

COUNTRYMEN,—If you love me be aisy—keep within doors and be quiet. Any one that speaks of repeal in a tone above a pig's whisper, is no friend to Ireland. For the love of the Lion of the Fold of Judah, and the Dove of Galway, and of—myself and the association—be quiet. Not that we fear the Sax—no—I promised O'Neil that I'd not use that word any more. Not that we fear the military gentlemen whom her gracious Majesty has sent over for our protection—but I'm on bail—recollect that, Irishmen, I'm on bail!

Effects of Puseyism.

THE progress of Tractarianism in the University has spread such alarm at the west-end, that, at the suggestion of Sir Peter Laurie, a strong barrier is to be erected to prevent *Oxford*-street from running into *Newman*-street.

An elderly maiden lady, in Essex, has imbibed such an extreme horror of Popery, that she has renounced the *Cardinal* virtues.

Literary Reports.

IT is rumoured that the Antiquarian Society is in treaty with Alderman Gibbs for the publication of some parish accounts relating to St. Stephen, Walbrook, of a very ancient date.

Lord William Lennox having heard of the celebrated "Tracts for the Times," is preparing "Tracts for the *Morning Chronicle*."

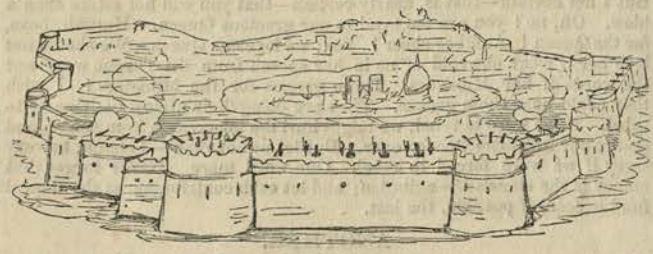
PUNCH'S CONTINENTAL TOUR.

STAGE THE THIRD.—PARIS.

THE succeeding day *Mr. Punch* visited Père-la-Chaise, which is a species of fancy-fair kept by dead people, and is something between Kensal Green and the Soho Bazaar. The road thither is alternately composed of wine-shops and monument-makers, so that grog and grief, sentiment and *cerises à l'eau-de-vie*, mourning and merry-making, go hand in hand. Before arriving there, *Mr. Punch* crossed the Place de la Bastille. The place where the Bastille was pulled down, is now marked by a column, which commemorates the victims of the three days. *Mr. Punch* suggests that when our own bastiles are pulled down in England, we should have similar columns to commemorate the victims of the three commissioners, who are much more numerous.

At evening *Mr. Punch* visited the playhouse. Not being a very fluent French scholar, he did not expect to be greatly entertained, but was very agreeably disappointed. All the French pieces are barefaced translations of the farces which have been most popular in London during the last year or two; but as intellect is more birthright than copyright, no law can put a stop to this scandalous appropriation.

A great noise is being made at present by M. Eugène Sue, in his *Mystères de Paris*, but the greatest mystery *Mr. Punch* encountered in Paris was, what a *vol-au-vent* was made of, which he got for dinner at a restaurateur's. When he returns to England, he intends consulting with his friends on the propriety of publishing a work, to be called *Les Mystères de Londres*, which will embrace the following mighty mysteries: the existence of the *Metropolitan Magazine;* when there is a possibility of Hungerford Bridge being completed; what they are doing again to the lamp at Charing-Cross; where the foreign gentlemen, who walk about, live in the winter; why houses are more inflammable just before quarter-day: where Widdicombe cut his first tooth; how Lord W. Lennox ever got Mr. Colburn to publish the *Tuft Hunter* (which leads to another



Mystère de Paris—what induced Messieurs Galignani to reprint it); with many others.

Previously to quitting Paris, *Mr. Punch* devoted one day to the sports of the chase, in passport-hunting, which is a diverting and popular pastime with flying visitors, and is thus carried on, according to the actual survey of a recent traveller.

Having applied at the office of the PRÉFECTURE DE POLICE for the passport taken from you at Boulogne,—termed in the different English dialects *Boulong*, *Bullon*, *Bolone*, and *Bouloyne*—you find it has not arrived; but you are requested to take a seat for half an hour or so, during which time you can amuse yourself with the contemplation of the clerks in general, and listen to the chirping of their pens.

When this time has expired, certain hieroglyphics are made upon a piece of paper, which you are requested to take to the English Ambassador's, a pleasant excursion of two miles, more or less. When you get there, which must be in the morning, you are ordered to call again in the afternoon; during which interval it is desirable to walk in the Champs Elysées and contemplate nature, so as to remain in the neighbourhood. At last you are presented with a flimsy document, which is the accomplishment of the first step in this amusing process.

In the paper given to *Mr. Punch*, Lord Henry Cowley very politely "prayed and requested whoever it might concern, not only to allow him to pass freely and securely, without hindering him, or suffering him to be hindered; but on the contrary, to give him every aid and assistance"—a mark of attention for which he was exceedingly grateful, deeming it a compliment to his great renown, until he found everybody else had the same, *Mr. Punch* was then directed back again to the *Préfecture de Police* where the passport was once more taken from him. There, one fierce gentleman wrote some more hieroglyphics upon it; which another, equally fierce, put his signature to; and then sent *Mr. Punch* to a third—still more terrible—by whom a mark, similar to that which would be produced by a penny-piece dipped in red paint, was stamped upon it. And finally, a clerk, more ferocious than any of the others, recommended *Mr. Punch* to call upon the Minister of Foreign Affairs, who demanded ten francs for allowing him to leave Paris "with every aid and assistance;" which phrase appears to permit everybody to throw all possible obstacles and hindrances in the way of your progress.

Mr. Punch having got all this happily accomplished, left Paris by the railway for Rouen, humming "*Je vais revoir ma Normandie*," which air he picked up from an organ belonging to a strolling company, of which he once formed the principal member. A stranger to the country, *Punch* invested forty centimes in the purchase of a *Guide du Voyageur*, which greatly amused him. The railway is called "a grand and noble project, opening a new era in the world, and making France queen of the globe!" There 's for you. And France, *Mr. Punch* remarked, carried out the grand and noble idea of her supremacy by engaging Englishmen in menial situations, placing them as engineers upon the tenders of every train that runs from Paris. Amidst the jargon of "*C'est beau!*" "*Mon Dieu, que c'est charmant!*" "*Quel trajet superbe!*" &c., *Mr. Punch's* ears were refreshed at every station by the phrases 'All right!" and "Go on!" which reminded him by whose exertions the "*grande et noble idée*" by which France had "*devenue la reine du monde*," was principally brought about.

Mr. Punch's fellow-travellers were Parisians, and appeared astounded at everything they saw on the line. A cow in a field threw them into ecstasies; and when they observed some little aits upon the Seine, rising in melancholy dreariness from the turbid water, they called them "*des îles ravissantes!*" One of them showed *Mr. Punch* a small town, Poissy, and told him, with an air of proud enthusiasm, that there was a letter-post went out and came in every day! As the place was about the size of Hampton, not more than eighteen miles from Paris, situated upon a railway, and forming a sort of cattle-market to the capital, the enterprise that fixed the post there was beyond all praise, and deserved the cheers of a populace "*toujours prête*," as *Mr. Punch's* companion observed, "*à applaudir aux grands et beaux résultats.*" And after *Mr. Punch* had assured the others that the English railways were nearly as fine as the one they were travelling on, which statement, however, they appeared to doubt, he left them in an ecstasy of delight at their own unapproachable country. The "cock upon stilts," which figures in the old Harleian MSS. is no inapt type of the Gallic bird in this present nineteenth century.

PHRENOLOGICAL EXAMINATION OF AN ACTOR'S HEAD.

BEFORE a large meeting of the London Phrenological Society, a lecture was delivered by Mr. Mac Calliper, on the cast, taken by his own hands, of the head of a Mr. Wildrave, tragedian. The individual in question was an inmate of a lunatic asylum; his hallucination being that he was Garrick, which caused him to insist on being addressed as David, whereas his real name was Peter. This insanity had been occasioned by his having been forced, by the terms of his engagement, to play *Macduff* to the *Macbeth* of one Mr. Ragsworth, whom he considered to be no better an actor than himself. In this opinion he was quite correct; the real fact being that Mr. Ragsworth and Mr. Wildrave were exactly qualified to perform the "two murderers;" and it being a doubt which of them, of these two characters, was entitled to play the "first."

By far the two largest organs in the head were those of "Love of Approbation" and "Self-esteem," and the lecturer stated that, in taking the cast, he found this region so hot, that a lucifer match containing phosphorus, upon being applied to it, ignited.

The organs of "Veneration" and "Marvellousness" were largely developed. The lecturer said it was a mistake to suppose that this combination necessarily gave a tendency to devotion. Voltaire had large veneration, and he was not devout. This individual's veneration and marvellousness related to his own talents, which he venerated and marvelled at inordinately.

"Conscientiousness," the organ of justice, was small; and he was notorious for never doing justice to the abilities of any other actor.

"Hope" was decidedly large. He had once played *Sir Giles Overreach*, hoping to eclipse the memory of Kean, and was hissed; which he imputed to the bad taste of his audience.

"Comparison" and "Causality," the reasoning faculties, were deficient; and he never could perceive the reason why his performances did not draw.

"Wit," was extremely small, and he could not be made to see that his playing *Hamlet* was a joke.

"Locality," which gives ideas of the relations of place, was much depressed; and he had no idea whatever of his proper place.

"Weight" was likewise of small size; and he was totally incapable of weighing his own pretensions.

Prince Albert's Speech at Cambridge.

We have been favoured, from an authentic source, with the speech which was prepared for Prince Albert to deliver in the senate at Cambridge, on the occasion of his being made Doctor of Laws. We cannot say that we know who wrote it.

THE SPEECH.

Doctissimi et Reverendissimi lenes viri. Est cum maximâ voluptate quod accipio Gradum Doctoris Legum, quem habuistis bonitatem conferre super me. Sum valde lætus recipere testimonium hoc de affectione et existimatione vestrâ. Majestas sua, Regina, regalis Consors mea, agit vobis gratias non minus quam egomet-ipse. Insolitus ut sum ad publicam locutionem, indigeo verbis ad exprimendum meum sensum honoris quem fecistis me. Sed tuto dicere possum quod hoc est superbissimum momentum meæ vitæ. Utinam scivi viam faciendi aliquem reditum pro eo: sed non facio.

Veruntamen si accipietis hoc parvum munus, est valde multum apud vestrum servitium. Est novus pileus academicus quem inveni pro vobis terere; quotiescunque teritis eum, putate de me. Permittite me concludere, volendo vobis omnibus longam vitam et felicitatem et prosperitatem ad Universitatem Cantabrigiæ.

TRANSLATION FOR YOUNG LADIES.)

Most learned and reverend Gentlemen, it is with the greatest pleasure that I receive the degree of Doctor of Laws, which you have had the goodness to confer upon me. I am very glad to receive this testimony of your affection and esteem. Her Majesty the Queen, my Royal Consort, thanks you no less than myself. Unaccustomed as I am to public speaking, I want words to express my sense of the honour which you have done me. But I may safely say that this is the proudest moment of my life. I wish I knew a way of making some return for it: but I do not. But however, if you will accept this little gift, it is very much at your service. It is a new academic cap, which I have invented for you to wear; as often as you wear it, think of me. Permit me to conclude by wishing you all long life and happiness, and prosperity to the University of Cambridge.

BLOCKADE OF WESTMINSTER BRIDGE.

(TELEGRAPHIC DESPATCH.)

"This important frontier pass has at length been declared in a state of siege; and the most lawless audacity prevails. The *Atlas* omnibus was stopped in broad daylight, by a set of common poles. The males were consequently lost, who were sitting outside and wanted to go to Lambeth; as well as some valuable minutes of proceeding, by being compelled to go round by Waterloo Bridge.

"The barricades, under the command of the General Surveyor, were completed last week, and foot-passengers alone are allowed to cross the river, with only so much luggage as they can carry. Vauxhall Bridge remains neutral; but the Watermen have issued the following proclamation upon the palings, in the hope of diverting the popular advancement in another direction, 'YOU CAN RIDE OVER FOR ONE PENNY EACH IN A BOAT.'

"The greatest excitement is at Waterloo Bridge. The shareholders have declared their approval of the blockade, and their determination to support it. A large meeting of drivers of public conveyances has been held every day this week in Palace Yard; and the impassable state of the road has given rise to several warm conflicts between them and their customers, who insist upon going from Westminster Hall to the Victuallers' Asylum, by way of Whitehall, Charing-cross, the Strand, Waterloo Bridge-road, the New Cut, and Huntley-street., for eightpence.

"Beacons are hoisted at the barricades every evening, and appear to be answered by fires along the edge of the river. A piquet has been placed to manage the intermittent light on the Surrey side, which blows out every five minutes. He bivouacs in a truck turned upside down.

"The Kennington Mail is, of course, detained; but a young cadet of the Lambeth Charities had cleared all the posts along the frontier by his own exertions."

A Broad Guess.

AMONG the articles to be admitted, duty free, into China, we find *Paddy* enumerated. Does *Paddy* mean Irish exports?

THE MANAGER'S BENEFIT.

ABOUT ten days ago, Mr. H. Wallack, the lessee of Covent Garden, announced that on Monday evening his own benefit would take place. We looked with some anxiety to the bill of fare for that eventful night, being desirous to evince our sympathy with Mr. Wallack's managerial annoyances. We found the lessee had selected

NO PERFORMANCE

for his benefit; and we are given to understand that it was the most lucrative house of the season. Such was the success of the experiment, that the entertainments were repeated throughout the week.

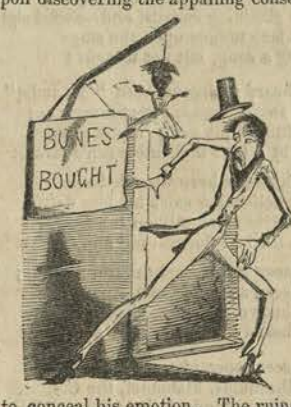
It is not usual to criticise on benefit nights, but the novelty offered by the lessee on the night announced for his benefit, seems to deserve some notice. At seven o'clock the curtain was already up, when there was a comic scene between a carpenter in the flies and a gasman on the stage—a scene that was chiefly remarkable for the smartness of the dialogue.

The lessee himself then came forward, and spoke a short address down the centre trap, in which he touched slightly on the necessity of machinery; and the words, "Very well sir," proceeding from beneath with a sort of hollow tone, gave a good deal of effect to this part of the performance. After this came a zoological treat of some novelty, for a cat bounded on to the stage, and having gone through a series of interesting evolutions, made a precipitate *exit* across the orchestra. Some little time having elapsed, a fireman came forward in a costume which led us to expect the song of the "Jolly Young Waterman;" but the individual having executed a sort of ballet of action with a leather hose, which he laid ingeniously across the stage, he withdrew—and, after waiting about an hour, we followed his example.

THE LATE HURRICANE.

(FROM OUR OWN PENNY-A-LINER.)

CHELSEA, WEDNESDAY.—We grieve to say the hurricane has committed serious damage on the estate of Benjamin Stubbs, Esq., of Chelsea. After destroying the fine Gothic Arch, which could be seen distinctly from six different hedges, it spread its devastating influence over the beautiful dismantled tower which had been built on the embankment of the pond in imitation of the strongholds of the feudal times. The first object which fell a prey to the raging of the storm was a picturesque covering of ivy which had been lately fitted up at an enormous expense. The south turret, looking towards the Fulham Road, immediately afterwards gave way with an awful crash, which was followed by the total destruction of the Bastion, facing the Man in the Moon. The Chinese Pagoda soon after betrayed alarming symptoms of a coming dissolution, and fell "a rude and undigested mass" into the adjacent pond, the lives of three ducks being, we regret to say, lost in the fall. Mr. Benjamin Stubbs instantly repaired to the spot, and, upon discovering the appalling consequences of the hurri-



cane, was unable to conceal his emotion. The ruins, with the exception of the Druid's altar, had only been recently built. We understand the Chelsea bricklayer has received orders to remove the rubbish, and to erect a Temple of Ceres with as little delay as possible.

Spanish Explosions.

AN Experimental Philosopher informs us, that having begun fires last Wednesday, he placed a row of Spanish chesnuts on the top bar of his parlour grate, and after a short interval, several of them *pronounced*.

A Puzzler.

TAKING for *data* the well-known proverb, that "one fool makes many," it is required to find the product of Sir Peter Laurie.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE OPERA.

I 've known a god on clouds of gauze
With patience hear a people's prayer,
And, bending to the pit's applause,
Wait while the priest repeats the air.

I 've seen a black-wigg'd Jove hurl down
A thunderbolt along a wire,
To burn some distant canvas town,
Which—how vexatious !—won't catch fire.

I 've known a tyrant doom a maid

(With trills and *roulades* many a score)
To instant death. She, sore afraid,
Sings; and the audience cries encore

I 've seen two warriors in a rage
Draw glist'ning swords, and—awful sight !—
Meet face to face upon the stage
To sing a song, but not to fight !

I 've heard a king exclaim "To arms"
Some twenty times, yet still remain ;
I 've known his army 'midst alarms,
Help by a bass their monarch's strain.

I 've known a hero wounded sore
With well-tuned voice his foes defy ;
And warbling stoutly on the floor,
With the last flourish fall and die.

I 've seen a mermaid dress'd in blue ;
I 've seen a Cupid burn a wing ;
I 've known a Neptune lose a shoe ;
I 've heard a guilty spectre sing.

I 've seen, spectators of a dance,
Two Brahmins, Mahomet, the Cid,
Four Pagan kings, four knights of France,
Jove and the Muses—scene Madrid.

A NEW INVENTION.

BRIGHTON. To LADIES.—J. Spankes Ball has lately invented a new patent brown-paper boot, which does not require the trouble of lacing and unlacing.

These boots, which are manufactured of the best brown paper, are simply pasted on in the morning, and are dry in three quarters of an hour, when they are warranted to fit the ankle.

A pleasing variety of this elegant article is trimmed with postage stamps ; so that a pair of brown-paper boots will travel free all over the United Kingdom, to any direction.

GRAND AFFAIR OF HONOUR!!!

UNDER THE SPECIAL PATRONAGE OF GENERAL WINKIN, AND SEVERAL OFFICERS OF DISTINCTION.

On Sunday, November 5th, at 11 A.M., *precisely,*

A DUEL WILL BE FOUGHT

AT

WORMWOOD SCRUBBS,

BETWEEN

Captain Butcher of the Pocket Rifles, and Lieut. O. I. Fall, of the Detonators.

SECONDS.

Major Popham. Simper Steady, Esq.

Surgeon—Mr. Bandage.

Distance, 12 paces—Hair Triggers—and a compromise impossible.

*** The Bands of both Regiments will be in attendance.

[John Gibbins, of the *Fortune of War*, begs to inform his Sporting Friends and the Public in general, that the above event, being certain to come off, and no mistake, may be confidently expected to give satisfaction. Provision, wine, liquors, &c., in the Booth, at moderate charges. Good stabling on the ground.]

NEW NOVELS.

THE FOLLOWING WORKS WILL BE IMMEDIATELY PUBLISHED.

Just ready,

THE ARMY-AGENT'S UNCLE ON HIS MOTHER'S SIDE. By Mrs. GORE. 3 vols.

Also, in the Press,

THE BARNABYS COME BACK. By Mrs. TROLLOPE. 3 vols.

THE NEW POST-OFFICE, (uniform with "Old St. Paul's.") By W. H. AINSWORTH, Esq. With 120 Illustrations by George Cruikshank, and fresh Portrait of the Author.

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Nearly ready, in 3 vols. post octavo,

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A ROMANCE.

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"Great excitement is caused in literary circles, by the whisper that this new romance will contain some thrilling scenes of the American war. The character of the Scout, 'Flannel-drawers,' is wonderfully drawn: whilst the two native chiefs, *Le Cochon Azure* and *Le Puce Agile* are almost supernatural. It is long since there has been a romance which will create an equal sensation."—*Evening Paper.*

A YOUNG GENTLEMAN appeals to the sympathies of a generous British public. He wishes to take stout before breakfast, Bass at luncheon, Guinness at dinner, and Kinahan's LL. as a wind-up. Any Samaritan in the above line who will accommodate him will be amply repaid by the reflections of his own conscience.

FLAT GENTLEMEN'S WATCHES, with maintaining power of escapement for going in the streets whilst walking about, are offered at very low prices. A Watch, as a gift from a friend, is peculiarly serviceable, in enabling him at any time to turn it into cash at his uncle's.

THE DUKE OF SUSSEX'S CIGARS.—The weather has set in cold. The cigar is a cheering companion. Should any gentleman possess a benevolent heart and a box of the above, he may send the latter to 194, Strand, opposite St. Clement's Church, to be left till called for, and the former to the Poor Law Board, at Somerset House.

NOVEL AND ELEGANT PERFUMES.—Just imported, several cases of the *Bouquet du Solar Lamp*, which has lately been much used at evening parties, for distributing a delicious odour about the apartment. Also the admired *Pastilles d'hareng brûlé*, for halls and staircases; and *Extrait du chou*, for fumigating passages and kitchen stairs.

PUNCH'S POCKET-BOOK FOR 1844,

EMBELLISHED WITH

A COLOURED FRONTISPIECE, SIX ETCHINGS ON STEEL BY LEECH AND NUMEROUS WOODCUTS,

Will be ready in a few days, price Half-a-Crown.

To say that the Work is written by PUNCH, and illustrated by LEECH, is at once to pronounce it a jocular and pictorial gem.

It will be necessary to give Orders early, as the first edition will be limited to a million copies.

Printed by Messrs. Bradbury and Evans, Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the city of London, and published by Joseph Smith, of No. 53, St. John's Wood Terrace, Regent's Park, in the Parish of Marylebone, in the county of Middlesex, at the Office, No. 194, Strand, in the Parish of St. Clement Danes, in the County of Middlesex.—SATURDAY, OCTOBER 28, 1843.

THE COMIC BLACKSTONE.

SECTION THE FOURTH.—OF THE COUNTRIES SUBJECT TO THE LAWS OF ENGLAND.

SEVERAL of our law writers, say, with their usual acuteness, "England is not Wales, neither is it Scotland nor Ireland;" and, in fact, Spelman adds that "England is nothing but itself:" though, in our own day, we have seen that England has been anything but itself, so that the old learning on this head is quite out of date at present.

Wales continued a long time independent of England; and Cæsar, who seized on almost everything, did not so soon seize upon that. The people lived, says Tacitus, in a pastoral state; having probably no other food but Welch rabbits, until Edward the First introduced his heir to them as their prince; and the people having shown the white feather, it is supposed that it was immediately taken from them and placed in the prince's hat—"where," says Fortescue, "it has continued

ever since, as a badge of honour on one side, and servitude on the other." The finishing stroke to Welch independence was given by the statute 27th Henry VIII., chapter 26, which may be said to have played Old Harry with their liberties. But while it gave Wales a frightful blow with one hand, it offered civil liberty with the other; and Mr. Selden is of opinion that the expression a "topper for luck" originated with the circumstance alluded to. The only remnant of independence left to Wales has been taken away by the 1st of William IV., which puts an end to its independent law courts, which were, indeed, independent not of law alone but of justice. In those courts, law, instead of being paid for, as in England, through the attorneys, used to be purchased directly of the judge, who, instead of giving consideration to the facts, used to take a consideration from the parties, and decide accordingly.

Scotland was an independent kingdom until the time of Anne, when the Union was carried out, and Scotland was declared to be a part of England; but as nobody knew whether Berwick-upon-Tweed belonged to one country or the other, it is subject to neither or both. "And this," says Coke, "was making a regular Scotch mull of the business."

Ireland was, until lately, a distinct kingdom; but since it has ceased to be distinct it has been a good deal confused, which is so far natural. Henry VIII. assumed the title of king, and afterwards recognised the title by the 35th of Henry VIII., chapter 3, which is as though a pickpocket should steal a handkerchief and then pass a resolution in his own mind recognising his right to the stolen article.

At the time of the Conquest, the Irish were governed by the Brehon law; but John, going over with a lot of legal sages, stuffed the Irish people with the said sage, which did not at all agree with their constitution. At length Edward the Third hit upon the old trick of abolishing the Brehon law, by saying that it never was law at all; and hence the expression "Well I never! did you ever?"—an exclamation that Edward very probably used when pretending his utter ignorance that such a thing as the Brehon law had ever existed.

Laws passed in England do not bind Ireland, unless Ireland is named—and when Ireland is named, it often seems to think itself only bound—to grumble. The union between Ireland and England was at length effected in 1800; and, like man and wife, the two countries would go on very well together, but for the interference of certain pretended friends, who take pleasure in sowing dissension between them. Hibernia is at the present moment being urged to sue for a divorce, but *the Agitator* who has been working her up to ask for it has lately received a tweak of the nose, which we are sorry Coke and other sages are not in existence to dilate upon.

Among the islands subjected to England is the Isle of Thanet, whose inhabitants devote themselves to the simple arts of peace, manufacturing Margate slippers, and polishing the shells of cockles, which they offer for sale to the strangers who visit their shores. The lesser islands of Dogs, and the Eel-pies, are also subjected to the laws of England; but at the latter there is a sort of Lord Lieutenant, who keeps a tavern, and exercises a species of absolute monarchy, exacting tribute from the visitor, but extending hospitality in return for it. The thread of English law is carried through the well-known Needles to the Isle of Wight, and the ancient Isle of Isleworth, though locally subjected to three policemen, is bound by all the acts of the British Parliament.

The Isle of Man is a distinct territory, not subject to our laws; and, indeed, if it were under the Queen, says Plowden, in his *Coruscationes Cornicæ*, it would not be the Isle of Man, but the Isle of Woman. This Isle of Man continued for eight generations in the family of the Earls of Derby, until, in 1594, several daughters having been left by the deceased earl, the young ladies got up such a quarrel about the isle with the tempting name of Man, that the Queen settled the matter by seizing the island for her own use, and put a man in possession. At length the island fell into possession of the Athol family, but the title of king had long been disused, as well it might, for his Manly Majesty was a most absurd epithet to apply to any one. The contemptible little sovereignty was eventually purchased by George the First; and the expression "I 'm the man for your money," probably originated from the circumstance alluded to.

There are several other islands, including Jersey, Guernsey, Alderney, (famous for its cows), and Sark, remarkable for the ugliness of its name, which are not bound by British acts of Parliament, simply because nobody thinks it worth while to give them any laws at all, until the last resort; when, after letting them go on in their own way till they have got themselves into a fix, there is an appeal to the Sovereign in Council. We do not know who is the present King of Sark, nor have we any notion of the name of the Royal Family of Alderney.

Our colonial possessions are in some cases subject to the English laws, but many have local legislatures, and it has been determined to give a representative assembly to New South Wales. This will, to a certain degree, enfranchise the English prisons, and the suffrage will be enjoyed by those who have formerly resided there. We have not heard how the right of voting is to be distributed, but it is probable that Newgate and the various houses of correction will send the greater number of members to the Sydney parliament.

Let us now consider England, including part of the sea, which is not subject to the common law, but to the Courts of Admiralty; for it is supposed that the judges of the Common Law Courts, not being nautical men, would be unable to hold the scales of justice steadily on the high seas, particularly in the case of a storm or a hurricane. The Admiralty has jurisdiction on the water, and the common law on dry ground; and very dry ground the common law is considered by those students who have to go over it. The sea begins at low-water mark, but the space between that and high-water mark is subject alternately to the jurisdiction of the common law or the Admiralty, according to whether the tide happens to be high or low. For example, the coast of Battersea is subject alternately to Dr. Lushington, of the Admiralty, and to Lord Denman, with the other common law judges. When it is covered with water, the former is entitled to jurisdiction, but when it is all mud and slush Lord Denman

and his learned colleagues revel uncontrolled in it. It is, however, worthy of observation, that this jurisdiction is not often claimed; for when a client is at low-water mark, the lawyers are seldom anxious to have anything to do with him.

England has two divisions, the one ecclesiastical, the other civil. The former is subdivided into provinces, sees, archdeaconries, rural deaneries, and parishes. There are two provinces, those of York and Canterbury, their province being to take care of themselves, and to bestow certain bishopries, which are called seas or sees—probably from the amount that is annually swallowed in them. An archdeacon is probably called arch from a certain degree of clerical cunning; and a rural dean is a sort of clergyman, we presume, with a strong taste for gardening.

A parish, of which there are about ten thousand in England, was, according to Camden—who, by the bye, did not build Camden Town—first formed by Honorius; but who Honorius was, Camden has not done us the favour to let us know. Sir Henry Hobart, who is as wide of the mark as Hobart Town is of Regent-street, thinks parishes were erected by the council of Lateran, upon which Mr. Selden comes in and splits the difference, saying that, as both were wrong, perhaps it will be right to go as far as possible from either, by taking the middle of the term as the proper one. Some few places, such as marshes, were extra-parochial, until the clergy got them formed into parishes, and often took tithes from marshes, under the pretext of thoroughly draining them.

The civil division of England into counties, hundreds, and towns, began under Alfred, who made the discreetest man in the place the headborough; an office answering to that of mayor, except that instead of choosing the discreetest man, the other extreme has in modern times been usually resorted to.

A tithing is the same as a town or ville, and when incorporated it always had a bishop; but there are no records of there ever having been a Bishop of Pentonville: and if such a see existed, the look-out must have been somewhat of the dreariest.

A borough is a town that sends burgesses to Parliament; but many fell into decay, and were called rotten boroughs in consequence. Besides these, there are small places called hamlets, such as the Hamlet of Hammersmith; but the Hamlet of Mr. Charles Kean is, perhaps, the smallest now in existence.

Hundreds consisted of ten tithings, a tithing being composed of ten families; but "after the Revolution" says Bracton, "everything went to sixes and sevens, so that the tens and hundreds were lost sight of." Hundreds were, in some places, called wapentakes, probably from the inhabitants being accustomed to give and take a whapping.

The ancient distribution of hundreds being no longer applied to the land itself, has since been transferred to its produce; and hence we hear of a hundred of coals—a hundred of asparagus, and a hundred of walnuts.

Counties or shires are of ancient origin, and were governed by an Earl or Alderman; for, in very early times all Aldermen were Earls, which does not say much for the Early aristocracy.

A county is also called a shire, and hence we have the word sheriff; whose proper duty it is to see to the execution of the law within the county, and also the execution of the criminals. If the old Saxon customs were now in force, Mr. Sheriff Moon would have to hang at the Old Bailey, not *in propriâ personâ*, but it would be his duty to hang capital offenders if there chanced to be any.

There are three counties palatine—namely, Chester, Durham, and Lancaster, which formerly had royal privileges. These have lost their

FIXITY OF TENURE,

for they have all been taken away; though at Lancaster the militia—consisting of an adjutant and four sergeants—is still allowed to exercise a sort of limited despotism.

We had almost forgotten to mention that the Isle of Ely, though not a county palatine, is a royal franchise, where the bishop has it all his own way; thus realising the beautiful little allegory of the Bull in the China-shop.

So much for the countries subject to the laws of England.

METROPOLITAN IMPROVEMENTS.—We read that several divisions of police have left the metropolis.

A SPEECH FOR SIR ROBERT.

Punch hereby presents his compliments to SIR ROBERT PEEL, and with them the subjoined speech, which he (*Punch*) has ventured to cut and dry, ready for the next occasion whereon the Right Honourable Baronet may have to address a Farmers' Club. Not that *Punch* doubts the capability of SIR ROBERT to speak for himself, or *of* himself either; but he is humbly of opinion that a little condensation would improve the Premier's oratory, whereof, he has observed, the purport usually lies in a small compass.

SPEECH.

GENTLEMEN,—*I* rise to discharge a duty, and *I* hope my duty is what *I* never shrink from. *I* have a toast to propose, which *I* feel *I* ought to preface with a few observations. *I* trust *I* shall not be expected to express any political sentiments on this occasion. *I* consider this club (and *I* do not doubt that *I* express the opinion of those *I* am addressing), to be purely an agricultural Club. What *I* am about to say, *I* intend to relate solely to agriculture. *I* beg to draw your attention to a subject which *I* hope all present will regard in the light in which *I* view it myself. *I* am not a practical farmer; but *I* have devoted some time to the acquisition of agricultural knowledge; knowledge which, as a landlord, *I* feel *I* ought to possess. *I* own much of the property in this neighbourhood, and *I* have a great interest in its cultivation. *I* strongly recommend you, gentlemen, to turn your minds to agricultural chemistry, in which *I* am satisfied you will find your account. *I* more particularly recommend you to have recourse to experimental inquiries, with a view to increasing the capabilities of the soil. *I* shall be most happy to give you any assistance *I* can in prosecuting those inquiries. *I* shall also be delighted to assist you in any other way that *I* can think of. *I* will introduce the finest bull into this neighbourhood that *I* can get, and *I* do not care how much *I* pay for the animal. *I* am very fond of sporting; but *I* do not hesitate to say, that if *I* find the hares and rabbits damage your crops, *I* will give orders to have them all shot. In short, *I*, to the utmost of my power, and by all the means *I* can command—and *I* hope *I* shall gain credit for sincerity in saying this—will endeavour, *I* assure you, to promote your views. If *I* find that *I* have succeeded in prevailing upon you to take the advice, which *I*, considering the obligations of the position *I* occupy, and the chair in which *I* sit, have felt bound to offer to you, *I* shall consider that *I* have rendered a service, not only to the tenants whose property *I* own, but to the state of which *I* am a member, although *I* say it myself. *I* will conclude, gentlemen, by proposing a toast, with respect to which, *I* am sure, there can be no difference of opinion amongst you; "Prosperity to the Farmers' Club;" and *I* hope you will believe me when *I* say that no one is more anxious for it than *I*.

University Intelligence.

Oxford, Monday.

ONG Vacation having terminated, and the Colleges assembled, the town has regained its usual lively and animated appearance during term time. Weeds, which have accumulated during the Long, are now being smoked in every direction. The Honourable Plantagenet Dobbs, of Christ Church, will, it is understood, graduate as Grand-compounder, with his creditors. The occurrence of the 5th of November, this year, on Sunday, precludes the possibility of a gown-and-town row; perhaps all persons do not know that the original lantern of Guy Faux, which bears a striking resemblance to a policeman's, is put out in the Bodleian Library for public inspection. It was brought to light some years ago by an eminent antiquary, who presented it to the University; and is matched by a copy of the letter to Lord Monteagle. The hat of Bradshaw the regicide, in the Ashmolean Museum, is in the last stage of seediness; we understand that an appeal will be made to the Heads of Houses to raise a subscription for immediate repairs. We also hear that a new skull of Oliver Cromwell, of which there is a fine specimen in the Museum, has recently been discovered, and pronounced authentic; but we attach no credit to the report.

We are anxiously expecting Lord William Lennox's Tracts for the *Morning Chronicle*.

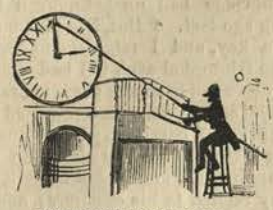
Another Lusus Naturæ.

WE believe we were the first to bring into notoriety the Singing Mouse and the Whistling Oyster, but the advertisements have anticipated us in the announcement of a curiosity still more wonderful—"THE READING SOAP." We wonder what effect a volume of *Punch* would have upon him?

PUNCH'S CONTINENTAL TOUR.

STAGE THE FOURTH.—NORMANDY—HAVRE—HOME.

THE equation and difference of time in foreign countries is a remarkable circumstance, which must strike every traveller with great force. We saw that in the departments between Boulogne and Paris eighteen hours French meant two-and-twenty English ; in Normandy, a quarter past six means five-and-twenty minutes to eight, as testified by the departure of



SHORTENING THE HOURS.

the steamboats. The eccentric clock of our own St. Clement's is not more variable.

Getting rid of its pea-soup to the restaurateurs of Paris, the Seine at Rouen begins to look something like water. The journey by river from Paris to Rouen occupies thirteen hours of progress, three of retrograding, and nine of sticking upon sand-banks ; in all twenty-five, popularly called twelve. There is a chance of a quicker transit by choosing the *Dorades*, which are high-pressure boats ; and are warranted, upon emergency, to send travellers any distance in the shortest space of time possible. But, as *Mr. Punch* chose the railway, he avoided all these chances.

The aim of all English travelling not being to see any place so much as to say you have been there, *Mr. Punch*, who is thoroughly English at heart, having arrived at Rouen late at night, left it very early the next morning, much impressed with the institutions of the city, both civil and architectural, as well as its manners, customs, and social life, which he is about to embody in a work called "Six hours and a half at Rouen," to be brought out by a fashionable publisher.

At the hour before named, *Mr. Punch* embarked on board the steamer "*La Normandie*," bound for Havre. This boat conveyed the ashes of Napoleon, as well as its own, from Cherbourg ; and now derives additional interest from having conveyed *Mr. Punch* from Rouen. It may be interesting to observe, that a Number of his immortal work was lying on the cabin-table, the property of the engineer, who takes in PUNCH from Havre. As the present Number will doubtless follow, *Mr. Punch* must be correct, as he has a check upon him.

Always ready to patronise literature, *Mr. Punch* purchased another guide, in which was an elaborate process, proving beyond all doubt that steam was a French invention, possibly from the love of that great nation for hot water and vapid noise. A letter was quoted to prove this, written by Marion de l'Orme to Cinq-Mars, in which she says she accompanied the Marquis of Worcester over a madhouse, while a poor devil was confined for some lunatic plan of moving machines by vapour, and that the Marquis stole his secret. Of course this is all true. The French found out steam, co-equal with their invention of mummies, tobacco, tea, gunpowder, brown stout, and potatoes.

The Seine, according to the book, was the daughter of Bacchus ; at present she may be regarded rather as the mother of mighty wine, from her great assistance in bringing it forth. Her father, to save her from the designs of Neptune, changed her into a river—a cold-water cure for the god's intentions. Others, again, bring it from the Celtic word *seach*, "to express deviation ;" to which *Mr. Punch* replies in the equally Celtic word *walker*,—"to imply disbelief."

At Quillebœuf *Mr. Punch* was gratified with a sight of the contrivances for probing the Télémaque, a ship in which more treasure was sunk preparatory to raising her, than ever was raised preparatory to sinking her. The cargo of tallow discovered by the divers, from its lengthy sojourn under water, is reported to be not worth a rush. *Mr. Punch* suggests, that, to keep vessels from running over the wreck, a beacon should be now erected, surmounted by a foolscap and an empty pocket, as a warning to speculators to prefer floating capital to what is at the bottom. Passing Quillebœuf (which the English engineer persisted in calling *Kill-beef*), *Mr. Punch* was next in the situation of Scene 1, Act 3, of Henry V., "Before Harfleur ;" and finally arrived at Havre at two o'clock.

The city of Havre somewhat resembles the London Docks let out upon a building lease, and its principal traffic appears to be in Java sparrows, cockatoos, and cocoa-nuts. If the port of Havre be, as the books say, the first port of France, *Mr. Punch* cannot compliment them on it. He has tasted better at half-a-crown a bottle than what they charge seven francs for. This is a hint to the hotels. The harbour is divided into several basins : the West Indian, or sugar basin ; the Chinese tea, or slop basin ; and a principal one, which, from its vicinity to the lock-up house, or, as low people would term it in England, the jug, may be termed the washing basin—the more so, as it appears used by the little boys to bathe in. The nautical men appear to have a high opinion of their vessels, the majority of which they term, even in French, regular "*briques ;*" and to go like a brick implies no ordinary power of speed. In fact, the idiom appears to be the same in both languages.

The passport, which caused *Mr. Punch* so much trouble, was never once asked for ; and at midnight he embarked in the Menai for Brighton, where he contrived to land with his cap and hunch stuffed full of tobacco, and his usual cargo of spirits in his head. He was here appointed Gentleman in Waiting to the Customhouse authorities, which situation he filled with much credit for two hours ; and finally embarked for London, where he was received at the office by Dick and the publisher, at half-past four o'clock, P.M.

The artist who was supposed to accompany *Mr. Punch* took the various sketches on the spot from his own head ; and when there was not sufficient time to get them ready, they were done beforehand.

THE NELSON COLUMN.

WEDNESDAY last having been fixed for placing the statue of Nelson on the column, the ceremony was, in conformity with all the arrangements pursued in the erection of this testimonial, postponed until Friday, and on Friday, in order to be quite in character with all that has already taken place, the statue was not erected. On both days large crowds assembled in Trafalgar Square, expecting—not to see the statue put up, for they would have been mad if they had expected anything of the sort, but to witness the mull the authorities were certain to make of it.

The public were fortunately not disappointed, for the statue was never once visible all the day ; and the crowds having waited till four o'clock, had at that hour the gratification of beholding the British labourer taking his afternoon's beer, sitting on a jacket, and leaning his back against a block of granite. This interesting spectacle having lasted half an hour, the labourer fiddled at a rope for some time, and looked towards the top of the column ; but at six o'clock he withdrew, and the crowds began to disperse—no doubt highly delighted with the day's amusement that had been afforded them.

Throughout the whole of the afternoon the vast assemblage was employed in dodging the labourer round the column. At first the spectators were clustered on the steps of St. Martin's Church ; but the labourer having crossed to the other side of the enclosure, the crowd ran rapidly round to the College of Physicians, and by standing on tip-toe, jumping up, or clinging to the railings, contrived to catch a glimpse of the labourer's movements. He was seen to pick up a trowel and pass across the enclosure once more, when the mob again returned to the steps of St. Martin's Church, where they remained during the rest of the afternoon in a state of the utmost excitement. The neighbouring cabmen took part in the ceremony, and enlivened it by occasional remarks, some of which were directed to the labourer within the enclosure, upon whom they made no impression.

We have since seen the statue itself, which is a very excellent copy of the large plaster of Paris figures of Napoleon. We fancied we had seen it before in the New Road, but we suspect we are confounding our own heads with those chalky productions of art we have seen on the heads of the Italian image boys.

The Weather.

THE Meteorological Register kept by Mr. Spiff, of Hackney, gives the following results. The thermometer was at its height on Monday, Oct. 16, when he hung it outside his garret-window ; and lowest on Tuesday, October 17, when the nail came out, and it fell down into the area.

The appearance of several flocks of foreign cormorants about the public thoroughfares indicates a severe winter.

A hoar frost covered the scenes in *Ondine* at the Adelphi on Monday ; and a light snow fell at Astley's during the spectacle. It was swept up at the end of the act.

Shipping Intelligence.

TELEGRAPHIC DESPATCH.—The *Churchwarden*, from Walbrook, has run on a *Rock*, and is endeavouring to *get off*, with very little hope of succeeding.—*N.B.* Carries no papers.

THE QUEEN AND PUNCH AT CAMBRIDGE.

DIRECTLY it was known that her Majesty intended going to Cambridge, and that Prince Albert was to be made a Doctor of Civil Law, *Punch* felt that his presence would be expected at the University. We know that it does not require much knowledge of law to take a doctor's degree in it, and when we heard that Prince Albert had been studying Blackstone under an "utter barrister," we were certain that his Royal Highness would establish his claim to the beefeater's hat and crimson dressing-gown, which form the academical costume of a legal doctor.

On arriving at Cambridge, we found the town in a state of utter abasement. The shop-windows were lined with begging placards, signed by the Mayor, entreating the inhabitants to put him in funds to do honour to her Majesty's arrival. According to his own statement, "the sums already subscribed" on Wednesday morning "would limit the preparations to the erection of one triumphal arch, and would not enable him to order music or fireworks." The "one triumphal arch" was already up, and consisted of a cheap combination of twine, bay leaves, and stuffing herbs. The "music" that "could not be ordered" had been told to call again in a couple of hours for a final answer, when, if the placard took effect, they were to be secured; and the dealer in fireworks had received instructions to look in and take his chance, any time before the evening. All this looked very unpromising, and the morning itself was gloomy, but at about ten o'clock the Mayor, in a fit of desperate energy, put his own name down for two pounds; and this magnificent example being followed by three or four more of the wealthiest burghers, the band was at once secured, and negociations were entered into with all the local greengrocers for a fresh supply of evergreens. The inhabitants soon set to work to repair their error, and Trumpington Street in a short time presented an unbroken series of clusters of green stuff—each house being decorated with quantities ranging from three-penn'orth to a shilling's worth.

The Mayor, having counted his money, and found that he had got enough for a triumphal arch at the end of Trumpington-street, sent

for an architect to design, a builder to erect, and a greengrocer to garnish it. As they all set to work at once, the builder had finished building before the architect had done designing, and as they had not conferred about the work, the design for the arch and the arch itself were totally different. Nevertheless the arch was a respectable-looking erection; but the greengrocer, not having been apprised of its size, had only green stuff enough to cover one side, even that being partly made up with vegetables, among which we particularly noticed a savoy and a head of celery.

Towards the afternoon the weather became propitious, and the royal carriage—a close travelling chariot—was seen to approach at a rapid rate, when the Mayor, who had previously caused the mace to be re-lacquered, rushed with it in his hand, and poked it into the carriage window. Her Majesty, not knowing what to do with it, gently pushed it back again. Prince Albert immediately ordered the postilions to stop; and it having been explained that the incident of the mace was intended as a mark of respect, the Mayor, having received a hint to discontinue any further manœuvring with the formidable weapon, was allowed to walk by the side of the royal vehicle. The Queen spoke to him very graciously, asking him why he did not present the keys of the city, when Her Majesty was informed that Cambridge had no gate, or if it ever had one, the keys had been long ago lost. "But," said the facetious functionary, "every arch has a key, and I might have presented your Majesty with the key of the triumphal arch if I had thought of it."

The Queen was observed to repeat the mayoral pleasantry to Prince Albert; and the royal couple were much amused by the Mayor's efforts to keep up with the royal carriage. Occasionally he succeeded, by merely taking long strides, at other times he found it necessary to assume a sort of hopping movement, but he gallantly went through the gutters without any regard to his *chaussure*; and though what is commonly termed "winded," he contrived to keep up a quick succession of replies to the royal questionings. The following is a specimen:—

The Queen. The town seems a very fine one?

The Mayor. Yes, your (*hop*) Majesty. It has always (*skip*) been

so considered (*jump*). But if Cambridge (*splash into a puddle*) was thought much of (*stride*) before; what will it be (*a trip over a stone*) now that your Majesty (*a regular leap to keep up*) has condescended (*a terrific gasp*) to visit us?

The Queen on arriving at Trinity College, politely thanked him at the gate, and expressed her fear that the scamper had wearied him, upon which the Mayor contrived to get out in one breath, that "He could never be weary in the presence of her Majesty." The royal carriages having passed in, the Mayor was alternately cheered and laughed at by the bystanders.

Her Majesty's visit to the chapel of the college has been alluded to, and her examination of the statue of Newton, by the light of four flambeaux held by four noblemen, has been recorded; but the royal witticism, to the effect that "Her Majesty had never seen so excellent a light thrown upon Newton before," fell not on the common ear. *Punch* heard and echoes it. The Queen, to say the truth, seemed rather more intent on the costumes of the four noblemen, and on the group around, than on the statue itself, though Prince Albert called her Majesty's attention to the chiselling of the philosopher's nose, and the fore-shortening of his immortal eye-brows. In passing between the hall and chapel, the same sort of calamity that had limited the civic preparations to "one triumphal arch," had confined the collegiate arrangements to a remnant of scarlet baize,

which did not reach the whole distance the Queen had to walk. *Punch* immediately threw his gown into a puddle, and some other

THE IRISH FRANKENSTEIN.

fellows having followed his example, a bombazine pavement was instantly laid down, which, though very soft, was very unequal, and her Majesty tripped over it.

The royal dinner party was limited to the suite and four or five others; but the gates of Trinity were besieged all night by people trying to get a glance at the Quadrangle, the impression on the public mind appearing to be, that the Queen and Prince Albert were sitting in the open air, surrounded by the fellows and under-graduates—the fact being, that the former were snugly shut in at the apartments of the master; while the latter, among whom was *Punch*, were confined to their rooms, and saw as little of the Queen as if, like the Mayor, they had had the gate of Trinity slammed directly in their faces.

Such is *Punch's* full, true, and particular account of what occurred on the first day; but we now come to the

SECOND DAY (THURSDAY),

Which had been fixed for conferring the

DEGREE OF D.C.L. ON PRINCE ALBERT.

T an early hour, *Punch*, with his ticket as Master of Arts—and numerous indeed are the arts he is master of—took his place on the floor of the Senate-house. At one end was a throne, brought down by a London upholsterer, and which struck us as being much the same as that used in Masaniello, at the Opera-house. It was quite as gaudy, and almost as ricketty; and we fancy we could have sworn to the gold chair, as being the identical one from which Mr. G. Bennett has frequently desired Othello to "Say it," when brought up, in the celebrated abduction case, before the Venetian Senate.

During the interval before the arrival of the Queen, the under-graduates in the gallery amused themselves with imitating the Astleian Gods, and we only missed the familiar cry of "Apples, oranges, biscuits, ginger-beer," to have fancied ourselves at a Transthamesian theatre. On a *dais* at one end a most imposing amount of learning and piety was collected. We recognised one pair of lawn sleeves, which, by-the-bye, were disgraceful to the washerwoman who got them up, and two or three heads of houses, who were distinguished by wearing their caps, a privilege that elicited everything short of downright pelting from the under-graduates in the upper gallery. At ten the Queen was announced; and the officers in the body of the Senate-house commenced circulating Punch rather freely by punching with their staves a passage for the Queen and her Royal Consort. We were ourselves perforated almost to the waistcoat by a dig from a staff of office; and we saw a fellow commoner—so called to distinguish him from the commoner fellows—suffering the acutest anguish from a savage thrust with a truncheon.

Her Majesty having reached the platform, there was a good deal of whispering between herself, the Prince, the Lord Chamberlain, and a venerable individual in black bombazine turned up with sheeting. When His Royal Highness was led out to be made a Doctor of, Crick, the public orator, immediately commenced a long tirade in Latin, which at first he seemed to know by rote; but he had not gone far, when a little stammering rendered it necessary for him to pull out the manuscript from under his gown; and, before the end of it, he so thoroughly stuck as to be obliged to refer without any disguise to the manuscript. The oration was annotated by the noise of the mob outside, the braying of a jackass in the west, an occasional burst of juvenile laughter through an open window in the east, and the sudden smash of a pane of glass in the gallery. We did not catch the oration; and indeed, if such a thing were catching, it would be very melancholy; but we heard enough of it to ascertain that Crick was pitching it—what is vulgarly but expressively termed—strong; that he called Albert *præstantem inter præstantissimos*, and that he talked of the University as a place where lucre was abhorred, as a pestilence. For a reverend gentleman on the look-out for a bishoprick, these sentiments were "pretty well." The "heads of houses," who are most of them sensible to Prince's Mixture, or more familiarly speaking, "up to snuff," winked at each other when the public orator touched on the topic of disinterestedness.

The Prince bowed whenever the word "Princeps" was used, as much as to say, "I know that means me, old fellow," (the word fellow being not irreverently used, and *Punch* whispered, in the purest Latin, "*Secate hoc breve*,"—Cut this short—into the ear of the public orator). The Queen grew a little impatient, and observed to Lord Delawarr, that "when they proceeded so slowly at the University, it was not surprising everything was done by degrees," and indulging in other witticisms, with the whole of which the Earl has not perhaps favoured us.

A DUCK OF A FELLOW.

The following recipe for making a Doctor of Civil Law is given from the very last instance of College Cookery:—

"Take any body—if a Prince, so much the better—let it stand for about half an hour, till the strength begins to evaporate. Continue to butter freely, and stuff with common sage. Pour a quantity of milk and water into both ears, but have the milk and water as frothy as possible. Throw in a little floury matter, about enough to make a common puff, and wrap round with cloth, when your Doctor of Civil Law will be made to your satisfaction."

The ceremony having been gone through, a gown was brought, and the Prince went through the well-known bit of low comedy about not being able to find an arm-hole; and when this little point had been made the most of, the gallery proposed three cheers for the doctor, which were very heartily given.

The ceremony having been concluded, as far as the Prince was concerned, the university authorities had the happy idea of making a Doctor of Divinity, for the express amusement of the Queen, and somebody being selected from the Collegians around, he was transmogrified into a D.D., with almost as much celerity as the Wizard of the North effected one of his extraordinary changes. The experiment with the Doctor of Divinity did not, however, go off particularly well. The people did not seem to know what it was all about; and there were slight murmurs of "this is tiresome," "shame," "too long," "turn them out," &c. &c., which fortunately did not become general, and did not reach the ears of royalty.

The Queen and the Doctor left the Senate-house amid the greatest enthusiasm, the Prince, by-the-bye, having got a hat which would form a pretty companion to his own cap for the infantry. The hat of a Doctor of Laws is a slouched beef-eater's, without the variegated trimmings, and bound only with a bit of gold cord. The Prince, nevertheless, sported it for the rest of the day, and it being rather cold, he kept on the doctor's gown as a sort of Taglioni or Chesterfield.

The grand ceremony being concluded, the remainder of the day was occupied in running about after the royal couple, who kept popping into their lodgings at Trinity for refreshments, and then popping out again to see some church, museum, or library. The Fitzwilliam Museum was made a *bonne bouche* between luncheon and dinner,—a species of intellectual sandwich—the museum forming the meat, and the meals alluded to the bread and butter it was encased within. On being shown one of Milton's MSS., Prince Albert observed a correction in the poet's handwriting, which his Royal Highness declared he thought no improvement. It is to be regretted that Prince Albert did not live in the days of Milton, for between them both "Paradise Lost" might have been brought to the very highest degree of poetical polish. His Royal Highness observed to the Queen that there were some interesting manuscripts in the library, when her Majesty made a reply at once worthy of the woman, the wife, and the sovereign. Her answer to the Prince's intimation of there being some interesting manuscripts in the library was simply this—"Yes, my dear, but don't stay." The "yes" showed her appreciation of their value, and as such it became her royal position; while the

"don't stay" was quite in character with her womanly impatience at poring over the musty MSS. of a public library.

At the chapel of King's College, her Majesty was informed that Cromwell profaned it by putting his horses into it. "Indeed!" observed the Queen, casting her eye on the solid structure; "he perhaps thought it the most stable looking building in Cambridge." The public orator, whose contempt for lucre was so touchingly alluded to in the oration to Prince Albert, and who would probably refuse a bishopric, unless he were actually strapped down to a chair, and had a mitre and lawn sleeves thrust upon him like a strait-waistcoat, laughed, of course, because he could not help it, at this sally of royalty. One of the heads of houses ventured to suggest that the stalls looked less fitted for horses than for certain more diminutive animals, but the joke went off flatly, and the public orator looked particularly grave, as if to mark his sense of the inferiority of an academical jest to a royal one.

In the evening her Majesty left for Wimpole, and the last *Punch* saw of his Queen was in the middle of his own dinner, from which he was disturbed by a shout in the street: and with his champagne glass in his hand he flew to see what was the row, when he found it was the royal carriage taking a turn round the town previously to quitting it. The following was the order of the procession:—

One of the royal carriages open, with the Master of Trinity and the public orator, in full academicals, kneeling on the front seat, and directing the royal coachman where to drive to.

The Queen and Prince Albert in an open carriage—her Majesty wearing one of the shawls given her by the Emperor of China, her second-best bonnet, and the well-known black and purple stripe she bought to go to Belgium in. The Prince had still got on the Doctor's gown, but he had wrapped it close round his throat, for it was getting cool, and the beefeater's hat was pulled over his ears very considerably.

A butcher's cart, with thirteen persons in it.

A boy on a pony.

The cheering—for a share of which the boy on the pony came in—was truly deafening.

We ought not to close this notice without testifying to the splendid behaviour of the yeomanry, who kept out of the way whenever anything was going on, and merely joined down a street when the thing seemed to be flagging as a show, and people appeared to be in want of a subject for merriment.

At about a quarter past four, the astronomical authorities arranged for the Moon—a new one for the occasion—to meet her Majesty in Trumpington-street; and, being desirous of making our account as complete as possible, we obtained the annexed sketch of that popular luminary as it appeared at Cambridge, on Thursday, the 26th of October.

Our contemporaries have given so full an account of the progress down, that we think it needless to dwell on that part of the subject. Tottenham was in a high state of excitement, for as the town-clerk declared, "it was the first time of her Majesty visiting this part of her dominions since her accession." No doubt the Queen felt proud at the fact that her dominions do include such a place as Tottenham, and that her crown shelters its institutions, while her sceptre sways its destinies. At all events, Mr. Snooks, of Tottenham, had, in a fit of enthusiasm, victimised his shrubbery, in order to get up a "private arch" for her Majesty to pass under.

On the way down, a yeoman fell from his horse; but as the gentleman who attended for the *Times* picked him up and drove him to the next town, we feel that our respected contemporary has made the accident his own, and we have no right to touch the subject.

The illuminations in the evening being by contract with some gentlemen from London, who had a little glass but hardly any oil, all went out as soon as they were lighted. Her Majesty and the Prince went in the evening to Wimpole, where his Royal Highness enjoyed the next morning a little shooting. One of the partridges intended for the royal gun having favoured us with a private sitting, we are enabled to present the annexed *tableau* of the polite bird and his infant family.

A RUM COVEY.

Such is *Punch's* account of the proceedings at Cambridge. Why the Queen went there has been a matter of some mystery; but we are assured that the important question—"Who Shall Educate the Prince of Wales?" was in the mind of the royal mother when she resolved to visited the University. Her Majesty having heard that college was expensive to the pocket, and sometimes dangerous to the morals, determined to go and judge for herself; and in making Prince Albert a doctor, the Queen has paved the way for the son to have the benefit of the father's experience. We know that Her Majesty asked the Master of Trinity to let her know his terms; but whether the question was intended to apply to the period at which the University terms begin, or whether it was meant to obtain information as to the cost of putting a young man to college, we are of course unable to say with any certainty. Prince Albert being a member of the University, will be able to judge how far it may be prudent to put his eldest son there, and if it agrees with the consort of the Queen, it will no doubt be beneficial to the Heir-Apparent.

COVENT GARDEN THEATRE.

Mr. H. Wallack, sole lessee, impressed with sentiments of the liveliest gratitude, hastens to acknowledge the generous support spontaneously offered him for his third season by some of the most distinguished members of the legislature. Mr. Peter Borthwick has munificently volunteered to enact the part of *Othello* once a-week throughout the season. A monologue will be occasionally delivered by Mr. Lane Fox; and Colonel Sibthorp and Mr. Joseph Hume will frequently exhilarate the audience. Lord Brougham has kindly promised to contribute a pantomime, in which, among other novelties, the identical silk gown lately presented to Mr. Roebuck, will be produced upon the stage.

Three Tragedies have been already accepted from members of the Syncretic Association.

Lord William Lennox will supply several dramas of the Paste-and-Scissors school; and Baron Nathan de Montpellier will superintend the Terpsichorean department. Further particulars will be speedily announced

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What is the height of Invention?—Translating a French piece, and calling it *original*.

An Apology.

The following letter, printed *verbatim* and *literatim*, will account for the absence of our usual Agricultural Report:—

Sur, *Tamworth, October 29th.*

Father desires to say As to the Farming Report he Cant old a Pen no how having too broke Ribs and his rite Harm in a Sling. Sir Robbert kindly allowed Him to look at his Bull,—Witch have tost him.

I am Sur Your humbl Sarvant, Jacob Giles, jun.

Literary Reports.

The Rev. Mr. Garbett, inspired by the Poetical Chair at Oxford, has just hatched some controversial theology in prose.

The *First Part* of Puffendorff may shortly be expected from Mr. Colburn's.

Public Notice.

In consequence of the Anniversary of the Gunpowder Plot falling on a Sunday, the Procession of Guys through the City is postponed from Sunday the 5th to Thursday the 9th of November; on which day they will be paraded with the usual ceremonies.

(By order) GOBLER, *Clerk.*

FAMINE AND FASHION!

We extract the following from a powerful leader in the *Times* of Friday last :—

"A wretched-looking woman named Biddell, with a squalid half-starved infant at her breast, was placed at the bar of the Lambeth-street office on Wednesday, and charged before Mr. Henry with having unlawfully pawned several articles of wearing apparel, which she had been employed to make up for Mr. Moses, a slopseller on Tower-hill. It appeared that Moses had 'taken security,'—for he, like Shylock, 'will have his bond,' —to the amount of 2*l.* for the safe return of the articles entrusted to the workwoman, and that this surety having heard that some of them had been pawned, gave the poor wretch into custody for the offence. Her tale, on the correctness of which no suspicion whatever was attempted to be cast, was sad enough, and, as the worthy magistrate stated, 'the affair was one of *very common* occurrence in that part of the metropolis.' By the violent death of her husband from an accident, last January, she had been left a widow with one child of two years old, and pregnant with the infant she then held in her arms. After the death of her husband, she had attempted to support herself and the two children by her needlework, principally in making trousers, for which she was paid SEVEN PENCE a pair, out of which she was obliged to buy the thread to make them; and, in order to provide *dry bread* for herself and her infants, she had been compelled to pawn a portion of the work which she had finished while she proceeded with the remainder. The slop-seller's foreman, probably well experienced as to what was sufficient to keep life in the miserable drudges who slaved for his master, asserted that if she was honest and industrious she might make a 'good' living at her trade; and, on being questioned by the magistrate as to what he considered 'a good living for a woman who had herself and two infant children to support,' he explained it to be SEVEN SHILLINGS A WEEK."

Seven shillings a week! One penny—not the value of the pestiferous cigar which Moses' man puffs in the faces of the passers'-by, from the threshold of his master's door—one penny only, for an hour's ceaseless labour at tasks that if long pursued will shut out the blessed light of heaven, and make the sweet air a torture to the ulcerated lungs of the poor living wretch who devotes herself to such self-sacrifice, 'in order to provide dry bread for herself and infants;" and yet this jackanapes—pampered on the leavings of his sated master—dares to call such a pittance a good living for a mother and her two infants. We would that Moses and his class were doomed to walk the streets of London arrayed in their choicest "slops" (blood-stained as the shirt of Nessus, but without its avenging qualities,) branded

SEVEN PENCE,

that men might know how they gained their sleekness!

What is the cannibal to such money-spinning knaves? The savage *slays* his victim before he commences his revolting feast, the slopseller refines upon such cruelty, and banquets day by day on some throbbing nerve, or wasting muscle—"the pound of flesh nearest the heart"—until Death, more merciful than Mammon, closes the wretch's sufferings, and parish charity, piling a little earth upon the kindred clay, quiets the consciences of the taskmaster by giving him a receipt for his poor's-rates.

Last week we furnished the form of an advertisement for a Royal tailor, whose innocent nonsense merely excited our risibility. In the fulness of our disgust we subjoin another, for

MOSES AND CO.

All who would seek a spotless robe to wear,
In breathless haste to Moses should repair,
Where *Holland coats* from two-and-three are shown
By Hunger's haggard fingers neatly sewn.
York wrappers that the Winter's blast defy,
Made by a shivering wretch *too fond* to die;
Dress pantaloons for Pleasure's gayest court,
Though all were 'mid stark Desolation wrought;
Embroidered tunics for your infant made,—
The eyes are sightless now that work'd the braid;
Rich vests of velvet at this mart appear,
Each one begemm'd by some poor widow's tear;
And *Riding-habits* form'd for maid and wife,
All cheap—aye, ladies, cheap as pauper-life.
For *Mourning suits* this is the fittest mart,
For every garment help'd to break a heart.
Then hasten all who mindful of the purse,
For Moses' bargains braves the poor man's curse.

A Royal Jokelet.

Her Majesty has graciously forwarded the following :—

"Dear Punchey,—I read Peel's speech at Tamworth, as you desired it—shocking egotism! I have given it in command to Aberdeen to see that Sir Robert adds *Argus* to his patronymic Peel, in commemoration of his *hundred I.'s*. "Your delighted mistress, "Victoria."

[We have heard her Majesty more happy.—*Punch.*]

THE GREAT UNACCOUNTABLE.

Alderman Gibbs, being churchwarden of the parish of St. Stephen, Walbrook, has been subjected to a most rude and indelicate attack from the parishioners, who have expressed a vulgar desire to inspect the accounts, with the view of ascertaining how the money goes. The Alderman is entitled to the thanks of all unaccounting and unaccountable trustees, for the firmness with which he has resisted the prying impertinence of parochial curiosity. What are the accounts to the parishioners? Nothing. What is the money to them? Most assuredly, nothing. They have paid it, and that should be sufficient for them. If Alderman Gibbs were to expose his accounts to the prying eye of impertinent curiosity, he would not only do an injustice to himself, but he would fly in the face of the dictionary, which says that a trustee is "one who is trusted;" and how can a party be trusted who is asked to submit his accounts to inspection? The Alderman is a great advocate for those simple habits of good faith which were characteristic of our forefathers. Did the early Britons ever ask for the accounts of those paternal Druids who stood in the position of priests, and, by a parity of reasoning, may be supposed to have filled offices equivalent to that of the modern churchwarden? While, however, Alderman Gibbs refuses his accounts to the vulgar herd, he has offered them for inspection to *Punch*, who has declined looking into them, being able to form a tolerable guess at their contents. For the satisfaction of the parishioners of St. Stephen, Walbrook, and to prevent the worthy Alderman from undergoing the trouble and bother of making out any account at all, and also as a guide to future churchwardens, as well as for the information of all parishioners with unaccounting churchwardens all over the world, we provide the following

FORM OF A CHURCHWARDEN'S ACCOUNT.

The name of the parish is left blank, for obvious reasons.

RECEIPTS.	£.	s.	d.
Old Rates on an average of so much per annum, through a series of years	14,000	0	0
Trust-moneys alluded to hereafter	10,000	0	0
Old dividends upon original fund	90	2	2
Moneys had from various sources, but devoted to various assets, leaving balance in treasurer's favour of	8	4	10
Cash, on account of numerous matters	1,800	5	7½
Trust money, being more of the money alluded to above, and described as alluded to hereafter	9,000	14	2½
	£39,909	6	10
Balance due to treasurer	4,350	17	6
	£44,260	4	4

PAYMENTS.	£.	s.	d.
Salaries	1,200	2	2
General expenditure	1,400	6	8
Particular expenditure	806	2	9
Expenditure not very particular	1,700	6	6
Old balance, as per petty cash book	840	1	3
Sundry disbursements	920	4	2
Miscellaneous outlays	920	4	2
Various expenditure	920	4	2
Odd items	920	4	2
Divers payments	920	4	2
Sundry disbursements	920	4	2
Law expenses	140	6	8
Attorney's bill	140	6	8
Solicitor's charges	140	6	8
Cost of legal proceedings	140	6	8
Bringing and defending actions	140	6	8
Law expenses	140	6	8
Buildings	9,000	0	0
Erecting houses	9,000	0	0
Repairs	1,500	0	0
Decorations	750	0	0
Decorating and repairing	1,254	0	0
Repairs and decorations	1,250	0	0
	£35,060	4	4
SUPPLEMENTARY ACCOUNT:			
Churchwarden's outlay	800	0	0
Benevolences	1,200	0	0
Bounties	2,400	0	0
Charities	4,800	0	0
	£44,260	4	4

The accounts having been duly audited by me, I find them quite as correct as can be expected from any churchwarden of any select vestry, who will not under any circumstances allow them to be examined by any parishioners who may be desirous of inspecting them.

This, then, is to certify, that the expenditure has exceeded the income by the sum of 4350*l.* 17*s.* 6*d.*, and the said sum is due to Mr. Alderman Blank, who is hereby empowered to get it as soon as he can from the parishioners. Signed

PUNCH.

A Night with Punch.

The success which has attended Hammond's "*Night with Punch*," (by the bye, we must speak to our friend the *Vice-Chancellor* on the law of copyright,) at the Strand Theatre, has induced the indefatigable Lord William to propose to the same clever performer the propriety of producing "*A Night with Brandy and Water.*"

The Belles Lettres.—Mr. Wallack has been writing another letter. He is now known as "The Complete Letter-Writer."

PUNCH'S POCKET-BOOK FOR 1844.

PUNCH seldom reviews books; but to review one's own actions is always laudable, and therefore *Punch* reviews his *Pocket-Book*. "Self-praise," says the proverb, "is no recommendation;" but *Punch's* praise is always a recommendation, and when bestowed on himself, its very truth makes it a stronger recommendation than, in ordinary cases, it would be.

Punch's Pocket-Book for 1844 is first-rate in every department. The man of business will find, opposite to a memorandum of a bill falling due, a joke that, if it will not raise the money to take up the bill, will raise the spirits so as to enable the acceptor to look after the cash with increased vigour. Utility and amusement go not only hand-in-hand but arm-in-arm, for there is a joke even got out of that driest of all subjects, the Heralds' Office.

How *Punch* can philosophise the world already knows, but in the aphorisms, from which the following are extracts, he actually quite equals himself. To surpass himself would be impossible; for, like the sun, he can only revolve round his own axis:—

"APHORISMS AND REFLECTIONS.

"How dependent a thing is human excellence! What is beauty without soap?

"As coke is to the steam-engine, so is mutton to Genius. Life is a railway, and the cook is a stoker."

Has Moore written anything more exquisite than the following

"SONG OF THE POTATO!

I'm a careless potato, and heed not a pin
How into existence I came;
If they planted me drill ways, or dibbled me in,
To me 'tis exactly the same.
The peas and the beans may more loftily tower,
But why should I bend me to them?
Defiance I nod, with my beautiful flower,
When the earth is hoed up to my stem."

Lieutenant Eyre must "hide his diminished head" after perusing the subjoined graphic description of the

"CAPTURE OF GHUZNEE (*at Astley's*).

A HORSE DOCTOR.

"The taking of Ghuznee was not that severe struggle that has been imagined. It was chiefly owing to the tact of General Broadfoot, who, whilst the Affghans were defending only the front ramparts of the first set piece, directed our troops to a ladder placed behind the side-scene at the left second entrance, by scaling which they gained the platform leading through the Canvas Tower direct to the capital. At the conclusion of the contest, it was pleasing to see the English sharing their accommodations in their dressing-room with the Affghans, and drinking together."

It is, however, quite impossible to give extracts, for in the *embarras de richesses* that the Pocket-Book presents, there seems no alternative but reprinting it. This we believe is not intended by the proprietors until the first million has been exhausted in the regular way, and the steel plates—seven of them—will, we believe, be re-engraved when the "second billion" is advertised.

HOBLER'S RESIGNATION.

AN Mr. Hobler have resigned? Yes! The light of the city has removed himself from the civic socket, and gone to burn, for the remainder of his days, in the domestic shade—a proceeding that, however it might become the modest rushlight, is a suicidal step on the part of the Mansion House dip, that never—no never—wanted snuffing.

By a long series of jokes Mr. Hobler had endeared himself to the beadle, who has often been heard to say that he must long ago have resigned the melancholy office he held, but for the halo of mirthfulness which Hobler's witticisms threw over the sombreness of the police court. Mr. Hobler carries with him into private life the admiration of all who did and did not know him. Though retiring from office, he retains all his dignities, including the garter, an elastic one, which he has worn with credit for six months, and the false collar of the ninepenny order of Hibernian, or Irish linen.

We understand that the junior clerk and the beadle called a meeting, by beckoning to each other across the court, on Monday last, when the following resolutions were put and carried:—

Moved by the beadle—"That the clerk regrets the resignation of Mr. Hobler."

Moved by the clerk—"That the beadle, while he rejoices at the *otium* Mr. Hobler is about to enjoy, regrets the withdrawal of Mr. Hobler from that office-stool which he has so long adorned, and which, being nearly worn out, can never be again occupied by one who will shed upon itthat lustre which Mr. Hobler, by downright hard wear, has left upon it."

These resolutions having been passed, and thanks having been voted to the beadle, for his firm conduct in clinging to the rail of the clerk's desk during the conference, the meeting separated.

A HIT.

THE other day, as a Bavarian gentleman and an English one were walking arm-in-arm through Piccadilly, their conversation was disagreeably interrupted by a harsh screeching sound from the road.

"What a noise," exclaimed the Bavarian, "from dat cart-wheel!"

"Ah, I don't wonder you dislike it," said the Englishman.

"Why not, sare?"

"Because it's calling out for a *Revolution in Grease*."

"Please to Remember, &c."

WE are happy to state that the large number of New Regulation Hats, which had already been made for the army, will not be lost to the nation, as they were bought up with extreme avidity by an enterprising *costumiste* of Holywell-street for the Ninth of November.

Police Intelligence.

A CABMAN was yesterday summoned before the magistrate, at Bow-street, for being found upon his box without his badge. The complainant stated that, on being called off his stand, he appeared to be wearing his badge under his coat. Complainant called upon him to produce it, when it turned out to be a Temperance Medal.

The cabman alleged, in his defence, that he had left home that morning a little the worse for liquor, and in that state had put on the Temperance Medal (which he had received the other day from Father Mathew) by mistake.

The worthy magistrate said he would not, in this instance, inflict the penalty for not wearing the badge; but should fine the defendant five shillings for being drunk, and would advise him to be more cautious another time.

MR. SHERIFF MOON,

Has the honour to announce, that he has in preparation a

MAGNIFICENT PRINT

OF

HER MAJESTY'S FOOT,

After the Original on the Gown in the Possession of Walter Raleigh Jenkinson, Esq., of Trinity College, Cambridge. Size 1 foot by 1½ inches.

Price to Subscribers £105.

As only a limited number of Impressions have been taken, parties are advised to be early in their applications.

N.B. *Mr. M. will be necessarily absent from Threadneedle-street on the 9th of November.*

Printed by Messrs. Bradbury and Evans, Lombard Street, in the precinct of Whitefriars, in the city of London, and published by Joseph Smith, of No. 53, St. John's Wood Terrace, Regent's Park, in the Parish of Marylebone, in the county of Middlesex, at the Office, No. 134, Strand, in the Parish of St. Clement Danes, in the county of Middlesex.—SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 4, 1843.

THE COMIC BLACKSTONE.

SECTION THE FIFTH.—ON THE ABSOLUTE RIGHTS OF INDIVIDUALS.

UNICIPAL law is a rule of civil conduct, and it is evident, therefore, that the omnibus cads pay very little regard to it. Its primary agents are rights and wrongs; but it seems to have a greater regard for wrongs than for rights—often giving right to the wrong, and sometimes wronging the right in the most palpable manner.

Blackstone divides rights into the rights of persons and the rights of things; but the division is not approved, for it has been held that there are no rights of things—but surely boots are things, and there is always a right boot, though the jurists insist that it is only the owner who has a personal right in it.

Rights are such as are due *from* a man and such as belong *to* him; but some things that belong *to* one man are due *to* another, in which case it is hard to get at the right of it.

Persons are either natural or artificial; but the law does not regard a man as necessarily artificial because, like an actor, he pads his calves; but a corporation is an artificial person—and here it would seem that stuffing has really something to do with the distinction.

Absolute rights are such as belong to man in a state of nature, though absolute rights are often exercised by Eastern despots when in a state of ill-nature.

Human laws are principally intended to protect absolute rights; but the laws often meddle with what seems absolutely right till there is nothing absolutely left of the original right, and absolute wrong is the consequence.

Natural liberty is the right inherent in all men at their birth; but this natural liberty is soon at an end, for restraint begins in the cradle. Each member of society gives up a portion of his own individual liberty, in consideration of receiving the advantages of mutual commerce, says Coke, in his Institutes; but he does not go on to tell us the commercial advantages enjoyed by a newly-born baby.

This sort of modified power of action is called civil liberty, and anything interfering with that is considered to be taking a liberty of a most uncivil kind with the freedom of the subject. Thus, the statute of Edward the Fourth, prohibiting any but lords from wearing pikes on their shoes of more than two inches long, was considered to savour of oppression; but those who were in the habit of receiving from a lord more kicks than halfpence, would consider that the law in question savoured of benevolence.

Mr. Locke has well observed, that where there is no law there is no freedom; but Mr. Levy, the sheriff's officer—who understands the force of lock—has observed, tolerably well, that where there is a great deal of law there is often an infringement on liberty.

"Political liberty flourishes in its highest vigour," says Salkeld, "in these realms;" but Salkeld flourishes more about political liberty than political liberty flourishes about us; though, we confess, England has her share of it.

Every slave who sets his foot on British ground is said to be free, which gave rise to a bubble company for taking out earth to the Havannah in flower-pots from an English nursery-garden, for the slaves to stand upon and assert their freedom. Unfortunately, the speculators, and not the slaves, contrived to put their foot in it. Slavery is, however, now abolished by Act of Parliament; but it extends to blacks, and not to the white population, thus giving an opportunity to Coke—had he been alive to make the pun—that the boon has been bestowed with a *niggar*-dly hand by the legislature.

The history of the rise of our constitution is curious. It began with the great Charter, which the Barons wrested from John; but for the particulars of the wrestling match we refer to the sporting papers of the period. Henry the Third corroborated this statute, and other monarchs touched it up; which, considering the fuss that has been made about it, savours of the process of painting the lily, a proceeding that Shakspeare is justly indignant at.

Charles the First edited a supplement, called the Petition of Right, and Charles the Second passed the *Habeas Corpus* Act, by which, among other blessings, a debtor could change his quarters to the Queen's Prison from Whitecross-street. Then came the Bill of Rights, drawn by the people, and accepted by William and Mary; which was followed by the Act of Settlement, relating to the Crown, which, it would appear from this, the sovereigns had previously had on tick, and it was therefore not settled for. The Reform Act, which followed, may be called the act of unsettlement, on account of the changes that have ever since been called for.

The rights of the person may be again divided into three; the right of security, by which a man has a right to be locked up in the station-house, if found drunk and incapable of taking care of himself; the right of personal liberty, by which a person may go wherever he pleases, if he has only the money necessary to pay the fare; and the right of private property, enabling every man to keep what he has got, when the Government has helped itself, through the medium of taxation, to all that it requires.

The right of personal security consists in the legal enjoyment of life, limbs, health, and reputation—from which it would seem that a man may draw his breath and stretch his legs without impediment. A man's limbs are understood to be those members which are useful to him in fight; and these, says Glanvil, include "ye armes with whychie he may fyghte, and ye legges with whyche he may runne awaye, whychsoever may beste suitte his whymme at ye moment."

In the eye of the law, the life and limbs of a man are of such value, that he may sacrifice the life and limbs of any one else in defending them. This, says Coke, is upon the good old English principle of tit for tat; but what is the origin of the word "tit," or what is the exact meaning of "tat," the old jurists have never told us. There is no man so poor and indigent but that he may demand a supply sufficient for the necessaries of life,—though he may demand long enough before he will get them. It is true, there are the Union Workhouses, where, if bread is asked for, stones will be given; and when a man has broken these, he may break his fast afterwards.

Next to personal security comes personal liberty, which consists in the power of moving from place to place,—a luxury often indulged in by debtors, occupants of furnished lodgings, and others, who prize liberty to such an extent, that the liberties they take are truly wonderful. *Magna Charta* says, that no freeman shall be imprisoned, except by his peers; and, if this be true, every policeman who walks a man off to the station-house, must be considered as a peer for temporary purposes.

The 16th of Charles the First gives to any one in prison the power of having his body brought before the Sovereign in council, that it may be determined if he is rightly in custody; but this glorious old privilege would give the Sovereign in council enough to do, if every gentleman who happened to have been "found drunk in the streets" should take advantage of it.

One of the great beauties of the *Habeas Corpus* Act is, that it prevents a Government from tyrannising, and yet as this would fetter the hands of Government, it may be suspended at the Government's will; and thus, says Fleta, "the subject is free, and yet not too free; while Government is strong, yet not too strong," from which it appears this magnificent Palladium of our liberties is neither one thing nor the other.

It now becomes a question, "What is imprisonment?" Unlawfully detaining a man in any way, is imprisonment; and *semble* that if you take your neighbour by the button, and cause him to listen to a long story, you are guilty of imprisonment. An Omnibus driver, who loiters on the road, and thus detains his passengers, is also guilty of imprisonment.

Every Englishman has a right to live in England; or at least, if he cannot live, he may have the glorious privilege of starving there. The Sovereign may not send a subject even to Scotland, Guernsey, or Sark, though George the Fourth sent Brummell to Coventry; and our present Queen has been heard to tell Sir Robert Peel to go to Bath, when he has proposed measures contrary to the welfare and happiness of the people. The third right is the right of property, which the law peculiarly regards, and will not allow a man to be deprived of his property except by the law itself, "which often," says Fleta, "hath a happie knacke of stryppinge him."

It is a beautiful fiction of the English law that no man pays taxes without his own consent; and, from this assertion, it would naturally be supposed that the tax-gatherers were the very idols of the people, who flocked round them, tendering specie and asking receipts for it. By legal imagery, the people are declared to tax themselves; but Bracton, in a learned note, has added "Hookey" to this assertion; while Mr. Selden, by way of strengthening the comment, has subjoined "Walker," with his customary quaintness.

Besides the three great rights already touched on, there are a few auxiliary rights; the first of which is the right of demanding justice—when you can afford to pay for it; and getting justice—when you are fortunate enough to obtain it.

The words of *Magna Charta* are these:—"*Nulli vendemus, nulli negabimus aut differemus, rectum vel justitiam;*" meaning literally—"We will sell, deny, or delay, justice to no man." Who the "we" may be that make this promise it is hard to say, for nobody thinks of keeping it. As to justice never being sold, let any man look at the bill of costs he gets from his attorney. As to its being denied, let him seek justice in a Court of Requests; and as to its being delayed, let him commence a suit in Chancery. Coke, who is the funniest fellow for a law writer that was ever known, says that any man "may have justice and right freely without sale, fully without any denial, and speedily without delay,"—a burst of humour such as old Coke very often favours us with.

The law cannot be altered, except by Parliament and the Court of Requests; the latter having, in fact, greater power than the former; for, while the one only alters the law, the other utterly demolishes it. The sovereign may, it is true, erect new Courts, but they must proceed in the old way; or he may turn a garret into a Court, as in the case of Vice-Chancellor Wigram, who was thrust—with the sword of Justice—into a three-pair back, where, to continue the figure, he had scarcely room to brandish the avenging weapon, with comfort to himself and satisfaction to the suitors.

The right of petitioning is another glorious privilege of Englishmen; but they do not often get much by it. Puffendorf, or somebody else, has said, "They who don't ask, don't want; but those who do ask, shan't

have ;" and *semble* that this is the sort of view which Parliament takes of any wishes, expressed or not expressed, which do not happen to coincide with the wishes of the legislature.

The last right at present deserving of mention is the right of having arms for one's defence ; and by the first of William and Mary, though it is the very last one would think of attending to, any man may walk about town with a gun, for the purpose of self-preservation.

Such are the rights and liberties of Englishmen, which are less understood than talked about, and less practically experienced than either.

PUNCH AMONG THE ROSES.

We copy the following from the *Observer* :—

"KENSINGTON GARDENS.—Great exertion is making to get the *beds* on either side of the long walk newly formed in these Gardens covered with flowers similar to those at Hampton Court Palace; and we understand that 1000 Pelargoniums, Petunias, Verbenas, and Amaryllis, have been purchased.

"The naming of the trees and shrubs has had, as was expected, a *beneficial effect on the public mind* in awakening a spirit of inquiry and exciting a taste for botanical and horticultural pursuits, so much so, that Gentlemen go direct from these Gardens to the Nurseries with their lists made out."

A certain classic couplet, which at once exemplifies a rule in syntax, and embodies a moral axiom, informs us that "Faithfully to have learned the liberal sciences, softens men's manners, and does not suffer them to be brutal." If any sciences are liberal, those, undoubtedly, of Botany and Horticulture are eminently so. By Horticulture, we understand, not the growing of prize Dahlias ; by Botany, not that pedantic sciolism—that cramming of the memory with technicalities appertaining to weeds, which passes for the science so called at Apothecaries' Hall. We mean by Botany, the knowledge—and by Horticulture, the cultivation—of plants and flowers, in subservience to utility and to the gratification of the sense of Beauty. It is, we apprehend, through their operation on this sense, that they ameliorate the mind. There is a contagious innocence in flowers. It is good to look forth on the spring-enamelled meadows. The smile of their gladness is infective. Every herb is said to have its use ; and buttercups and daisies, primroses, cowslips, and wild hyacinths, if no simples, are mental medicines. It is no less meet and wholesome than delightful to ramble through pleasant paths, amid well-kept beds and borders, and to drink in, as well with the mind as the senses, the sweet influences which they breathe. The sight—the very mention of the rose, the violet, the lily, and their blooming sisterhood, works like happy music upon the heart. Paradise was a garden.

Philosophers have perplexed themselves in vain to define Beauty. Perhaps it is the physical image of Goodness.

Right glad are we to hear of the improvements in Kensington Gardens. Much will a perambulation through the Long Walk profit all who may enjoy it. Greatly will their botanical researches in the beds on either side tend to soften their manners, and to hinder them from being brutal. May the humanisation last till night-fall ! Then may they take their way, in imagination at least, through beds of another kind ; the beds in the adjoining Park : the beds of the outcast homeless ; whose pillows are decaying leaves ; and the earth-worm and centipede their bedfellows. Think of this, ye fair fragile things, whose garments smell of millefleurs ; and who scream at the sight of a beetle. Imagine these, your fellow-creatures ; beings, too, remember, of your own sex, thus reposing, and ask yourselves, what if the down which nightly bears the impress of your delicate forms, were damp clay ? Picture to yourselves the hollow eyes ; the gaunt, pale cheeks of these poor girls ; corpse and spectre like as they lie—too happy if they sleep—beneath the glimmer of the moon. They are your own flesh and blood, cannot you spare them a little Kalydor ; not any of your own ; but Kalydor consolidated into bread and meat ?

Right Reverend and Reverend Personages ; Noble Lords and Gentlemen ; let *Punch* beseech you to take a walk through Kensington Gardens and learn Charity from the flowers. Aldermen and Burgesses, go and botanise there, that your manners may be softened and not suffered to be brutal. Bestow your loaves, and beef, and flannel, on the naked and famishing ; provide some shelter for the houseless head. So may your boards ever smoke with turtle and venison ; your glasses sparkle with champagne ; your days be unembittered by Gout ; and your sleep undisturbed by Nightmare.

Musical Intelligence.

THE very interesting account that was given of that extraordinary production of nature, the Whistling Oyster, in a recent number of our work, so strongly excited the curiosity of her Majesty Queen Victoria, as to induce her to command it to be brought to Buckingham Palace, that she might test its wondrous powers—but the order was subsequently countermanded, upon her Majesty's learning that the musical phenomenon was a NATIVE.

A New Item.

IT is whispered in the literary circles, that a certain Bookseller and Publisher, besides debiting the Author of a New Work with presentation copies, of every critical periodical in existence, has charged one to be sent to the "Court of *Review*."

EXHIBITION OF PRODUCTS OF STREET INDUSTRY.

HIS long-looked for event, in imitation of the French *exposition*, and emanating from the Society we had the honour of establishing some time back, came off during the gale of wind on Wednesday, near Hanover Place, Oxford Street, the central *dépôt* of the BOYS' FINE ART DISTRIBUTION.

At twelve o'clock, the chair, in front of the adjoining broker's, was taken by the porter of the establishment, but it is not exactly known whereto —probably into the shop, as the weather looked threatening ; and the visitors, who had been promenading backwards and forwards in front of the umbrellas all the morning, looking at the prizes (which had been for some months previous opened to inspection) increased as the day advanced. The iron-gates for foot-passengers, leading from Hanover Square, were thrown open as early as eight in the morning ; and many hundred persons availed themselves of the privilege by passing through them ; and at one, P.M., the Maida-hill omnibus put down the Pine-apple Gate delegate, who was preceded to the spot by the banners of the Nova Zembla Rabbit-skin and Muff Company.

The first thing exhibited was Mr. Roopy's "Improved Portable Playhouse, or Knapsack Theatre," in which space and time were so economised that the lessee engaged to perform the drama of *Susan Hopley*, one hundred and twenty times within the hour. The expenses also were brought down to so small a scale, that a house of two, at one halfpenny each, left a profit to the proprietor. The drop was pulled up by a curtain ring ; and, by some ingenious but simple mechanism, the scene carried away all the characters with it. Mr. Roopy begged to observe, that with this concern, the manager could easily bear the entire weight of his establishment on his own shoulders ; and that the performers were mere puppets in his hands.

Mr. Flit, of the Regent-Circus, brought forward his new and improved Street Telescope, for looking at the moon. It was most ingeniously constructed, being to the eye a fine instrument of six feet long. Mr. Flit explained, however, that the telescope itself was only an eighteen-inch one, the case being manufactured at a firework-maker's, to increase its importance, in which the real glass was inclosed. The chief merit of this invention was, that the moon could be seen equally well on cloudy nights, or when there was none at all, the case inclosing an ingenious transparency of that body, behind which a small oil lamp was hung. Mr. Flit could always command a view of any of the celestial bodies by the same means, from his observatory, north-east corner of the Regent-Circus, Oxford-street.

Mr. Tite brought forward his new "Low Pressure Potatoe Can," upon an improved principle. It was constructed of tin, and warranted to bear a pressure of twenty potatoes upon the square bottom. Mr. Tite explained that the steam had nothing to do with the warmth of the fruit, but was quite independent of it. He showed an ingenious contrivance for protecting the butter to windward. This invention emanated from the classical regions of St. Giles.

Various other improvements in street manufactures were shown, including the Penny Mouse Trap, which was well worth the investment, upon the chance of catching another vocal one ; the Mandarin rabbit, and the four-feet long Animal Alphabet, coloured by the new polychronochromatic process of Mr. Hardup, who ties six brushes along a stick, and is thus enabled to paint half-a-dozen alphabets at once. The vivid blue of the horses (H) and verdant tint of the brown bears (B) called for general admiration.

A remarkable instance of trades' union was mentioned in the case of the man who stands before the Princess's Theatre ; and who advertises oyster-rooms on a triangular transparency with one hand, and sells a pair of snuffers and tray for sixpence at the same time with the other.

THE ALBERT HAT.

IN reply to numerous inquiries as to what has become of the Albert hat—or at least, those that were manufactured before the baton of *Punch* demolished the project of using them for military purposes—we beg to state, that we have seen one used as a scarecrow in a field near Uxbridge. On applying to the farmer for the result, we find, that of two fields sown with wheat, one of which was protected by an ordinary gossamer, and the other by the Albert hat, the grain in the latter has sprung up as four to one of the former. It has been remarked that the crows, after a time, became reconciled to the every-day *chapeau ;* but that they ran away shrieking with horror from the Albert hat, and never venture to return to it. It is whispered that the Prince had the interests of agriculture in his eye when he designed this hat ; but not wishing to offend the League, he took this indirect method of serving the farmers.

ON the 20th of this month will be published, highly ornamented, and bound in calf, a work by a Churchwarden of St. Stephen's, Walbrook, entitled, "*A New Way to Pay Old Debts.*"

THE FLYING DUKE.

"SAY, whose can yonder chariot be,
That thunders on so fast?
And who was he that sat within?
I marked him as he past."

"'Twas Arthur, Duke of Wellington,
Who in that chariot sat,
All in his martial cloak, and in
His proudly-plumed cocked hat."

"Not Arthur, Duke of Wellington,
That poster fierce could be,
Nor yet a living nobleman;
Some Demon Duke is he."

"'Twas he—to Folkestone he is bound,
To town by rail to wend;
Wherefrom to Windsor he must hie,
A Council to attend."

With whizz and whistle, snort and puff,
The Duke is borne to town,
Nor stops until near London Bridge
The train hath set him down.

There waits a Brougham on Wellington
To Apsley House he flies,
Whereat a messenger in red
Doth meet his Grace's eyes.

"How now, thou scarlet messenger!
Thy tidings briefly tell."
"The Queen invites your Grace to dine
To-morrow."
"Very well."

To Paddington by cab, to Slough
By steam—away, away!
To Windsor, thence, he goes by fly;
But there he must not stay—

For that his Grace at Walmer hath
A tryst this night to keep;
And he hath warned his serving-men
He shall be back to sleep.

The Council's o'er; back posts his Grace,
As fast as fast might be.
Hurrah! hurrah! well speeds the Duke—
He'll be in time for tea.

The morrow comes; again away
The noble Duke is gone
To Folkestone, and to London Bridge,
And thence to Paddington.

"Away, away to Paddington,
As fast as ye can drive;
'Twixt eight and nine the Queen doth dine:
Be there by half-past five."

Fast have they fled, right fleetly sped,
And Paddington is won.
"How, office-swain, about the train?"
"'Tis just this instant gone."

"Your Grace, we just have missed the train,
It grieveth me to say."
"To Apsley House!" then cried the Duke,
"As quickly as you may."

The loud halloo of "Go it, you!"
Beneath the gas-light's glare,
O'er wood and stone they rattle on,
As fast as they can tear.

On, on they went, with hue and cry,
Until the Duke got home,
The axle-trees on fire well nigh,
The horses in a foam.

Out stepp'd the Duke, serene and cool,
And calmly went up stairs,
And donn'd the dress, the which, at Court
He generally wears.

"Windsor I may not reach in time
To make my toilet there;

So thus the hour I will employ,
Which I, perforce, must spare.

"What is't o'clock?" "Your Grace, near seven."
"Then bear me hence again;
And mark me—this time take good care
You do not miss the train."

Off, off again, the coachman drives,
With fury fierce and fell,
'Mid whoop and shout from rabble rout,
And oath, and scream, and yell.

To right and left a way they cleft
Amid the bustling throng;
While, meteor-like, the carriage lamps
Flash'd as they flew along.

Hurrah! Hurrah! the station's nigh.
"What ho, there! Shout amain!
Here comes the Duke, he's going down;
Give word to stop the train."

The engineer, and stoker hear;
Duke Arthur takes his place;
Behold him now, on way to Slough,
Borne at a whirlwind's pace.

"At Slough who stops?" His Grace out pops,
His ticket is resign'd.
"To Windsor haste, like felon chased,
Or I shall be behind."

Off bounds the hack, while, far aback,
The night-hawk plies his wing;
The race is run, the Castle 's won,
"Come, this is just the thing."

At half-past eight, for Queens don't wait,
The noble guests appear
In banquet-hall; and of them all
The Duke brings up the rear.

MORAL.

"'Tis money," as the proverb says,
"That makes the mare to go."
The Duke has cash to cut a dash;
Would we could all do so!

New Art-Unions.

BOYS' FINE-ART DISTRIBUTION.

THE LOUIS-PHILIPPE-ROYAL-MATRIMONIAL ART-UNION.

THE object of this Art-Union is to allow Spain, or any other foreign power, the opportunity of strengthening its influence by an alliance with France.

The happy holder of a prize to have his, or her, choice of any of the unmarried princes, or princesses, of the Orleans family. The dowry to be paid at Louis-Philippe's *plaisir*.

The value of each ticket is to vary according to the means of the purchaser. If a king, or a queen, or an emperor, the value of the ticket to be nominal; if a prince or princess in succession to the throne of a powerful state, the ticket to be sold at the rate of 5 per cent. upon his or her father's revenue; and if merely a Graf, or a Herzog, of a German principality, then the ticket to average from 90 to 100 per cent. upon the intrinsic value of his possessions.

The number of tickets to be limited to the number of emperors, kings, queens, princes, and princesses of the royal blood in the habitable globe.

Each prince to be restricted to the purchase of one ticket, and the drawing to come off as soon as one ticket is taken.

For the proper references, apply to Leopold, the King of the Belgians.

The second worth mentioning is

THE THRONE-AND-SCEPTRE-OF-GREECE ART-UNION.

This Art-Union has been established by the different powers of Europe, and is open to the eldest sons of sovereigns and wealthy capitalists, though we have not heard of a single share that has been taken yet.

We have many more Art-Unions before us, but we shall leave them, for the present, behind us.

THE LORD MAYOR'S DAY.

O where you will, it has lately become a very general question, "What is the good of a Lord Mayor of London?" and it has been suggested, by way of an arithmetical syllogism, that if *Punch* costs only threepence, the Lord Mayor, who is a puppet of far less pretension, must be very dear at twenty thousand per annum. We are not so treasonable as to desire the dissolution of the civic monarchy, nor do we wish to see the cockney sceptre in the hands of a civic republic, but when we look at the expenses of the mayoralty, we are decidedly for applying the axe to the annual estimate. In looking at the authorised accounts for 1842, we find that the Lord Mayor, among other little items, pocketed 859 pounds from the Cocket-office. What a cocket is, or where the office may be, we have not the smallest conception. He also cleared 39*l.* 10*s.* by a benefit he appears to have taken at the Old Bailey, for that sum is specified as having been taken at the "Old Bailey Galleries."

Another curious item is 29*l.* 9*s.* for seven trumpeters. Why, what on earth could a mayor—Laurie for instance—want with seven trumpeters, whose united efforts could not have blown his trumpet for him half so well as he blows his own—for nothing!

The *tableau* in our present number gives a hint for the subject of Corporation Reform, which might, with great profit to the city, be taken advantage of. Instead of the procession in the state coach, and the dangerous marine excursion along the river, why not convert the whole affair into a snug little piece of pedestrianism, after the manner of the ancient ceremonials observed on Guy Fawkes' day. With such materials for Guys, as a Lord Mayor and the sheriffs, there need be no difficulty about the matter. What necessity is there to keep up an expensive civic navy, including the "Yeoman of the water-side" with a salary of 350*l.*, and a "Water Bailiff's First Young man" at 300*l.* 2*s.* 4*d.*, to say nothing of the "heavy old man" who drives the state-coach.

There should be no coaching or bargeing on Lord Mayor's day. It should be a pedestrian piece of business altogether, and the presiding genius of the day should be—Walker.

AN ODE TO TOAST-MASTER TOOLE.

"Descend, ye Nine!"
No common theme is mine—
I sing of thee, O Toole!
Bacchus baptised thee in a font of wine,
And from the roseate pool
Thy face received the sunny tint it wears,
And thus illumed (blest face!) a thousand "chairs."

Who, that hath heard poor Charity's appeal,
And nobly paid a guinea for a meal
(Where soup and fish,
And every new-made dish,
Just verged upon the cold;
Or else the *very* tough, or *very* old—
Except the tepid salad, which appear'd
Fresh gather'd from the hot-bed where 'twas rear'd),
Can e'er forget, O Toole! thy coat of blue
With dazzling metal buttons spangled o'er—
The yard of broad black ribbon, whereunto
Appends the eye-glass thro' which thou dost pore
Over the list of toasts, ere thou dost bawl
With such stentorian lungs,
That we opine the walls of old Guildhall
Are each endowed with a thousand tongues—
"Silence!" To hear that Patagonian shout
Is to obey.
The hand that 's in the act of pouring out
Is forced to stay—
"Non Nobis!!!" The greediest crammer
Deserts his plate, roused by thy voice and hammer.

* * * * * *

The buzz of bottle-drawing 's at its height;
Brown takes wine with Smith, and Briggs with Bright.
Hark! To that thunder, eloquent o'er all—
Toole! 'tis thy call.
Of "Silence if you please—order for the chair!"
As with an exquisite and finished air,
(Worthy of—Widdicomb, when he essays
To fix some shilling-gallery beauty's gaze),
You wave your paper *báton* o'er the head
Of him who, like Olympian Jove, is seated there,
And guides *your* voice the thunder of the "Chair!"

Who ne'er,—when public dinner port began
To, Circe-wise, transmogrify the man,
Hath found the rising hiccup downward driven,
When, Toole! thy lungs this glorious toast have given—
"The Queen, with three times three!
"Hip, hip, hurrah!—Silence for a glee!"

* * * *

Farewell, thou King of Sentiment and Toast!
Long may'st thou rule the roast
At philanthropic and at civic dinner!
Long may Lachesis (that old maiden spinner)
Keep thy thread going, and long may we
Hear you declare
"Silence for the Chair!
Messrs. Hobbs, Dobbs, Snobbs, will 'blige you with a glee."

Irish Parliament.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

Notices of Motions for April the First, 1844.

Mr. Thaddeus O'Rorke (Ballinafad)—To amend the Statute of Limitations, by substituting in every instance for the words "*six years*" the words "*six months*."

Mr. Donovan O'Dowd (Kilballywhack)—That the sum of one thousand pounds be granted to erect a cenotaph to the sacred memory of King O'Toole.

The O'Houlaghawn (Ballyporeen)—That the gallon of whiskey shall henceforth contain five quarts.

Mr. Shaughnessy O'Mulligan (Carrickbeg)—That no member be permitted to speak or vote unless he be clad in a suit of Carrick-ratteen, *i. e.* frieze.

Mr. Brannigan McGuire (Kilmallock)—That the privilege of exemption from arrest for debt, awarded to members of this House, hold good *for life* to every individual elected.

Captain MacShane (Blarney)—That said privilege be extended to their children and grand-children.

Mr. Hector O'Hara (Mullaghmast)—That a sum of five thousand pounds be granted to erect a column, or other fitting memorial, commemorative of the signal execution of the writ "*de heretico comburendo*," at Scullabogue, in the year 1798.

Mr. Daniel O'Connell (all Ireland)—That all arrears of landlords' rent up to the 25th of March last be remitted to the tenant, except in cases where the landlord happens to be a member of this House.

Fashionable Changes.

The "*Industrious Fleas*," from the *Strand* to the north and south corners of the *Royal Exchange*, where they are to have a permanent residence, through the influence and good taste of Mr. Tite.

THE GUY MAYOR'S DAY.

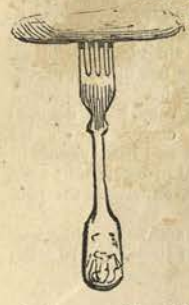
CHORUS OF ALDERMEN.

Please to remember
The Ninth of November,
A new Lord Mayor we have got;

We know no reason,
When turtle 's in season,
Why dinner should be forgot.

NOVEL AND SCIENTIFIC SCHEME.

THE ROYAL POLYTECHNIC DINING-ROOMS.



THE meetings of the British Association having fully proved the intimate connection that exists between science and gastronomy, the shareholders of this institution have determined upon adding an eating-house, upon purely philosophical principles, to its other attractions. The refreshments allowed to be sold on the premises have hitherto been confined to lactates of citron and fresh strawberry, in a state of artificial congelation; decoctions of ginger and sugar, super-saturated with carbonic acid gas; and baked compounds of farinaceous substances, combined with extracts of various fruits, under the separate heads of ices, ginger-beer, and tarts. But it is in contemplation considerably to extend this field of refreshment, and provide the inhabitants of the metropolis who dine from home with the most philosophical provisions at the lowest possible cost.

The Professors of Chemistry and Experimental Philosophy will be appointed the chief cooks; and, in dignity of their office, will wear the following dress: consisting of a tabard of white holland, and cap of maintenance (or nutritive) of a conical shape, manufactured on the premises, from the pods of white cotton exhibited in the glass-case; with a small tuft of the same material at its apex, similar to that lately intended for our infantry. The laboratory, or kitchen, will be fitted up with every convenience; and all the jacks, spits, &c., turned by the steam-engine in the Hall of Manufactures—the spare vapour from which will cook the potatoes.

All the water used will be filtered until it exhibits not the least trace of deposit in the hundred and fifty million power lens of the oxy-hydrogen microscope. And the diving-bell tank will become the area of certain interesting experiments, to see if it is possible to pickle trout alive, by gradually combining the water with pyroligneous acid, chloride of sodium (commonly called salt), and the pulverised, decorticated fruit of the *Piper Nigrum*.

The soup will be prepared in a *Papins Digestor* of such immense power that it will extract the gelatine from old handles of knives and forks, broken paper-folders, and top-boots. Sugar will also be obtained in any quantity by Braconnot's process, from used-up blocks of the wooden pavement (An. de Ch. et de Ph., vol. xii.), as well as from dilapidated dressing-gowns, window curtains, and shuffled-out carpets.

To invalids, persons of sedentary habits, and those suffering from loss of appetite, these dining-rooms will offer an extraordinary advantage. The bracing properties of sea-air have been long acknowledged. An arrangement has been entered into with the Folkestone Railway to bring up a cargo of sea-weed every morning. This will be suspended in the tube of a gigantic *Clarke's Patent Blower*, which, being set in motion, will pour a continuous current of air through the weed; and, becoming impregnated with its aroma, will blow against the invalids, who are to sit at the end of the tubes.

The prices will be regulated according to the quantity eaten. Every visitor, upon entering the rooms, will be weighed, as also upon

departing, in the Patent Dial Machine; and the increase will be charged for at *per ounce*.

Choice fruits, preserved *in vacuo* by the aid of the Institution air-pump, as well as vegetables, will be at the disposal of the guests throughout the year; and, by Kreüzer's artificial gastric machine, grass and buttercups will be converted into milk and cream the same as in the internal economy of the cow. The Professors are aware that milk has long been manufactured in London; but this is the first instance of its being done so on a large scale.

Seats formed by Leyden-jars, attached to Armstrong's Hydro-electric machine, will be provided for those affected with torpidity of general action; and a series of shocks will eventually excite the liver to its proper sense of duty. The immense powers of this machine will also be brought forward in the attempt to solidify nitrogen gas, gelatine, and albumen, into animal fibre or muscle. The Professors entertain the most sanguine hopes of being ultimately enabled, by this new process, to get beefsteaks from cheap glue and bird's eggs.

Prospectuses may be obtained of *Punch*, whenever he is at the Institution; but his hours of attendance are uncertain, for, whilst the dissolving views and opaque objects are being exhibited at this establishment, he is compelled to look after his own optical performance of the "broken bridge," and other *ombres chinoises*, at the corners of the different thoroughfares.

University Intelligence.

Cambridge, October, 1843.

VERY reporter, dear *Punch*, but your own, has failed to obtain a copy of the Latin speech, delivered to Her Most Gracious Majesty at Cambridge by the Vice-Chancellor. I say no more. I merely *feel* what a lucky fellow you are to have engaged the services of such a man as

YOUR REPORTER.

ORATIO CANTABRIGIÆ HABITA,
VIII. Kal. Novemb. 1843.

DOMINA ILLUSTRISSIMA NECNON FORMOSISSIMA,—Nos omnes, hæc tua Universitas, medullosis ossibus flexis, nullum tibi gratiarum finem agimus, pro vasto illo honore quem nobis fecisti, quem (si expressione ita validâ uti liceat) nobis jam facis.

Tua regia crura sub nostro robore uno die posita fore nos valde—diu—quidem voluimus. Speramus nec dubitamus Dominum * Divum Ellychnium, extra hæc veneranda mœnia, proprium rei genus fecisse—ac, nisi mores nostri omnino sunt † tessera, fallimur.

Nonne Oxonienses isti homines flavas induent caligas? Valde bene! atque in additione, hanc, quam tua Majestas jam in manu meâ videt, papyrum, si velint, tubis suis ponant, illamque gument ex.

Te hic diu mansuram esse speramus. Nullus dies erit, in quo non omnia alaudarum genera parabimus: nulla nox erit, quin oppidum et toga cruentos nasos nigrosque oculos invicem largituri sint. Cur in mundo abire velles? Quamobrem perticam tuam scinderes? Cur non, nunc es hic, materque tua te ex esse novit, totum porcum ires?

Optimum quidem nostrum nos Collegiorum capita faciemus, ut tu, Regina, et Doctor Albertus, unâ voce dicant vos nunquam tales vidisse ex-et-ex lateres coctos quales sumus nos,

TUI OBEDIENTES HUMILES SERVI.

SPEECH MADE AT CAMBRIDGE,
Oct. 25, 1843.

MOST ILLUSTRIOUS AND LIKEWISE MOST BEAUTIFUL LADY,—All we, this thy University, our marrow bones being bent, do give unto thee no end of thanks, for that vast honour which thou hast done unto us, which (if it may be lawful to use so strong an expression) thou now doest unto us.

We have a very long time, indeed, wished that thy royal legs should one day be placed under our oak. We hope, and doubt not, that Lord Hardwick, outside of these venerable walls, has done the proper sort of thing, and unless our manners are altogether the ticket, we are mistaken.

Will not those Oxford men put on yellow leggings? Very well! and in addition let them put this paper, which thy Majesty now seest in my hand, in their pipes, and smoke it out.

We hope that thou art about to stay here a good while. There will be no day, in which we shall not get up all kinds of larks; there will be no night but town and gown will give each other bloody noses and black eyes. Why in the world wouldst thou wish to be off? On what account shouldst thou cut thy stick? Why shouldst thou not, now thou art here, and thy mother knoweth that thou art out, go the whole hog?

We, the heads of Colleges, will indeed do our best, that thou, O Queen, and Doctor Albert, may say with one voice that ye never saw such out-and-out bricks as are we,

THY OBEDIENT HUMBLE SERVANTS.

Horological Irregularity.

ST. CLEMENT'S clock has set a very bad example to the time-pieces of the Metropolis, the one in the Burlington Arcade having obstinately stopped at twenty minutes after eight, closely followed by two illuminated ones in its vicinity. Should this epidemic continue, we have no doubt a lively impetus will be given to the Nottingham trade by the manufacture of stockings with clocks to them, upon which the wearers can depend.

* Hardwick. † Die, Ticket.

PUNCH ON THE MISERIES OF HUMAN LIFE.

THERE are certain "Miseries of Human Life" which are no joke to any body, as Gout, Rheumatism, Tic-Douloureux, Plague, Pestilence, Famine, Law, Rates, and Taxes.

Human life has other miseries, the acuteness of which is enhanced by the amusement which they afford to everybody but the sufferer.

We quite agree, with Wordsworth, that it is wrong to derive pleasure from the "sorrow of the meanest thing that breathes." To the benevolent mind, the common informer, being pumped upon, must appear an object of pity. Alas! there are few such minds.

The nipping blast of March has bitten the nose of Loveliness. Its alabaster is changed to beet-root. Unthinking Levity titters at the sight, but Tenderness is agonised with the pretty victim.

How sorry would any of us feel, on going to an evening party with a violent *catarrh*, to find that his pocket had been picked of his handkerchief. But whither could he turn for sympathy and pity? A general roar ensues, which his blushes and confusion only aggravate.

We have often meditated on the pernicious tendency of pantomimes. The infant mind, by witnessing these performances, is early taught to regard the inconvenience of others as matters of jest. What amusement can be derived from the clown's contortions of agony when he puts the red-hot poker into his pocket by mistake; from the kicks, cuffs, and tumbles which befal the pantaloon? The lessons thus learned in childhood are not lost upon the man.

The youth of civic expectations may one day be an alderman. Never, then, let him laugh when the heel of Carelessness crushes the toe of Gout.

With such impressions, we have noted down a few of the miseries we have personally experienced—as things not to be laughed at

MISERY NUMBER ONE.

Arriving in the metropolis on a wet night, with nothing in your pocket, but a letter of introduction, addressed

—— Smith, Esq.,
London.

MISERY NUMBER TWO.

After spending a rather over-convivial evening with some friends, endeavouring, against the remonstrances of your wife, to pull your boots off with the coal-scuttle.

MISERY NUMBER THREE.

Under the same influence, pertinaciously persisting that you could wind up your watch with your latch-key.

MISERY NUMBER FOUR.

Upon leaving the theatre to enter an omnibus; and, falling asleep, to find yourself, at three o'clock in the morning, locked up in a stable-yard.

Legal.

A FAMILIAR illustration of the operation of a Limitation under the Statute of Uses, or "*pons asinorum*" of the law student.)

If an estate be limited

To *A* and his heirs;
To the use of *B* and his heirs;
In trust for *C* and his heirs:

A (as you know) is the seisin man, and takes nothing;
B has the legal estate, and
C the beneficial interest.

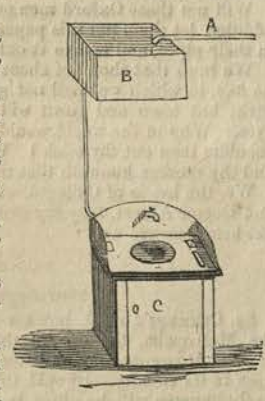
Now, this being the case—

A may very well be compared to a conduit-pipe supplying a cistern *B*, for the use of a wash-hand basin *C*.

A, the conduit pipe, or seisinee to uses, has no benefit whatever from the water (or estate), but the same flows through him, leaving him just in the same state that it found him, and remains in.

B, the cistern, who is thus in possession of the water, or estate, but not for its own use or benefit.

C, the wash-hand, you observe, has the whole benefit or beneficial interest in the same.



Hence may clearly be seen the reason why the law very properly looks to *B*, and *B* alone, as the responsible person for whom *C* (the wash-hand basin) complains of a stoppage of supplies; the law (in this case represented by the plumber) proceeds at once to *B*, the holder of the water (or estate), to ascertain the cause and apply a remedy. Q. E. D.

Delusions Peculiar to Cambridge.

OF PARENTAL RELATIVES.

RELATIVES' belief that William's expenses will be so much per annum: ergo 'so much' in toto. This calculation is found to be so singularly accurate, that in ordinary cases it does not differ from the correct result by more than £500.

That William will take a very high degree: being thought exceedingly clever by all his friends: they are, his mama and little sister.

The following Arithmetical progression to Six terms, showing the extent of William's reading habits, expresses the probability of his doing so.

1st Term. 2d Term. 3rd Term. 4th Term. 5th Term. 6th Term.
Hours per day: $10 + (10-2) + (10-4) + (10-6) + (10-8) + (10-10)$
William preferring in the 6th term to row extremely.

OF FRESHMEN.

That they wear the cap and gown in an exceedingly graceful manner.

That they are actually members of the body corporate: and *so* far of influence in the university: that therefore they ought to fight the 'snobs' on the 5th of November, and get their noses broken.

That the master and fellows of their colleges really take notice of them.—Quite true in one sense (particularly as regards the Dean,) but equally untrue in another—discovered to be so particularly in their last term, when they take the 'ordinary' degree, and quit residence.

OF UNDER-GRADUATES NOT FRESHMEN.

That 'boating' is really a necessary and wholesome exercise: because it tears the chest open; and leaves other parts (particularly those of the head,) undeveloped.

That it is 'gentlemanly' to 'be fast:' because they destroy their health, and forget to pay their tradesmen's bills.

That they really understand 'The Differential Calculus:' and what's more, mean to read '*Hymer's* Astronomy' *quite through*.

OF CAMBRIDGE TRADESMEN.

That the gownsmen are not sensible of the fact, that they are an uncommon set of rogues.

THE BRIGHTISH ASSOCIATION.

Section B.—Chemistry and Mineralogy.

President.—DR. ALKEY LINE.

Vice-Presidents.—The MARQUIS OF COALHAMPTON and PROFESSOR COPPERAS.

"ON THE HEAT OF COMBINATION." By DR. MURPHY.

THE object of this communication was to announce the following general principle, as a consequence of researches of the author, and to give a general account of some recent experiments which appear to him to establish its accuracy. The law may be thus stated:—"When one body displaces (or attempts to displace) any other body from some of its combinations, the heat evolved is always the same while the bodies remain the same; and that the change of temperature which occurs during the substitution of one body for another, depends wholly on the motive power or basis, and is in no respect influenced by the effervescing elements in the combination." Thus, if the salts called "justice for Ireland," be placed in combination with a diluted solution of "government," an elevation of temperature occurs during the decomposition of the former by the latter. The result of this combination is known by the name of "Repeal;" which again, when combined with Dannic acid, of the formula O'C., evolves a considerable degree of heat, but the amount of which depends, not upon the original base of "Repeal," but upon the strength of the Dannic acid. This last combination produces a metallic substance deposited in circular flakes: this is called "Rint," and is soluble in the ordinary heat of a breeches pocket.

Professor Copperas observed, that it would appear that the same quantity of heat was necessary to effect the decomposition, as was developed during the combination.

A member inquired, what would be the effect of cold water, if thrown upon the mixture?

Dr. Murphy said that, if in small portions, the heat and power of decomposition would be rather increased; but if in large quantities, a dangerous explosion would probably be the result.

Mr. Bang read a paper, the object of which was to record a fact which appeared in the American newspapers some years ago—it was this:—On the death of a clerk, who had been fifty-three years in the employ of a large commercial house in New York, his shadow remained fixed on the wall for some weeks after he had ceased to occupy his accustomed place. This was doubted at the time, but was now accounted for by the recent discoveries in Thermography.

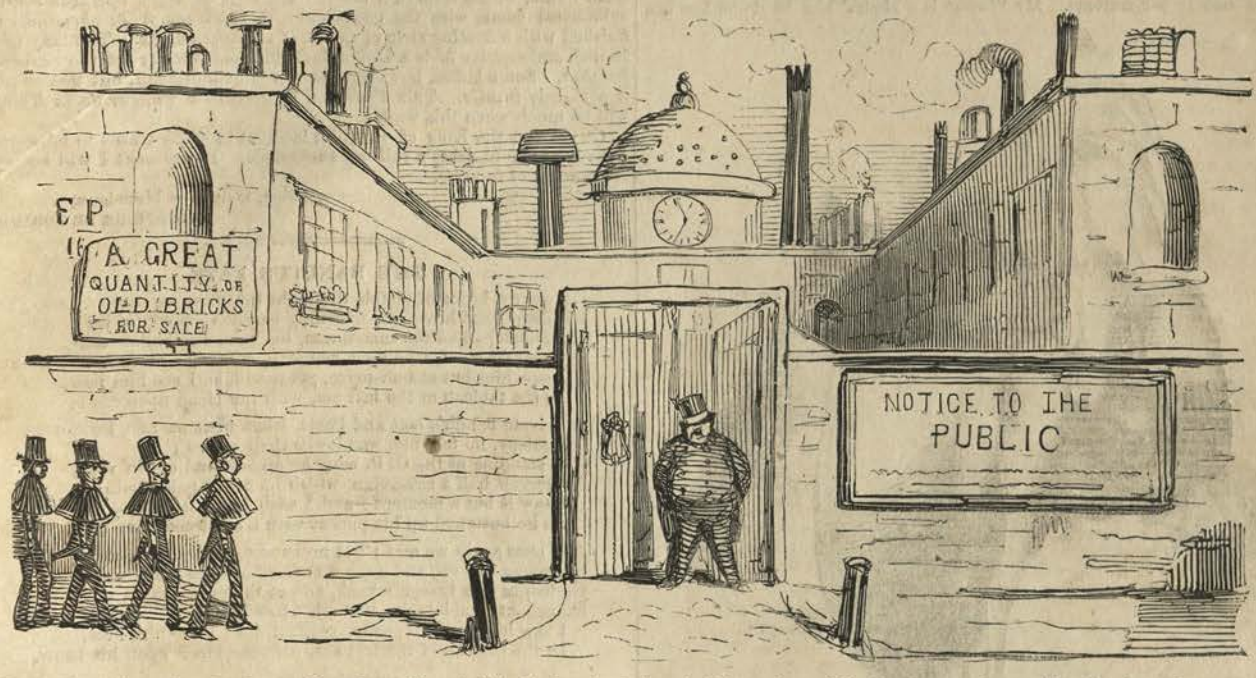
UNEXPECTED ARRIVAL.—The statue of Lord Nelson, at the summit of the column in Trafalgar Square!!

FAÇADE FOR THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

(A GRAND ARCHITECTURAL ALLEGORY.)

In submitting the accompanying design for a *façade* to the British Museum, to the notice of those whom it may concern, *Punch* feels himself called upon to make a few observations explanatory of its peculiar claims, which, it having been founded on philosophical principles, are of a profound and recondite character.

An argument has lately been sustained with much ability by Mr. Pugin to the effect, that the plan and details of every building of whatever kind, should be characterised by an appropriate expression. Owing to the neglect of this precaution, it has been found necessary to inscribe upon certain public edifices "Episcopalian Chapel," "Independent Chapel," "Wesleyan Meeting House," and so forth, without which precaution the buildings might be mistaken for theatres, we cordially agree with Mr. Pugin. A church should look like a church, and a palace like a palace, no less than a pig-sty like a pig-sty, and a summerhouse like a summerhouse. Just so ought a museum to exhibit the appearance of a museum. If walls have ears, they surely ought to have tongues: if they have tongues, they are bound to use them, and speak.



Our artist will be found to have adhered to this principle in the sketch which he has proposed for the front of the British Museum.

The objects which, in that sketch, most strikingly appeal to the eye, are the chimney-pots which surmount the building. These are of all sorts of forms and sizes; forming a totality which may justly be termed heterogeneous. Hereby is admirably typified the nature of the contents of the Museum. It is to be observed, that the chimneys have been placed at the top of the building. This has been done, not only because that is the fittest place for them, but also to denote, inasmuch as they are useful things, that utility is its paramount object; and not, as some satirical wag may suppose, to insinuate, in connection therewith, any allusion to smoke.

Attention will be next attracted to the cupola in the centre, which, it will be seen, bears some resemblance to a nightcap. This feature of the building relates to the Egyptian mummies which are sleeping within its walls. It also warns the studious visitant that there are soporiferous materials in the library; but the clock beneath it reminds him that Time (of which it is the emblem), is necessarily lost by slumber.

The body and wings of the erection are slightly suggestive of Newgate; to the exterior of which edifice their proportions and arrangements are similar. It is to be considered that the British Museum, being a place where admission is gratuitous, must necessarily be much frequented by the lower classes; at least, on high-days and holydays. Their first impression, on approaching it, transporting them to the Old Bailey, they will be the less likely either to steal any of the curiosities which it contains, or to misemploy their time, when let in, by picking pockets. And thus a valuable moral lesson will be read to the clerks and apprentices who may visit it at Easter and Whitsuntide. The officers of justice, who are seen approaching from the right, render this part of the artist's intention the more obvious.

The "Notice to the Public," to the effect that "the Museum is always shut when any one wishes particularly to enter it," which the reader will see legible on the wall in front, must be considered to have been posted up by some public libeller, the malignity of whose offence is aggravated by the truth of his assertion. The police may be supposed as coming to take it down. The other notification being on a part of the *façade* itself, may be imagined to have been placed there by the authorities; else, perhaps, "sticks" would have been substituted for bricks. The porter in front of the gate is probably an impersonation of Mr. John Bull, to whom the edifice belongs. The annexed is a specimen of the "cock-

and-bull" *genus*, recently presented to the British Museum by Sir Robert Peel.

THE "*POOR*" POST.

A recent leader of the *Morning Post* contains the following absurdity:—

"If all our taxes could be swept away to-morrow, the greatest sufferers would be the labourers of Great Britain."

We kept a sharp look-out, on the 5th of November, expecting to see the Thames converted into a bonfire by the luminous writer in the *Morning Jenkins*.

Promotion.

Butcherhall-lane, to the rank of a Street, by the name, style, and title of "King Edward-street, late Butcherhall-lane."

[*** As the principal entrance in Newgate-street is still only a wheelbarrow passage, this shameful instance of favouritism has caused a great excitement among the respectable lanes. It is said that Field-lane intends to apply for permission to be called Integrity-street.]

A NEW CORRESPONDENT.

To Sir Ponch. *Paris.*

My Dear Mr.,—Before entering into the matter I say you that I am a French, but having tooken some of Sir Robertson's courses in my youthfulness, I am flatter I comprehend your tongue like an English, and also write.

Sometimes I read never any sheet but the Débat's Journal, I take your newspaper and believe you I part into clatters of laugh whether at your spirit or whether at your delicious designs in soft wood. But let us go back to our muttons. My Woman is a Modes' Merchant and her has

THE NEW WINTER BONNET.

the idea that while your countryfolks every day in London dress themselves by Parisian modes also you would give a small corner of your sheet unto this weakness of the fine sex, the costume of which has carried so high the glory of the France, be it in Bonnettery or Glovery, or Shoesery, be it in toillettery general, which shall serve and to embellish the rich forms of your women and to push your artists into their industries and yourself shall also be both fashionable and sportsman and make a comfortable together.

Receive, Sir Ponch, the assurance of my distinguished consideration,

Clopin de Jobard.

P.S.—I now give you advice of the last modes.

Paris, Boulevard des Cornichons, No. 59¾ B Bis.

Mon Cher Monsieur,—The visit of your most *gracieuse Reinette* has given a new stimulus to Evening Dresses. An *artiste* of the *Cour* has executed a new *toilette*, highly complimentary to her Majesty's Steamboat (*quelle nation complimentaire!*) The *corsage* of this elegant *création* is cut low, and brought over the bust in the form of two rudders crossed. The Sleeve is short and *bouffant*, and represents a paddle-wheel, on each side beautifully finished in *guimpe*. The Skirt is divided down the centre by a broad square piping, like the cut-water of a *navire*, embellished with gold *passementerie* about the top, with the arms of England embroidered *en couleur*. The *Draperie* is gathered into pleats, descending *en biais*, just as the planking of the "Victoria and Albert." The *Matériel* is white India muslin with black seams; at the bottom are large *volants*, of sea-green satin, trimmed with Mechlin lace, in a wavy form, which has a very splash-up effect. Round the waist is a thick *cordon* of hemp-coloured silk, to which is attached a gold anchor and a scent-bottle, in the form of a buoy. The hair is *coiffé* upwards round a cylindrical comb, with the edges cut into vandykes, *à la cheminée*, and finished with a floating strip of gauze, of a smoke colour. The lady of the British ambassador adds a Union Jack, but *nous autres* are too *nationales* for that. Some ladies, however, carry a sail-shaped fan, but this addition is obviously *inutile*. This *Toilette à la Bateau à Vapeur de la Reinette* will be much worn this winter.

On dit that the King of Belgium is about to order trains to be worn in honour of her Majesty's railway excursions. In my next I will keep you *au courant* of *la mode*.

Adieu, mon cher Monsieur,

Joséphine de Jobard.

THE BANDIT'S FATE.

He wore a brace of pistols the night that first we met,
His deep-lined brow was frowning beneath his wig of jet;
His footsteps had the moodiness, his voice the hollow tone,
Of a bandit-chief, who feels remorse, and tears his hair alone.
I saw him but at half-price, yet methinks I see him now,
In the tableau of the last act, with the blood upon his brow.

A private bandit's belt and boots, when next we met he wore,
His salary, he told me, was lower than before;
And standing at the O. P. wing he strove, and not in vain,
To borrow half a sovereign, which he never paid again.
I saw it but a moment—and I wish I saw it now—
As he buttoned up his pocket with a condescending bow.

And once again we met; but no bandit chief was there;
His rouge was off, and gone that head of once luxuriant hair:
He lodges in a two-pair back, and at the public near,
He cannot liquidate his "chalk," or wipe away his beer.
I saw him sad and seedy, yet methinks I see him now,
In the tableau of the last act, with the blood upon his brow.

First Day of Michaelmas Term.

Soon after 8 on the 2nd of November (the first day of Term,) Mr. Briefless took his customary breakfast at his chambers, and then went in his usual state to Westminster Hall. He was preceded by two bands—those worn round his own neck,—and the clerk of the horse-hair wig went forward carrying the robe of indolence, and the white cravat of purity. On arriving at the robing-room he was received by the row of hat pegs, one of which he immediately invested with the order of the gossamer. On entering the Court of Queen's Bench he took his seat on the customary back bench, and on being asked if he had anything to move in the usual form, he went through the ceremony of the bow of brieflessness. In the evening he meditated over a case of cigars, and considered several points involving the difficult question of the protection of purchasers.

An Addition to the Toilette.

A barber advertises a "a new composition, that will dye hair seven different colours," so that any gentleman may convert his head into a facsimile of a tailor's pattern card. We would suggest that this Protean mixture should be called the *Iris Hair Dye*, or the *Rainbow Renovator*.

Pure Philanthropy.

The Commissioners of Paving have entitled themselves to the thanks of mankind in general, and of the inhabitants of Middlesex in particular, by the closing up of Chancery-lane. A greater nuisance (to gentlemen in difficulties) did not exist.

The *United Service Gazette* informs its readers that "*Her Majesty's 4th Foot at present suffers severely from sickness.*" The nation will be much shocked to hear that her gracious Majesty is a *quadruped*.

Printed by Messrs. Bradbury and Evans, Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the city of London, and published by Joseph Smith, of No. 83, St. John's Wood Terrace, Regent's Park, in the Parish of Marylebone, in the county of Middlesex, at the Office, No. 194, Strand, in the Parish of St. Clement Danes, in the County of Middlesex.—Saturday, November 11, 1843.

LORD MAYOR'S DAY.

RINCES OF WALES are not born on every Lord Mayor's Day, consequently the kings of the city have added another feather to the civic cap, already groaning under the weight of honourable plumage, and in commemoration of the birth of our gracious Queen's eldest son in 1841. The 9th of November, 1843, though marked in the Almanacks as rainy, was unusually fine; a discrepancy which we leave to be arranged between the Meteorological authorities and Mr. Murphy, who will have the less difficulty in the task, as they are accustomed to these little differences.

As Alderman Magnay threw open his bed-room window over the paper shop at Queenhithe, he snuffed in a breeze from the Thames, and appealed to Jingo as to the cloudlessness of the sky, that ushered in his civic sovereignty. As he dressed, he sang in *sotto voce* the following

FAREWELL TO THE WAREHOUSE.

Farewell to the Warehouse,
The goods piled in bales,
The desks and the counters,
The crane and the scales.
All so mean, all so spare,
Here the shopboys may dwell:
'Tis too vulgar for me;
Farewell! oh, farewell!

Farewell, for now sweetly
A drum meets mine ear;
The clerk and the warehouseman,
They may rest here.
Hark! they run at the sound
Of the outer shop-bell:
Such strains are degrading;
Farewell! oh, farewell!

Farewell to my bed-room,
Up three pair of stairs;
The towel-horse and hearth-broom,
The rush-bottomed chairs.
Rushlight shade and boot-jack
Undisturbed now may dwell:
They 're too common for me, *(Kicking over the rushlight shade,)*
Then farewell! oh, farewell!

In these and sundry other snatches of melody, Magnay occupied himself till the mayoral toilet was performed, and having rushed down-stairs to the housemaid to have the bows of ribbon pinned on to his shoulders, he skipped off to join the procession, which was formed in the order following:—

THE BOYS OF THE MARINE SOCIETY, BEARING AN EFFIGY OF SIR PETER LAURIE.

THE COMPANY OF GOLDSMITHS, WITH THEIR GOLD IN THEIR POCKETS.

The Tallow-Chandlers' Company,

WITH THE BANNER OF THE WARD OF CANDLEWICK,

Emblazoned with Snuffers, Gules, on a Snuffer-tray, Argent.

THE STANDARD OF THE LATE LORD MAYOR,

With the device of an Extinguisher rampant on a Rushlight couchant.

The Stationers' Company,

Which was for some time stationary, owing to the immense crowd.

THE LORD MAYOR'S BARGE MASTER,

With an oar in his hand, and his scull on the top of his head.

A Band, with Military Coats and Civil Trowsers.

A Ticket Porter in the dress of an Ancient Herald,

With the Arms of England worked in Variegated Worsted.

MR. SHERIFF MUSGROVE, WITH AN ATTENDANT BEARING HIS CIPHER.

MR. SHERIFF MOON (BEING HIMSELF A CIPHER) WITHOUT AN ATTENDANT.

A Coalheaver, dressed as an Ancient Knight, in a complete suit of Dish Covers.

THE ALDERMEN, EACH PRECEDED BY HIS OWN CORPORATION.

Alderman Gibbs, with his Banner,

Representing on one side a Sphinx, and on the other the Accounts of Saint Stephen's, Walbrook.

Alderman Thomas Wood,

In a complete suit of Brass, with an Attendant carrying a piece of Talacre Coal on a Banner, suspended over the Alderman.

THE (SOME OF THEM PARTICULARLY) COMMON COUNCILMEN.

The Lord Mayor's Beadle,

With the Lord Mayor's Arms and his own Legs.

THE TWO SECONDARIES, ONE PRIMARY AND THE OTHER SECONDARY.

The Judge of the Sheriffs' Court

Weighing the Evidence in the scales of Justice; and, finding a pound and a half for the Plaintiff, and four pounds six ounces for the Defendant, deciding in the latter's favour.

The Aldermen who have passed the Chair.

The Aldermen who have tumbled over the Footstool.

The City Marshal,

On a useful hack, jobbed for the occasion.

HIS MAJESTY, MAGNAY THE SECOND,

IN THE STATE COACH,

Drawn by Six of Batty's Horses, and attended by the Sword Bearer, with the Civic Weapon in his lap; and the Common Crier, with tears (of cold) streaming from his eyes.

The uncomfortable position of the Sword Bearer on one side of the state carriage, and the Common Crier on the other, was the theme of general satisfaction, for a British public can always relish any dilemma in which a fellow creature is placed, and invariably add to his perplexity by an offer of the husks of corn; or to make use of a technical expression, "chaffing him."

It seems that the springs of the state carriage are not in the very best condition, and as the Sword Bearer sits on a cross seat opposite one window, while the Common Crier is placed at the window opposite, they are both subjected to a perpetual jolting, which gives them the appearance of constantly bowing out of the windows of the carriage to the populace. When the procession made a temporary stoppage at the end of Fleet Street, the Sword Bearer, having neither back nor sides to lean against, was hurled into the lap of the Lord Mayor, and the Common Crier, receiving an impetus in the contrary direction, was seen struggling in the arms of the Chamberlain.

On reaching Westminster, the Lord Mayor was introduced to the Chief Baron of the Exchequer by the Recorder, who alluded to Magnay having walked in his father's shoes, which says a good deal for the bootmaker of Magnay Senior. An allusion was also made to the stainless condition in which the late Lord Mayor had given up the civic gown; and, considering the quantity of messes that the Lord Mayor is bound to eat during his year of office, it is certainly no mean praise to assert that Humphery has never allowed a spot of any description to soil the purity of the civic *toga*.

But, amid all the objects that attracted attention in the procession, was the individual representing the Ancient Knight in Armour! He was picked from the *corps* in the employ of Messrs. Darke, the extensive dustmen, whose pride it is to scavenge nearly the whole

metropolis. The knight, who was "wholly unaccustomed to public" horsemanship, felt considerable agitation on the occasion; but the

BEFORE TAKING THE ARMOUR.

splendid manner in which he kept his seat, amid the jeers of the spectators, was the subject of general astonishment. His manly brow, lowering beneath the weight of nearly four pounds of highly polished tin; his cheeks glowing with all the gorgeousness of gamboge—his upper lip shaded by a dark coating of cork—all conspired to render him an object of extreme contempt to the bystanders.

The following

"SONG OF THE ANCIENT KNIGHT"

was composed on the day after the show—an idea suggested by the lines "The night after the battle."

THE SONG OF THE ANCIENT KNIGHT AT THE LORD MAYOR'S SHOW.

RECITATIVE.

Yes! even fear to pay must yield;
No horseman sure am I:
My home is in the lane called Field,
My song the dustman's cry.

AIR.

Oh! 'tis a glorious sight to see
The pride of the cockney chivalry,
When floundering over the wood they go,
Their horses slipping in zig-zag row.

CANTABILE.

Ah! let the bold crusader boast
Of all his fierce attacks,
But the knight of peace I value most,
THE KNIGHT OF THE ANKLE-JACKS!

The knights, at joust and tournament,
May go where glory calls;
To pace the city is content
THE KNIGHT OF THE VELVET SMALLS!

PARTICULARS OF THE EXPENDITURE

For the Procession and Banquet on Lord Mayor's Day, the 9th of November, 1843.

	£.	s.	d.
False tails for coach-horses	0	18	9
Stationery (for paper cockades, presented gratuitously by the Lord Mayor)	0	0	0
Striped calico for the City Marshal's scarf (3 yds. at 7*d.*)	0	1	9
Washing the green and yellow robes of the Stationers' Company	0	6	6
Rough-drying the same	0	1	6
Sand-paper, for scouring the armour of the knights	0	4	0
Rouge and burnt-cork for knights	0	0	4
Hire of four Knights, at 3*s.* 6*d.* each	0	14	0
Beer and compounds for ditto	0	18	0
Flys and glass-coaches for Aldermen	6	6	0
Imitation moustachios for the Lumber Troop	0	12	0
Berlin gloves for Band	0	6	0
12 new gossamers for the Common Council, at 4*s.* 9*d.*	2	17	6
Book of "Toasts and Sentiments" for Toastmaster Toole	0	0	6
Crane charges for hoisting the knights into their saddles	0	2	0
Dinner and wine for the Mayor's tables	1,600	0	0
Marine boys' ditto	4	5	0
Armour, standard-bearers, Lord Mayor's beadle, scarfs, favours, gloves, and other tomfooleries	1,026	6	2
	£2,644	0	0

Metaphysics for the Million.

LOVE.

OVE is a state of being and not-being; for somebody, though if he does not choose to love at all, he need not love anybody, must, if he loves, love somebody; and nobody necessarily loves nobody.

Since somebody loves somebody, and nobody loves nobody, love is a relation between somebody and somebody, and nobody and nobody, respectively.

Now, the relation between nobody and nobody must be the same as the relation between somebody and somebody. For a relation cannot be a thing and not a thing; and if the relation between somebody and somebody be a thing, that between nobody and nobody must be a thing, too; which is absurd.

Therefore, since a relation which is nothing is beyond our ideas, love is not, as has been alleged, the theme of the minstrel, but of the transcendental idealist. So that a poet, to sing about love, must necessarily be a madman; his eye moving in a splendidly insane orbicularity, and his pen bestowing a nomenclature and a residence upon gaseous non-entity, as our friend Lord WILLIAM would say.

Thus we see that love is a non-entity,—which accounts for the vain attempts of philosophers to define it.

How odd it is that a non-entity should raise sighs, draw tears, break hearts, occasion bloodshed! How singular that it should pinch waists, tighten boots, and reform tailors' bills! What a strange being is mortal man!

COROLLARY.

Love being a non-entity, and non-entities not admitting of mutual differences, consequently there is no difference between love, commonly so called, and the love of a good dinner. And further, the heart that loves a good dinner is a heart that truly loves.

We are compelled in self-defence, against the representations of all the Newspapers, that theirs was the journal purchased, to assert that it was two copies of Punch her Majesty bought at the Railway Terminus. Our readers may remember that our gracious Queen, with her accustomed kind-heartedness, forwarded us a joke, the week before last, which we inserted, although we expressed our opinion that her Majesty could do better if she chose. We had no opportunity of forwarding a proof to Windsor, and so her Majesty was anxious to see if it was inserted. The "Visit to Cambridge" was productive of the highest merriment to her Majesty and Prince Albert.

Our page, Dick, who disposed of the copies, has in consequence received permission to add a crown to his hat, which it did not have before. He has also received the appointment of Ranger of Hyde Park, whenever he gets a holiday; which is of rare occurrence: and Idler in Waiting upon her Majesty on the occasion of any processions, when he will have to run by the side of the carriage, as near as the guards will permit him.

Prince Albert has expressed his intention of visiting the Punch Office at an early opportunity.

DON PASQUALE MADE EASY.

The curtain ascends—and the stage is meant
A room in the house to represent
Of Don Pasquale, with doors to enter
On the right, on the left, and in the centre.
On one of the tables, a clock very fine
Is marking the early hour of nine.
But like the clock of St. Clement's, Strand,
It never afterwards moves a hand.
A pleasing melody greets our ears,
And Don Pasquale at once appears
In a *robe-de-chambre*, like those that are seen
Marked "Newest Fashion, One Fifteen."
The Don, who is both robust and tall,
The gallery welcomes with cries of "Bravo, Paul."
The pit applauds, and the boxes tap
The velvet cushion with gentle rap.
And Bedford, placing his hand on his breast,
Seems to say, "I intend to do my best."
The Don is expecting a promised visit,
And we've hardly time to ask who is it,
When Burdini, the baritone, quickly comes in,
Whose entrance applause is sure to win.
For a capital voice, with style to flavour it,
Has made him already a general favourite.
Of Malatesta, the part he plays,
A waggish doctor, who tries to raise
The hopes of Pasquale, the amorous Don,
That a charming widow may be won.
Pasquale asks a description—when, lo!
Immediately after a bar or so,
Malatesta sings a delicious air,
Commencing "Lovely as angel fair."
Than the method of singing it nought could be properer,
Indeed it is one of the gems of the opera.
But Don Pasquale is not more wise
When told the colour of hair and eyes
Than he was before he knew them; and so,
The fair one's name he begs to know.
"'Tis my sister," the Doctor exclaims with a trill.
"Introduce me," says Paul; says Burdini, "I will."
And thus from recitative they get
To a sort of dialogue duet;
And the Doctor abruptly takes his leave,
But says he'll return with the lady at eve.
When a *primo buffo* is left alone,
He ne'er in an opera yet was known
To miss the occasion—fit and fair—
For singing a regular *buffo* air.
As Don Pasquale, Bedford sings it;
He tries for applause, and down he brings it.
Of a certain nephew he utters a word,
And the nephew's name is no sooner heard,
Than, as on the stage is always the way,
The nephew happens in to stray.
'Tis Allen, of tenors one of the best—oh!
Who acts the character of Ernesto.
Like nephews in comedies, farces, burlettas,
In vaudevilles, melodrames, comediettas,
And every description of piece that 's theatrical,
This nephew, on one point, is truly fanatical,
Refusing the hand of a beautiful creature
Of exquisite form, and angelic in feature,
And also possess'd of a fortune immense,
Which he spurns with the usual absence of sense
That always appears to distinguish the bevies
Of disinterested theatrical *nevies*.
He says he'll be true to a certain Norina—
His uncle, as usual, never has seen her,
And therefore objects to the match, by the rule
That 's followed in every theatrical school,
That guardians, fathers, and uncles, shalln't take
The trouble some simple inquiries to make,
But always are found to object out and out
To those whom they really know nothing about.
Pasquale declares, in the ev'ning of life,
He 's serious projects of taking a wife.
The nephew, his great disappointment declares
In one of the softest of opera airs;
Lamenting the plan that to poverty dooms him,
And hinting as well at the flame that consumes him:
Then Bedford and Allen their powers display,
By both coming forward and shouting away.
Though one is all grief, and the other all pleasure,
They both of them sing to the very same measure.
To one tune having utter'd quite different sentences,
From the stage they both hurry at opposite entrances.

Scene Two is a room in the house of Norina,
When Garcia enters with graceful demeanour.
A letter is brought from Ernest, her lover,
To the Doctor, who enters, she passes it over.
He reads it aloud, as resigning the hand
Of Norina, but wherefore we can't understand.
For why his despair to such lengths need he carry?
Because Don Pasquale determines to marry.
The doctor, who seems a most joke-loving man,
Proceeds to develop his whimsical plan:
'Tis to make Don Pasquale believe himself tied
To one, who, though gentle and meek as a bride,
As soon as he gives her the title of wife,
From that moment shall lead him a deuce of a life.
Scene Third is a room in the house of Pasquale,
When Bedford, with comedy worthy of Harley,
In a dress that is made in the height of the fashion,
Commends unto Cupid his amorous passion.
The Doctor then enters, conducting Norina:
Pasquale is struck, though he has not yet seen her.
Norina assuming the timidest mien,
Such as might in a bashful young school-girl be seen,
While Bedford is making most violent love,
In the style that stage precedents always approve,
For elderly gentlemen, paying their court,

To the funniest kind of endearments resort:
As if they could win a retiring young bride
By giving her various pokes in the side,
And probing her waist with the fore-finger's knuckle,
They indulge in a sort of half guttural chuckle.
'Tis the way on the stage, if not so in life,
Of elderly gentlemen winning a wife.
Norina accepts him, with graceful dissembling,
Alternately curtseying, blushing, and trembling.
Ernesto comes in, and to see his adored
Thus coolly accepting a master and lord,
Completely upsets him: he 's just going to chide
When Norina explains, in some speeches aside,
'Tis only a trick; and perceiving its fitness,
He makes no objection the contract to witness.
No sooner the document's properly signed,
Than Norina commences by speaking her mind:
She orders new furniture, servants and carriages,
Determined to show of what consequence marriage is.
Her husband with termagant tongue she abuses,
To bend to his orders or prayers she refuses.
And every one laughing at poor Don Pasquale,
The First Act winds up with a brilliant *finale*.

LORD BROUGHAM AND HIS TAILORS.

NOTE I.

FROM MESSRS. WHIG AND RAD, TAILORS AND DRAPERS, TO LORD BROUGHAM.

Messrs. Whig and Rad present their respectful compliments to Henry Lord Brougham, and beg to hand his Lordship's small account for coats, &c., the speedy payment of which they humbly solicit.

Messrs. W. and R. regret that they have received no order from Lord B. of late; they would submissively wish to call his Lordship's attention to their fine new-cut coats of the Cobdeno-Roebuckian style, a very bright effort of tailoring genius, which they conceive would please Lord B. much.

Melbourne Place, Hume Street.

NOTE II.

FROM LORD BROUGHAM TO MESSRS. WHIG AND RAD.

Lord Brougham is in receipt of Messrs. W. and R.'s account. He begs to state, by way of reply, that not another stitch shall they do for him, on any account whatever.

As to the bill rendered Lord B., he would inform Messrs. W. and R., that after many years' hard wear, he finds the last coat they made him, threadbare, dirty, and vandyked—in short, good for nothing; and whilst

PORTRAIT AFTER VANDYKE.

he is astonished that anybody can have front enough to ask payment for an utterly valueless article, he would assure Messrs. W. and R. that the account will remain unsettled until subjected to a large discount —a discount, in fact, of *all per cent.*

Vaux Hall, ——

NOTE III.

FROM LORD BROUGHAM TO MR. PEEL, TAILOR AND DRAPER.

Respected Sir,—Having abandoned Messrs. Whig and Rad from a wish to change the style of my coats, I shall be most happy to purchase, for the future, from you. Believe me, I am extremely desirous of dealing with you,—so desirous, indeed, that I am willing to do anything, short of eating my own head (which I hold to be a positive impossibility), to secure that privilege. With my motives I shall not spin out this note, as I know, along with all the world, that upright principles trouble neither you nor your customers much.

Please send a man to measure
Your most profoundly obedient,
Henry (Baron) Brougham.

Vaux Hall ——

NOTE IV.

FROM MR. PEEL W. TORY TO LORD BROUGHAM.

My Lord,—In reply to your application, you will receive an old well-worn coat of my make. I am very wary of taking new customers of your sort, and therefore request, as a pledge of your sincerity to be one, that you will wear the said coat buttoned at back, in order to make the turned-coat the more conspicuous; and that you will by no means hide or alter any of the numerous marks, spots, patches, or holes, existing in or manifested upon it.

I send also a pair of wheelabout plaid pantaloons to match the coat.

I am, yours *et cetera*,
R. Peel.
A. Wellington, *Agent.*

Downing Street.

NOTE V.

FROM LORD BROUGHAM TO MR. PEEL.

Respected Sir,—I received, and put on at St. Stephen's last night, the coat and small-clothes you kindly sent. The Public Press-Bank will forthwith cash the inclosed cheque for the amount.

I have the extreme honour to be,
Henry (Baron) Brougham.

Vaux Hall ——

P.S.—May I hope you will think of me in case *the situation* should become vacant? I know you are a capital hand at taking a hint.

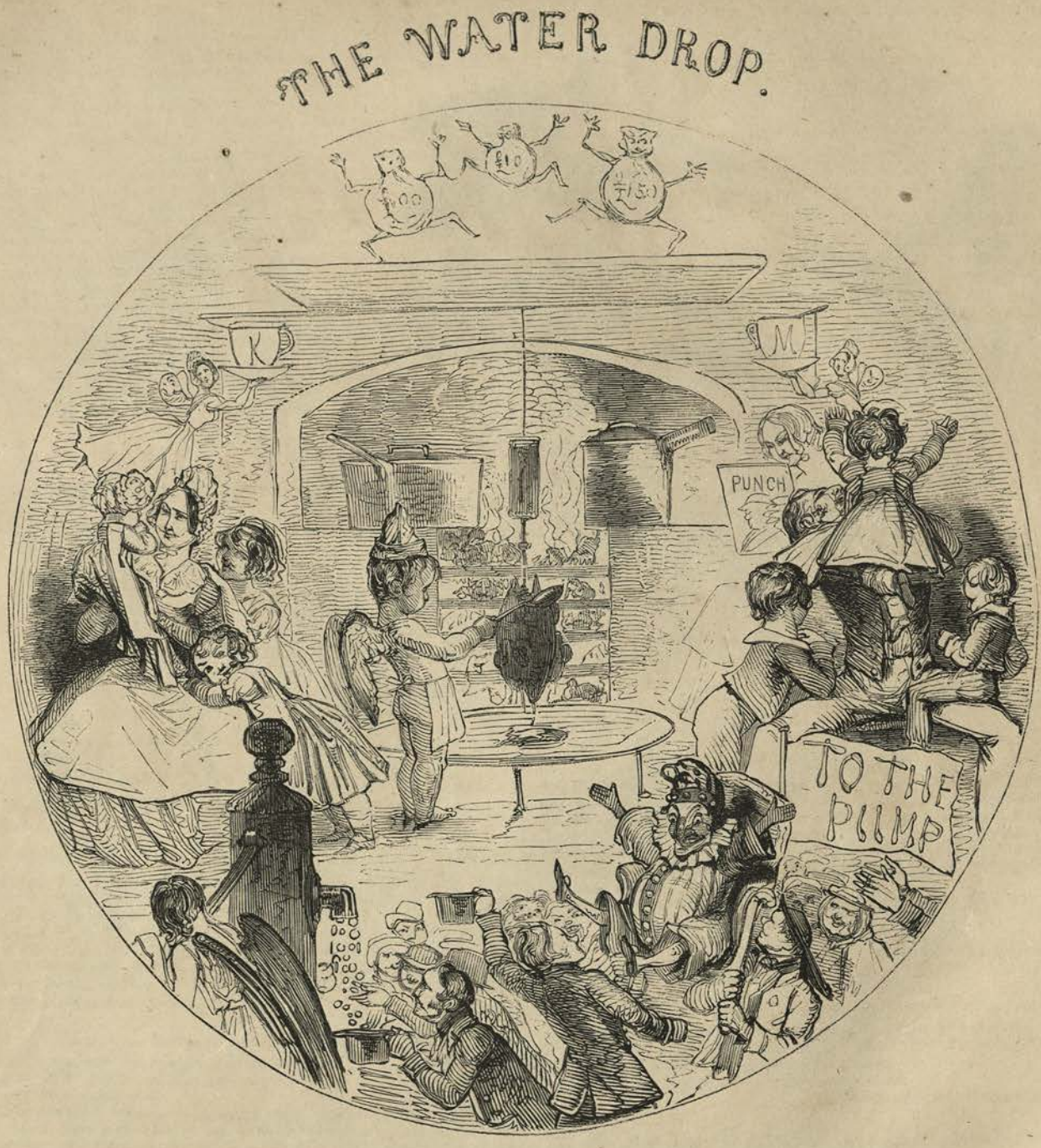
University Intelligence.

Cambridge, Monday.

My dear Punch,—We are all very jolly here—under the auspices of you and your namesake. The Snobiculi, who were so rampant in the Long vacation, have deserted the parade; and the vile effluvia of their penny rolls of cabbage leaf has evaporated before the grateful fumes of the mild Cabana and magnificent Cacadore. Chimneys and undergrads are both smoking furiously—the Johnian hogs, being naturally fast animals, are foremost in this pursuit, though I see little hope of their being cured by it.

The prevalent colours for fashions are much as usual duns are very frequent, while browns are proportionally scarce; and dun-browns are, perhaps, the most common of all among the Freshmen. There is a report that the Duke of Northumberland intends to resign the Chancellorship, and that Prince Albert is likely to be elected to it.

Yours faithfully, Whewell.

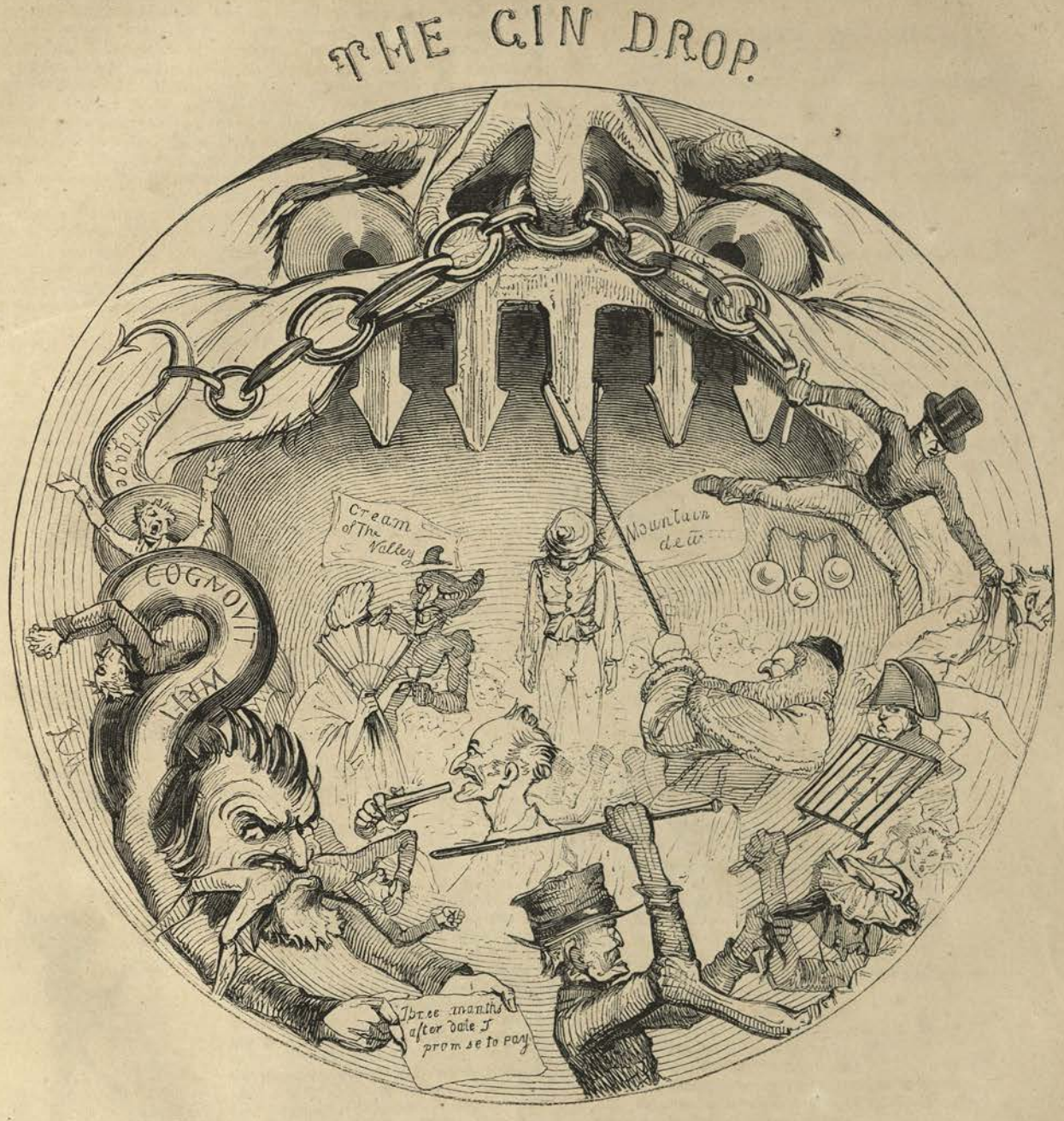


FATHER MATHEW'S POLLY--PUT--

IT is not generally known that funds are at this moment being raised for the erection of a Temperance Hall, to be called THE POLLYPUTTHEKETTLEONICON, to be devoted to Father Mathew on his return next year to London. The father proposes to give a series of lectures, illustrative of the loveliness of Temperance and the horrors of drunkenness; to do this, he will take a drop of gin and water—understand us, not mixed—in which he will show the separate rewards of sobriety and intoxication.

Our readers will remember that, a short time since, a certain Professor, by means of the Solar Microscope, showed—and shocked by showing—the good people of London the monsters that inhabit a single drop of water. We witnessed with horror the exhibition, which we verily believe sent down the New River shares for some time fifty per cent.; for in one drop of what we thought pure fluid, we saw, revealed by the microscope, insects large as lobsters, and a thousand times more ugly; creatures with claws—attorneys of the water-butt, devouring their smaller brethren. That little drop of water, like England, seemed absolutely borne down by over-population.

Well, thought we, Father MATHEW, by his microscope, will show a DROP OF WATER after another fashion. In that shall we behold mermaids, beautiful as angels, with a wedding-ring in one hand, and a hundred-pound-note in another: bags of money, swimming about with fins, like the fins of gold-fish, to them. Then shall we see the happy family of a mechanic, his wife, and ten children (four in red morocco shoes), at tea, with a handsome silver watch upon the table, and all the volumes of *Punch* upon the book-shelf! And these will be a few of the glories of the WATER-DROP—and only a few.



THE--KETTLE--ON--ICON.

Next for the DROP OF GIN! What a spectacle shall we have there! Bits of burnt livers floating about in it, like the liver of an over-roasted fowl, with carcases of men—not men. Husband beating his wife with the fire-tongs; wife defending herself with the gridiron; children half-naked and bandy-legged; with duplicates upon the mantel-shelf, enough to paper a bed-room. Besides these, we shall behold the broker—and the bailiff—and the Union—and a horrible death-bed—and the "jemmies" of a burglar—and remote glimpse of Newgate, with et-ceteras beyond the limits of our paper to discover.

Such were our imaginings. The annexed engravings—correct representations of what we discovered in FATHER MATHEW'S DROP OF WATER and DROP OF GIN—will show how weak and poverty-stricken was our imagination, in comparison with the direful realities presented by the Solar Microscope—which magnified 3,000,000,000 times—of the great preacher of Temperance.

Our artist, KENNY MEADOWS, who has himself been presented with a Gold Temperance Medal by the Father, has caught, with all true enthusiasm of a water disciple, the multitudinous aspects shown to him in the drop of pure lymph, and has portrayed, with a vigour characteristic of virtuous disgust, the abominations abounding in a DROP OF GIN. We have no doubt that our artist's TWO DROPS will—as enduring household monitors—be found to adorn the chimney-pieces of tens of thousands of our countrymen. In fact, in the lofty and disinterested phraseology of *Evening Paper*, "no man's fireside will be complete without them."

In the first place, let us solicit the attention of the world to the WATER DROP. There's a love of a wife! There's lambkins of

children! Did we not see the money-bags dancing on the mantelpiece, we might know by the comfortable, every look of the wife, that she was a helpmate upon whom her husband might at any time depend for a ten-pound note; as SHAKSPERE says, "an excellent thing in woman." Then, what a sweet subtlety is there in that winged guardian angel of the fire-place, cooking the man's goose! Goose, we have somewhere heard it stated, is always made the strong apology for brandy. Here, it is evidently shown, as a triumphant evidence of Temperance—a victorious test of Teetotalism. The angel, pumping doubloons or sovereigns, completes the picture!

Turn we to the Drop of Gin! What do we behold? Despair dangling by a Rope: the great Tempter of Man buying souls at the price of "three outs;" suicide with trigger at full work; domestic maiming and bruising; and the Dragon Law in the voluminous folds of Power of Attorney, enveloping the victim of alcohol.

Public, ponder on these things; and with a smile in your face, and gratitude in your heart, pay up your water-rates!

Q.

POLITE CONVERSATIONS.

Mr. Brown.—Good morning, Mrs. Smith. I hope I have the pleasure of seeing you quite ———?
Mrs. Smith.—Quite, thank you.
Mr. B.—And Mr. Smith, I hope he is quite ———?
Mrs. S.—Quite, thank you.
Mr. B.—And all the ———?
Mrs. S.—Quite, thank you.
Mr. B.—Has your eldest boy quite recovered from the ———?
Mrs. S.—Quite, thank you.
Mr. B.—The weather is exceedingly———.
Mrs. S.—It is, indeed.
Mr. B.—Have you been riding to-day in the ———?
Mrs. S.—No; the day was so very———.
Mr. B.—Ah—yes—exactly.

(*A pause.*)

Mr. B.—A—a—a—a—a—
Mrs. S.—I beg your pardon?
Mr. B.—I didn't say———
Mrs. S.—Oh, I thought you were saying———
Mr. B.—No.
Mrs. S.—Indeed?
Mr. B.—Well, I mustn't detain you from your———.
Mrs. S.—Good mor'———.

(*Exunt severally.*)

THE PUMP AT KENSINGTON.

KENSINGTON has been quite divided on the subject of the parish pump, which has for some time absolutely resisted any attempts to be used as a handle by the parishioners. The spout is supposed also to have turned rusty. As every criminal, even a pump, is by the British Constitution entitled to be tried by its equals, the parish pump has been handed over to the parish vestrymen. The Movement party are for taking the pump away from its present position, and setting it up in a more convenient spot: the only objection to which would be, that there is no water in the place where it is proposed to take it to. Brunel's opinion has been asked, but he has observed his usual silence. The turncock has been consulted, and received a shilling for an attempt to ease the piston, by which his finger was sadly jammed; and the authorities are not likely, after this sacrifice of blood and treasure, to go to any further outlay.

Migratory Buildings.

IN a current advertisement we read, that "Messrs. W. Y. F. & Co.'s distillery, having passed many years in France, defies competition." This is curious. We know the House of Hanover resided in England, but never heard of a distillery paying a visit to France. Doubtless, Goding's Brewery will next year take a trip to Germany; and Pickford's Warehouses start off for an excursion to Switzerland, in company with Maltby's Shot Factory.

Foreign Intelligence.

WE stop the press to announce the singular fact of a gentleman's carriage having been seen in Russell Square.

A DROP OF GIN!

GIN! Gin! a Drop of Gin!
What magnified Monsters circle therein!
Ragged, and stained with filth and mud,
Some plague-spotted, and some with blood!
Shapes of Misery, Shame, and Sin!
Figures that make us loathe and tremble,
Creatures scarce human, that more resemble
Broods of diabolical kin,
Ghoule and Vampyre, Demon and Jin!

Gin! Gin! a Drop of Gin!
The dram of Satan! the liquor of Sin!—
Distill'd from the fell
Alembics of Hell,
By Guilt and Death, his own brother and twin!
That Man might fall
Still lower than all
The meanest creatures with scale and fin.
But hold—we are neither Barebones nor Prynne,
Who lash'd with such rage
The sins of the age;
Then, instead of making too much of a din,
Let Anger be mute,
And sweet Mercy dilute,
With a Drop of Pity, the Drop of Gin!

Gin! Gin! a Drop of Gin!—
When darkly Adversity's day 's set in,
And the friends and peers
Of earlier years
Prove warm without, but cold within,—
And cannot retrace
A familiar face
That 's steep'd in poverty up to the chin;—
But snub, neglect, cold-shoulder and cut
The ragged pauper, misfortune's butt,
Hardly acknowledg'd by kith and kin—
Because, poor rat!
He has no cravat;
A seedy coat, and a hole in that!—
No sole to his shoe, and no brim to his hat;
Nor a change of linen—except his skin:—
No gloves—no vest,
Either second or best;
And what is worse than all the rest,
No light heart, tho' his breeches are thin,—
While Time elopes
With all golden hopes,
And even with those of pewter and tin,—
The brightest dreams,
And the best of schemes,
All knock'd down, like a wicket by Mynn.—
Each castle in air
Seized by Giant Despair,
No prospect in life worth a minikin pin,—
No credit—no cash,
No cold mutton to hash,
No bread—not even potatoes to mash;
No coal in the cellar, no wine in the binn,—
Smash'd, broken to bits,
With judgments and writs,
Bonds, bills, and cognovits, distracting the wits,
In the webs that the spiders of Chancery spin,—
Till weary of life, its worry and strife;
Black visions are rife of a razor, a knife,
Of poison—a rope—"louping over a linn,"—
Gin! Gin! a Drop of Gin!
Oh! then its tremendous temptations begin,
To take, alas!
To the fatal glass,—
And happy the wretch that it does not win
To change the black hue
Of his ruin to blue—
While Angels sorrow, and Demons grin—
And lose the rheumatic
Chill of his attic
By plunging into the Palace of Gin!

THE BRIGHTISH ASSOCIATION.

Section C.—Geology and Physical Geography.

President.—Sir Grey Whackie.

Vice-Presidents.—Professors Hämmer and Tongs.

R. Sappy read a paper, proving the impossibility of being able to see into the middle of next week, from known facts with regard to the Equation of Time. He stated that, supposing it possible for a person to ascend in a balloon sufficiently high for his vision to embrace a distance of 700 miles from east to west, he would then only see forty minutes a-head of him; that is, he would see places where the day was forty minutes in advance of the day in which he lived. Thus he might be said to see forty minutes into futurity. It has also been proved that, in sailing round the world in one direction, a day's reckoning is gained; so that the sailor, on his return, finds himself to be "a man in advance of his age" by one day. This one day is, however, the farthest attainable limit; and it is, therefore, impossible to see into the middle of next week.—Q. E. D.

"On the Russian Steppes."—By Gen. Clogoff.

The principal information to be gathered from this paper was, what every one knew before, except those who resemble the said steppes, in being great flats. They are inhabited by tame Boors and wild horses. The north wind occasionally acts as housemaid, and sweeps these steps quite clean.

"Report of the Committee on Earthquakes in Ireland."

The Committee state that, during the whole of the present year, great agitation has been felt throughout Ireland. The most serious shocks had been felt at the Hill of Tara, and Conquer Hill, near Dublin; it was feared by many that an irruption would ensue at the latter: this, however, did not take place. Should the internal fires break forth there, the hill will form an interesting link in the volcanic chain connecting Hecla with the southern ranges.

"On the Geology of Hearts."—By Mr. Cole Vane.

The author stated, that his attention had been attracted to this subject from frequently hearing the phrase "stony-hearted."

His endeavour had been to determine the variety of stone formed in different situations. As far as he had yet extended his investigations, he found that the heart of a lawyer was of the trap formation, with strata much contorted, and the surface of the rocks exceedingly slippery.

The heart of an habitual drunkard was changed entirely into quartz.

The heart of a policeman appeared at first to consist entirely of flinty substances; but, on the application of a gold test, some particles of soft clay became perceptible.

The author had not yet been able to carry his researches farther, except in the instance of the heart of a philanthropist; from which he inferred that the heart of a good man in its purest state, would be beautifully crystalline, spangled with dust of gold, and containing rich veins of virgin silver.

MORE SHOCKING IGNORANCE!

Short time ago, Punch had occasion to horrify his readers by publishing the Report of his Select Committee on Education, which revealed the amount of ignorance of domestic matters prevailing among young men generally. His Commissioners have just sent up to him their second Report, which relates to the knowledge of business and the affairs of life possessed by young ladies; and he has determined, at the risk of creating a fearful panic in the marriage market, to print it.

Miss Mary Anne Watkins examined—Is the daughter of a private gentleman. Has several brothers and sisters. Is engaged to be married to a young surgeon, as soon as he can get into practice. Has an idea that she ought to know something of housekeeping; supposes it comes naturally. Can sing and play; draw and embroider. Cannot say that she ever darned a stocking. The price of brown Windsor soap is from one shilling to one and threepence the packet; cannot tell what yellow comes to; never bought any. Circassian cream is half-a-crown a pot; does not know the price of pearlash. Knows how to furnish a house; would go to the upholsterer's and buy furniture. Cannot say how much she would expect to give for an easy-chair, or for a wash-hand-stand, or a set of tea things; should ask mama, if necessary; never thought of doing so before. Papa paid for the dress she has on; forgets what he gave for it. Has no notion what his butcher's bill amounts to in the year.

Miss Harriet Somers—Papa is a clergyman. Is unable to say whether he is a pluralist or not. He is a curate, and has but one curacy. Expects to be married, of course. Would not refuse a young man with three hundred a year. Has no property of her own. Has some skill in needle-

work; lately worked a brigand in red, blue, green, and yellow worsted. Can make several washes for the complexion. Cannot tell how she would set about making an apple dumpling. Loaves should remain in the oven till they are done; the time they would take would depend upon circumstances. If she were married, would expect her husband to be ill sometimes; supposing him to be ordered calves' foot jelly, should send for it to the pastry-cook's. It never occurred to her that she might make it herself. If she tried, should buy some calves' feet; what next she should do cannot say. Has received a fashionable education; knows French and Italian. Likes dancing better than anything else.

Miss Jane Briggs—Is the daughter of a respectable tradesman—a grocer and tea-dealer. Looks forward to a union with somebody in her own station of life. Was for five years at a boarding-school in Clapham. Really cannot say what a ledger is; it may be the same as a day-book. Has an album. Has painted flowers in the album; also butterflies. Has never ironed a frill. Knows what a receipt is; it tells you how to dress things. Should suppose that a receipt in full was a receipt that told you all particulars. Never heard of a balance-sheet; it may be a calico sheet for aught she knows. Cannot say whether papa buys or sells at prime cost. Has eaten fowl occasionally. Never trussed one. Does not know how to make stuffing for a duck or a goose.

Miss Elizabeth Atkins—Resides at Hampstead, with her parents. Papa is a solicitor; has offices in Gray's Inn. Will have a little money of her own shortly, when she comes of age. Is not aware whether she is a minor or not. The property was left her by an aunt. Cannot say whether she is a legatee or testatrix. Her property is real property. Is sure of that. It is in the funds. Should say that it was not personal property, as it was not anything about her person. Knows what consols are; has read about them in history; they were ancient Romans. Mama keeps house. When she marries, expects to do the same. Is unable to say what the family milk-score is a week. Starch is used to stiffen collars; has no notion what it is a pound, or what made of, or whether it is used with hot water or cold. Drugget is cheaper than a Turkey carpet; but how much, cannot say. Her time is principally occupied in fancy-work, reading novels, and playing quadrilles and waltzes on the piano.

Out of sixty other young ladies examined, three only knew how to corn beef, six what a sausage was composed of, and four how to make onion sauce. Not one of the whole number could brew. They mostly could tell what the last new song was; but none of them knew the current price of beef. Every soul of them meant to marry as soon as possible. What is to become of their husbands? Echo answers "What!" and *Punch* shudders at the idea.

REVOLUTIONARY INTELLIGENCE.

Revolutions in Europe being now of as frequent occurrence as the revolutions of Brixton treadmill, the following table may be instructive as well as interesting to those who chance to have a turn that way:—

IN ESSE.	REVOLUTIONS.	IN POSSE.
1	Wales	0
0	Ireland	1
1	Spain	6
0	Greece	1
1	Naples	0
1	Circassia	1
0	St. Stephen's, Walbrook	1

The above information may be relied upon, as it has been drawn up by one who is especially fond of keeping a good table. France has been purposely left out of the calculation, as, at the time we went to press, the French mail had not come in; and, in such a country, where every hour brings a new revolution with it, it is impossible to trust to intelligence that is a post old.

N.B.—We have not extended our table beyond Middlesex and Europe, as we were anxious to avoid the expense of a Supplement.

SONNET.

BY A MEDALSOME MATHEWITE.

HAPPY the sober Man who bounds his wish
By Temperance's safe and wholesome code,
And travels in the safe and steady road
By merely quaffing the diurnal dish
Of Tea, or drinking water, like a fish,
Instead of draughts that madden and corrode!
For him, unnumber'd pleasures shall have birth,
All joys the Social Virtues can produce for him—
Contentment, Health, Peace, Innocence and Mirth,
Making his home a heaven upon earth—
Each household quality shall be in use for him,
Neatness shall clean the furniture of worth,
Thrift light the fire—Decorum sweep the hearth,
And Love, domestic Love, shall cook his goose for him!

Law Institution.

EXAMINATION PAPER.—MICHAELMAS TERM.

(*As perused and settled by* JOHN PUNCH, GENT., *one, &c.*)

Common Law.

1. Divide the foreigners of distinction now in town into—
Common Counts, Work and Labour Counts,
Money Counts, Superfluous Counts.

2. "Britannia rules the waves." Will she "rule them to bring in the body?" What sort of a rule does she employ for the purpose? Is it an eight day rule, a side bar rule, a fort rule, or a rule nisi? Which of these was "the rule in Shelley's case?" Was Shelley unruly, or did he submit to be ruled? What was the rule in the "Six Carpenters' Case?" Was this a carpenter's rule or a sliding scale?

3. To bring into England any bull from Rome was formerly a *præmunire*. How is this affected by the new tariff? How of bull terriers? What is the law of England as to Irish bulls? Why are "old terriers" allowed in courts of justice? Do they "run with the land?" How would you "serve" a bull in a china-shop? Supposing him to do damage therein to the amount of 20*s.*, would he carry costs into the "*locus in quo?*" Would it be "pound-breach?"

4. Can a "declaration on promises" be made to a "femme sole" without "protestation?" What is the effect of acceptance in such cases? Is the common form, "Well! I declare," sufficient to secure "quiet enjoyment" without any "further assurance?" Supposing yourself "accepted at sight," or by parol, according to the custom of London, would you allow the "parol to demur?"

Statute Law.

1. What is "The Coal-whippers' Act?" What are the provisions of the Mutiny Act as to coal-whipping? Can coal be "privately whipped?" Are colliers ever "lashed alongside?" How many lashes can be given in such cases? Is there any *lighter* punishment? Who was "old King Cole?" Who were "his fiddlers three?"

"Every fiddler had a good fiddle,
And a very good fiddle had *he*."

Is this a *coal metre?* Did the property in the fiddles vest in the king or in the fiddlers?

2. The "Irish Arms Act" requires all arms to be registered and stamped. How does this affect ladies' arms particularly when concealed? How of children "openly appearing in arms?" What is the difference between the "arms of the see" (as of Armagh) and the "arms of the sea" in Ireland? Would an *arm* of the Atlantic, or of the North Sea, in Ireland, be an "Irish arm" under this statute? How of the arms of a windmill (unregistered)?

WATERLOO BRIDGE AT A PREMIUM.

EVER since the stopping up of Westminster bridge, the traffic over Waterloo has so much increased, that the new shareholders have some hope of reducing the old debt on the original debentures of the first liability on the fourteenth issue of scrip to the former creditors. If this should be the case, there will be some hope for the old obligees, with the reversionary right to the contingency of two per cent. after the whole of the passive debt and active liabilities are satisfied. The money-taker has paid in nearly four pounds beyond the expense of lighting, paving, and sweeping the road, as well as repairing, reconstructing, and renovating the balustrading. This has caused an excitement among the shareholders, which has driven many of them to the toll-gate to inquire how much has been taken—a species of curiosity that the toll-keeper has been ordered by the directors not to satisfy.

ADVERTISING PARSONS.

SUPPOSE John Smith to marry Laura Snooks, if the world wants to know anything about them, the fact is all the world wants to know; but it is now the fashion (in order to provide materials to the future historian, we presume,) to advertise the name of the parson who tied the noose—or rather got the thread of fate into a tangle. It is always "Married, Mr. So-and-So, by the Reverend This-and-That, to Miss What's-her-Name;" so that it is really difficult, at the first glance, to say whether Miss So-and-So has not married the parson, or whether it is a marriage at all, or a bankruptcy got in by mistake; and the name of the bride's father gets confounded in our minds with the official assignee, while we often set down the bridegroom as the bankrupt.

If the parsons who marry want to advertise, why don't they go the whole hog, and send about carts for the guidance of "those about to marry;" or placards with the words "When you marry, get your parson from the parish of So-and-So." We remember our old friend Bish, the lottery contractor, used to issue bills intimating that "Bish sold all the thirty thousands;" and why should not a parson advertise that, in the great lottery of life, "the Rev. J. Whatshisname married all the happy couples." We have heard of an attorney who announced that he had secured in the last term all the debtors, and held it out as a bait to creditors to become his clients. Such a course as we recommend to the parsons would be more becoming to the clerical character, and would promote competition in a straightforward manner.

THE SUREST MEANS FOR INTERNATIONALITY.

THE Academy of Mâcon having offered a gold medal, worth 300 francs, "for the best essay on the causes of international hatred, and the means of abolishing or reducing it," the editor of the *National* has contended for the prize. We have been favoured with an early copy of his very dispassionate essay, and were greatly astonished, not only at the extreme ingenuity of its various hypotheses, but particularly at its undeniable deductions. The causes of the international hatred are shown to be—

1st. That there is not one king for the two countries,
2nd. That the two countries are not incorporated together,
3rd. That there is not the same language, the same code of laws, the same currency, the same religion, and the same system of taxation, &c. &c., for both England and France.

The editor then proceeds to demonstrate that these causes will never be removed—

Till, 1st. Louis-Philippe be King of the English;
„ 2nd. Paris be the capital of England;
„ 3rd. India and Ireland be provinces of France;
„ 4th. *Punch* and the *Times* be printed in French;
„ 5th. Francs and centimes be the small change of both countries;
„ 6th. *Le Code Napoléon* be the law at Westminster Hall; and
„ 7th. *Le drapeau tricolor* be the Union-Jack of England.

All this seems to us so easy, that we wonder it has not been acted upon centuries ago. If it were not for *Punch* being printed in French, every one would pray for its adoption to-morrow.

White Hart Union.

To PUNCH. *Puddellbrig, November 5, 1843.*

SIR,—If you pleas, can you tell us wot the nu pictur off Una means their is a Club wich meets as above we paies 1*s.* each member wich is 21 and we sends upp to Lunnun and taks our chance off a price wich we didnt gett—tho wery nigh. but we ass gote a pictur called *Una* now sir do uno wot it means—is it a lion, a ould ooman, a young man, a tall gall in white or a jack ass looking inn at a dore. So no more.

Yours, &c.,
GILES GREEN.
Chareman of the Rashional Wite Hart Union, Pudelbrig.

A True Report.

(FROM OUR OWN PENNY-A-LINER.)

St. Katharine's.

WE are little accustomed to give ear to reports in general; but when they are of such an astounding nature as to force themselves upon our attention, we cannot avoid it. This peaceable locality was last week thrown into great excitement, in consequence of a report getting into general circulation, calculated to disturb the domestic quiet of many of the inhabitants. The truth of it no one seemed to question.

We, however, to set at rest any doubt on the matter, immediately commenced an inquiry, and had the satisfaction to discover that the said report was perfectly true and well-founded, and had proceeded from—one of the Tower Guns.

Foreign Intelligence.

By an extraordinary express from Herne Bay, we learn that the tranquillity of the place is such as to render it necessary to leave only a force of one policeman—who is A 1 in his own estimation. He acts as sergeant every evening, ordering himself to be on the beat the next morning; and once a week he comes on duty as his own inspector—a duty he performs by standing for a few minutes before the looking-glass. His great impartiality is the theme of general admiration; for, while acting in his capacity of inspector, he has been known to exclaim, "This will never do, A, No. 1," with a tone of great authority.

The only other Government officer remaining on the spot is Lilly, the postman, between whom and A, No. 1, the most satisfactory cordiality continues to exist, which is a guarantee to the Bay for the stability of its institutions.

We understand that policeman A, No. 1 (in his own opinion), behaved splendidly throughout the whole of the trying circumstances attending the birthday of the Prince of Wales. He aided the civil power to hoist the flag on the Pier-head, and otherwise distinguished himself.

We are told that there is a strong feeling in Herne Bay against the parsimony of the Government, in refusing to this important town (that is to be) the usual accommodation of a stretcher at the station-house. The Mayor has sent to London for a copy of Magna Charta, to see if the article in question was among the luxuries secured to the people at Runnymede.

MUGGLETONIAN MECHANICS' INSTITUTION.

Mr. Frisby gave his 97th lecture on the Genius and Grammar of

"THOU ART TOO LIKE THE SPIRIT OF BANQUO; DOWN!"

Shakspeare, on Tuesday evening last. He dwelt for a considerable time on the beautiful line in Julius Cæsar:—

"See what a rent the envious Casca made."

He argued from this that Casca must have been a landlord, and from the "rent he made" being thus forcibly alluded to, it was urged by Mr. Frisby, that the "envious Casca" looked probably rather sharp after his tenantry. He took occasion also to dwell at some length on the celebrated line in *Othello*, deprecating nocturnal "broils." Mr. Frisby suggested that devilled kidneys might have been a favourite supper with the Venetians, and that *Othello* took that opportunity to have what is vulgarly called a "dig" at the unwholesome practice.

The class for Singing for the Million at this institution has just opened. Two have already entered, which it must be confessed is not very far towards making up the million that the singing is intended for. The class met in the large theatre of the institution, but speedily counted themselves out; and, after a little discussion on the landing at the top of the stairs, adjourned *sine die*.

THE NELSON COLUMN.

The statue of Nelson was on view for a few days before its elevation, chiefly to give the public an opportunity of seeing it before it was placed out of sight altogether. It is generally understood that the best point about it is the missing arm of the gallant seaman. The stump exhibits, on the part of the sculptor, a very high degree of finish. The left eyebrow exhibits a remarkable command of the chisel.

THE BIRTHDAY OF THE PRINCE OF WALES.

This festival was observed at the Church of St. Clement's, not only by the ringing of the bells, but by the clock, which, out of compliment to the Prince's having completed his second year, stood at 2 during the whole of the auspicious day, and we believe one of its four faces still retains this badge of loyalty.

Alderman Gibbs declares that he has discovered the meaning of the proverb "*As quiet as a church mouse*"!

Commercial Prosperity.

A Correspondent, who is not at liberty to give his name—being locked up in a sponging-house—has forwarded us a very encouraging account of the increased value of articles of consumption in the Chancery-lane and Newman-street districts. He tells us that a sheet of letter-paper fetches a shilling—or, in other words, a shilling is demanded to fetch a sheet of letter-paper. Coffee, which at the coffee-houses is flat at twopence a cup, is in demand at half-a-crown in the districts alluded to.

CHOPS FOR TWO

are charged at the rate of a loin of mutton, and other articles are in the same proportion; and, if high prices be a sign of prosperity, we sincerely congratulate the inmates of the lock-up houses on their very flourishing condition.

HOMAGE TO LEGITIMACY.

The *Morning Post* has declared its fealty (in opposition to the *Standard*) to the Duke de Bordeaux, as the rightful Henry the Fifth. The proprietors have moreover placed their office at the dispcsal of his Majesty whilst in London. The *Post* will henceforth be published—*room being found on the premises*—at the left-hand toll-house of Waterloo-Bridge.

Douceur to the Influential.

Gentleman who has been ten years at the University, and who is possessed of sundry gifts and acquirements, mathematical, metaphysical, philosophical, literary, scientific, and otherwise, begs to announce his full acquiescence in the verdict of the public as to the uselessness of such gifts and acquirements; and, as he has twenty shillings to spare, will be most happy to make over the same to any proprietor of a street-crossing who will initiate him into the mystery of the profession, and procure him a good thoroughfare. The muddier the better. Thinks he might be able to manage the conductorship of an omnibus, but not the drivership. Presumes to hope that he could grind a street-organ, but thinks himself best qualified for the crossing.

Mem. Can give no references, only the 20*s*.

Frightful Prospect for the Winter.—It has been announced in the *Times* that no less than 167 Articled Clerks have applied for admission as Attorneys!

A Comparative Blessing.—The *Bombay* papers say "India is overrun with locusts." We ought to be thankful it is no worse—the locusts might have been Income-Tax Commissioners!

Police Intelligence Extraordinary.—The whole of the New Road has been *taken up*.

How to Whisper away Warts.—Put your mouth close to the wart, and tell it in a whisper that if it will not go away, you will burn it out with caustic. If it does not take the hint, be as good as your word.

THE FREQUENT ROBBERIES OF PLATE have induced Birmingham, Brothers, & Co. to manufacture a New Metal for those Families who intend to do without it. It cannot be detected from Pewter by the keenest observer; and from its wonderful property of turning to a permanent yellow after a short time, may be considered as

A PERFECT SUBSTITUTE FOR GOLD.

It is made into all sorts of articles, but is best adapted for Spoons.

ADAM'S PALE ALE.—The above celebrated liquid, so strongly recommended by Father Mathew and the faculty of Preissnitz, may be procured in any quantity from the pump in Burlington Gardens, by applying yourself to the handle. Be particular to inquire for the ladle.

☞ *In answer to numerous enquiries, we beg to state that the* "STORY OF A FEATHER" *will be resumed in our next Number, and arrangements will be made to ensure its completion in the present Volume.*

THE COMIC BLACKSTONE.

CHAPTER II.—OF THE PARLIAMENT.

DEVOTING ourselves once more to our task, we shall now treat of the relation men bear to one another in the way of government. The governors and the governed are relations in some sort; for the King, or Governor, is the father of his people. And one's father is often called "the Governor." Of magistrates, some are supreme, and some subordinate; but the subordinate magistrates sometimes render themselves supremely ridiculous.

In tyrannical governments the supreme magistrate both makes and enforces the laws, acting in the double capacity of protector and punisher of the people, which is something like an actor combining the fathers—or benevolent old men—with the heavy business. When the magistrate makes laws, and enforces them also, he does as he pleases, but is not likely to please in what he does; and, therefore, in England the supreme power is divided into two branches; the one executive, consisting of the Sovereign alone; and the other legislative, to wit—(as the lawyers say, though the wit is rather obscure)—*to wit*, the Parliament! Parliament is a word derived from *parler* to talk, and *mentir* to lie, and in this respect Parliament proves itself fully worthy of its origin. The antiquity of Parliaments is so great that no one can trace their beginning; and it is sometimes as difficult to say what is the end they are driving at. In England the Parliament used to be called *Wittena Gemote*, a meeting of wise or witty men; and probably the "three wise men of Gotham," who "went to sea in a bowl," were members of the *Wittena Gemote;* at least, if we may judge by the qualities of the collective wisdom which has succeeded the *Michel-Synoth*, or great council of the nation.

Glanvil, who wrote in the time of Henry the Second, in reporting a case in the Sheriff's court, from which it would appear that Red Lion Square was built very soon after the Invasion, alludes vaguely to a sort of meeting, which, it is said, was very likely to have been the Parliament; and as the body in question appears to have done no good, but rendered something quite obscure, the suggestion that it was the Parliament seems to be extremely feasible.

Antiquaries, who are "nothing if not at loggerheads" with one another, have disputed—first, as to who summoned the Parliaments—secondly, whether anybody summoned them at all—thirdly, if summoned, whether they came—fourthly, whether they came without summoning—fifthly, whether they came exactly when they were summoned—and, sixthly, if the same who were summoned, or sum-un else, actually came—none of which controversies do we think it expedient (just now) to go into. It is sufficient for our present purpose, that John, in the celebrated "bit of stiff," known as Magna Charta—that glorious bill drawn by the Barons, and accepted by himself—promised to summon the nobles personally, and the Commons by the sheriff and bailiffs; from which it would seem that the Commons were hunted up by the ancestors of the Slowmans, the Levys, the Thompsons, the Selbys, and the Davises.

Parliament can only be convened by the authority of the Sovereign, except on the death of either a king or a queen; when if there be no Parliament in being, the last Parliament revives—which has caused Fleta to make the very indifferent joke, that "Whereas ye cattes have nine lives, ye rattes—meaninge ye Commones—have only two, and thatte seldome." If kings won't summon Parliament for three years, it seems that formerly peers might issue out writs, but if king wouldn't summon ye, and peers wouldn't issue ye, the only way for the country to get over the stile, was for constituents to meet and elect members. A privilege that was taken away by the 16th of Charles II.; so that in these days if sovereigns won't summon Parliament, there is really no help for it.

Wherever it is laid down in the law books that a thing can't be done, it may be assumed with tolerable certainty that the thing has been done; and hence we find that though Parliament may not summon itself, it has summoned itself on several occasions, particularly in 1688, when the glorious revolution, by a piece of glorious irregularity, was fully accomplished. At the present time the happy idea of voting the royal income from year to year, renders it pretty certain that the Sovereign will summon the Parliament annually; a practice which is "safe" to be adopted by every Sovereign. Parliament consists of the Lords and the King in one house, with the Commons by themselves in another—and the three together form a Corporation; the Sovereign forming the head, the Lords the trunk, and the Commons the members. The King has the power of putting a negative on the measures of the Lords and Commons; he can practise that prevention, which is familiarly said to be "better than cure;" and indeed, the Nobility can check the people, while the Sovereign can check both—an idea no doubt taken from the situation in the *Critic*, where the beef-eaters, the lovers, and the daughters are all unable to move, because of the hold they have over one another.

The Sovereign will be the subject of future chapters; but we shall now take the liberty to anatomise the Lords, and will commence with a delicate dash at the Lords Spiritual.

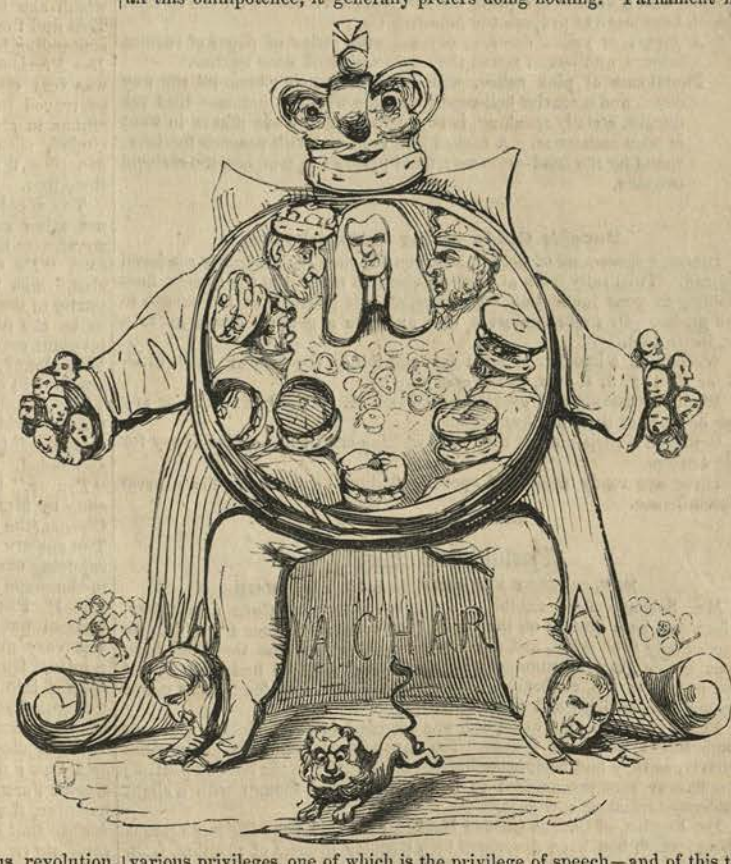
The Lords Spiritual consist of two Archbishops and 24 Bishops, but the latter are, in one sense, almost as arch as the former. When Henry VIII. dissolved monasteries, there were also 27 mitred abbots and 2 priors, the latter of whom enjoyed only a nominal priority—and the mitred abbots were probably so called, from meeting at the Mitre in Fleet-street—a tavern celebrated as the resort of Johnson, a copy of whose life in 4 volumes—2 on each side—still adorns the chimney-piece.

The Lords Temporal consist of all the peers of the realm, some of whom sit by descent—and, indeed, the descent is in some cases terrific, from a very great man to a very little one. Some peers are as old as the creation—but as such creations are frequently happening, there is no very great antiquity to boast of. The number of the peers is indefinite, and they may be made (as soap and candles are advertised to be sold) in large or small quantities.

The distinction of rank, is said to be very desirable; because it preserves that scale of dignity, which proceeds from the peasant to the prince—rising like a pyramid from a broad foundation, and diminishing almost to a point—the Prince of Wales being the point in this case; or as the lawyers would say, the case in point; and, it must be admitted, a very little one.

The Commons consist of all men of property who have not a seat in the Lords—and they all have a voice in the Commons—the members acting as voice conductors; but it is in most cases "*Vox et prætera nihil!*"

These are the constituent parts of a Parliament; which, according to Coke is so powerful, that it can do anything or everything; and yet, with all this omnipotence, it generally prefers doing nothing. Parliament has



various privileges, one of which is the privilege of speech—and of this the members take advantage, by talking very much and very foolishly.

The privileges of the peers are numerous:—first, stands the right of killing the king's deer on the way to Parliament, but as there are no deer—in fact no game at all, but a few ducks on the ornamental water in St.

James's Park,—this sporting privilege is seldom taken advantage of. The peers may also be attended by the judges, but they are themselves far too good judges to subject themselves to such learned bores. A peer may vote by proxy, and enter a protest, the latter being a luxury, which a coughed-down peer is glad to take advantage of. All bills affecting the peers are to begin in the upper House, but what will be their end, or what end they have in view, is often a mystery.

The chief privilege of the Commons, is to tax the people, which is declared to be nothing more than the people taxing themselves—a piece of logical *hocus pocus* which Sir Matthew Hale vainly endeavours to invest with that plainness which is said to be peculiar to the pike-staff. One of the great advantages connected with Parliament is, that it may be adjourned, but a greater advantage still is, that it may be dissolved, and sent about its business altogether. When Parliament is dissolved by the sovereign in person, *semble* that gravel is laid down all the way from the Palace to the House—but this is not laid down by Coke, or indeed, by any body but Messrs. Darke the dustmen. A Parliament may be extinguished by the royal will like a candle, or it may go out, by length of time, like a rush-light. A prorogation is a process something in the nature of snuffing—causing it to brighten up for an ensuing session.

A PICTORIAL SHERIFF.

THE rage for getting up everything with illustrations has broken out into a perfect mania at York; the Town Council of which place has determined on bringing out an "Illuminated Sheriff." Some Sheriffs require illumination, there can be no doubt; but the proposition to "get up" the Sheriff with "dresses and decorations" at York is giving a farcical turn to the dignity of the office. The Sheriff of London would be nothing without his footmen's liveries; and the present Sheriff Moon, feeling sensible of the sort of interest that attached to the office, caused the breeches of the shrieval lacqueys to be exhibited at Threadneedle-street, while the waistcoats were laid out in the tailor's window at Fleet-street. At York, however, they seem to be confounding the Sheriff with the footmen, and a motion has actually been carried for a committee to confer as to what sort of finery it will be advisable to bedizen the Sheriff in.

We understand that the Town Council of York intend advertising for designs, with a view to accepting the gaudiest as a costume for the Sheriff. *Punch* begs leave to propose the following:—

A jacket of yellow damask, covered with strips of paper of various colours, and bound round the edges with gold door leather.

Pantaloons of pink calico, with bows of yellow ribbon all the way down, and a scarlet bell-rope round the waist, to indicate that the Sheriff, strictly speaking, is bound to hang any one that is in want of such assistance. A cocked hat, trimmed with peacock feathers, would be the head-dress we should propose to complete the shrieval costume.

Punch's Guide to the Station-house.

IMBIBE a succession of *goes* in a tavern till your locomotion is rendered zig-zag. Then sally forth at twelve o'clock at night into the streets, and, yielding to your inclination for repose, deposit yourself at full length in the gutter. Or stand against a wall, and give a general challenge to a pugilistic duel.

Wrench off a knocker in open day, and full in the face of A. B. C. D. E. or F., 1, 2, 3, 4, or 5, as the case may be.

Wantonly assault and overthrow the said A. B. C. D. E. or F, or any one or more of their brother officers.

Demolish a shop window with your walking-stick; and refuse to pay for the damage.

These are ready means of speedily finding your way to the nearest station-house.

Horticultural Society.

NOV. 2.—VERY VERDANT, Esq. IN THE CHAIR.

MR. Solomon Levi exhibited some specimens of *Cuba inodorifera*, which had been grafted on the stem of the common lettuce; they had an exceedingly good effect, and the exhibitor mentioned that they had been kept under glass all summer; he also stated that he had investigated the nature of the connexion between the plants, and found that it was through the medium of a *cell*.

The Victoria medal, in copper, was awarded to Mrs. Tickall, who sent some fine bunches of grapes. Too much heat had been given them latterly, as they had been brought from the grocer's in the donor's pocket; the flavour was pronounced to be very superior, though with a slight tendency to that of saw-dust.

Mr. Figgins, of Covent Garden Market, exhibited some Rhizanthaceous plants, which had been developed by a peculiar process of pruning, from the roots of turnips; they did not resemble any known species, but it was said that their production was constant under skilful treatment. The petals were tinged with bright red, blue, &c., and altogether they had a very beautiful appearance.

CONCERT EXTRAORDINARY!

RECENTLY it was our good fortune to be present at a novel species of entertainment. This was a Grand Legal Concert, which was given in the Temple Hall. The object of the Benchers, with whom the notion of the thing originated, was, we understand, to illustrate, by the aid of sweet sounds, the language of the nation's law. With this view the more poetical portions of legal phraseology were judiciously culled from Blackstone, and adapted to appropriate airs, selected from the most eminent composers. The principal singers of the day were engaged; and the Opera band was in attendance. Subjoined is the programme of the performances:—

Grand Legal Symphony		SIR H. R. BISHOP.
Air.	"*Fieri Facias*," and	
Chorus.	"*Goods and Chattels*"	HANDEL.
Solo.	"*Ne exeat regno*"	HADYN.
Duet.	"*Capias*"	GLÜCK.
Air.	"*Et non inventus est*"	MOZART.
Chorus.	"*Mandamus*"	MEYERBEER.
Solo.	"*Habeas Corpus*	MOZART.
Chorus.	"*In formâ pauperis*"	BEETHOVEN.
Trio.	"*And your petitioners*"	MOZART.
Chorus.	"*In Banco Reginæ*"	WEBER.
Solo.	"*Quo warranto?*"	HANDEL.
Barcarole.	"*Caveat*"	AUBER.
Polacca.	"*Nisi Prius*"	BELLINI.
Chorus.	"*Sus. per coll.*"	PURCELL.
GRAND FINALE.	*Rogues' March*	ANON.

The most striking feature of the evening's entertainment was, beyond question, the Legal Symphony, which is the last composition of SIR H. R. BISHOP.

It commences by a *maestoso* movement, expressive of the dignified nature of the subject about to be treated—Law. This is followed by an *allegro* passage, descriptive of receiving a retainer. The technical preliminaries to a law-suit are then shadowed forth in the *tremulo* notes, which are popularly recognised as the prelude to anything diabolical. This and the succeeding movement, suggestive of the hurly-burly of the contending barristers, reminded us rather too strongly of the overture to *Der Freischutz*. The succeeding *andante*, expressive of the law's delay, was very effective. The agitated feelings of the clients were admirably portrayed in the ensuing storm of instrumentation, which reached its climax in an awful crash, significant of heavy damages. The piece concluded, with a colossal *Fugue*, of a triumphant and joyous character, denoting the exultation of the attorneys and barristers on receiving their fees.

The vocal portion of the concert was admirably sustained. Space does not allow us to particularise its several gems; we must therefore be content to notice those which, in our opinion, were the brightest. The solo, "Ne exeat Regno," an adaptation of HAYDN'S "With verdure clad," was very chastely executed by Miss RAINFORTH. The simple purity of the air was in beautiful accordance with what might be supposed to be the feelings of the solicitor on making the application. "Et non inventus est" was a plaintive melody of MOZART'S, most feelingly sung by Miss DOLBY, who appeared thoroughly to put herself in the place of the attorney in an action for debt, who finds that the defendant has absconded. The "Mandamus" was a highly successful and characteristic version of the celebrated Demons' Chorus in *Robert the Devil*. "In formâ Pauperis," (the Prisoners' Chorus from *Fidelio*), was no less deservedly applauded. The trio, "And your petitioners," was the well-known "Prayer," in *Don Giovanni*, in an English dress, and was pathetically sung by Mrs. ALFRED SHAW, Miss POOLE, and Mr. HARRISON. WEBER'S Chorus (the Huntsmen's), "In Banco Reginæ," was universally encored. The singers were supposed to be attorneys, creditors, and sheriffs' officers, rejoicing over the debtor in prison. The pretty polacca from *I Puritani*, in the shape of the "Nisi prius," was very gracefully given by Miss BETTS. Mr. H. PHILLIPS shone in the solo "Quo warranto," known to the musical public as "Why doth the heathen?" and Mr. PAUL BEDFORD was very great in the chorus "Sus. per coll." otherwise "We should rejoice," from *Macbeth*. He took the leading part in it, and happily infused into his singing the peculiarities of his famous "Blueskin." The "Rogues' March" was hailed with much enthusiasm, and set the majority of the audience beating time to it.

We rejoice at the marriage which has thus been effected between Music and Law; though, since the former has been already wedded to "Immortal Verse," a question might arise respecting its validity. Of this, however, the lawyers themselves are the best judges, and will allege, no doubt, that a divorce between the pair took place long ago; which is certainly true. We hope to hear more of these concerts.

M. JULLIEN, we understand, struck with the sensation that has been produced by the Legal Concerts, is engaged in the composition of a *Cognovit* waltz, and an *Alias* quadrille, to be performed at the English Opera House.

STANZAS

OCCASIONED BY VISCOUNT COMBERMERE'S LATE PRESENT TO HER MAJESTY.

(*Noticed in "The Times" of Nov.* 14.)

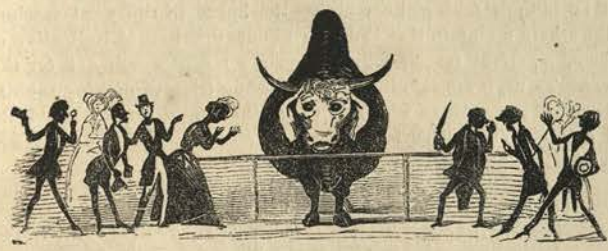
Viscount famed, and Nabob-peer,
Hight Stapleton Lord Combermere,
Liege-like, in duteous love sincere,
Would make our Queen a present;
And deem'd, of gifts a Brahmin steer
Most courtly, rare and pleasant.

The ox, it was a bonny ox,
With dainty ears and curly locks,
And horns, that from his knowledge-box
Stood each side eighteen inches;
And Hindoos worship it, which shocks,
And Christian conscience pinches.

Thought Viscount C., "In Windsor Park
"Her Majesty will love to mark
"My breed of Ind, with eye so dark,
"And shoulderknot so bossy;
"Unto its deep-mouth'd low to hark,
"And pat its coat so glossy."

Ah, large-soul'd, ill-requited Peer!
Ah, dream of hapless Combermere!
Could envious Fate not interfere,
Nor Pity spare refresher,
To save thy votive Brahmin-steer
From stern Victoria's *flesher*?

The day was set; the royal Fair,
The princely Consort, bounteous Peer,
To palace-dairy all repair,
The stately steer to view;
And many a lady bright was there,
And many a lordling too.



Some with its symmetry were fired,
Some praised its growth till they were tired,
And much the Queen the beast admired—
Said she, "'Tis very fat;"
The Prince into its breed inquired,
And fodder, and all that.

At last, one gave the sage advice,
That Brahmin bulls were prone to vice,—
But that ox-beef was very nice,—
To which the Queen assented.
He 's voted dangerous in a trice,
And—harm must be prevented.

The cue was plain; they could not err;
Wemyss and Murray straight confer,
And with them Alderman Banister,
Purveyor to the table;
And for the slaughter they concur
With zeal most commendable.

One thing, however, yet remain'd;
The Queen's consent must first be gain'd,
And the Sign Manual obtain'd,
The deed of death to dash on:
So writs were made, and all ordain'd
In most approved fashion.

What desperate strength, what deadly ire,
What foam, and blood, and breathèd fire,
What bellowings in that conflict dire
Bechanced, the Muse hath hidden:
To watch so brave a brute expire
Were sight to Muse forbidden.

But 'twas a sight for courtly ken,
For Queen no less than citizen,—
The carcase of his Oxship, when
The butcher's craft was ended,
And six score stone of beef and ten
The cook's high art attended.

Roast-beef was there that day for all,
And merrily rang the Castle-hall,
And young and old kept festival
With sack and good October;
And on the Viscount oft did call,
Till some were less than sober.

But Royalty reserved the hump,
A tit-bit, delicate and plump,
Which salted was—not with the rump,
But cured by the Purveyor,
Who, in the curing way 's a trump,
Let who will prove gainsayer.

The ample Joseph-Hume-hued* skin
Was tann'd, to wrap the Princess in,
Up to her little highness' chin,
When in her pony-carriage;
And, last, the horns were tipp'd with tin,
To blow them at her marriage.

STATE PROSECUTIONS.

We understand that the Government has at length determined to put down, through the medium of the police, the agitation for the repeal of the parochial Union between Brompton and Kensington. Mr. Snubbs, the attorney-general for the district, has received his instructions, and is going to act; but how, where, or when, has not yet been agreed upon. The greatest secrecy is at present observed, particularly on the part of Pummell, who has been seen to wink significantly, an omen that has been hailed as propitious by the constitutional party. How it will end we may be able to judge when we see the beginning.

A Night with Father Mathew.

On the 6th of November, Father Mathew gave a sumptuous entertainment to a select party of friends. The waters were of the most *récherché* description—the old bottled *Niagara* was in fine condition, as were also the *Danube* and *Volga*; but in respect to aroma and flavour, the *eau de Tamise* was pronounced incomparable, although a bottle of *Seine* was on the table. The merry party kept it up until a late hour.

The Labours of 1843.

The year 1843 has been most prolific in wonderful events, as the following sample will testify:—

The completion of the Maps of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge.
The fourth year of the French Ministry.
The three seasons of Covent Garden Theatre.

We have been favoured, at an enormous expense, with the following

Labours of 1856.

(by our own prophet).

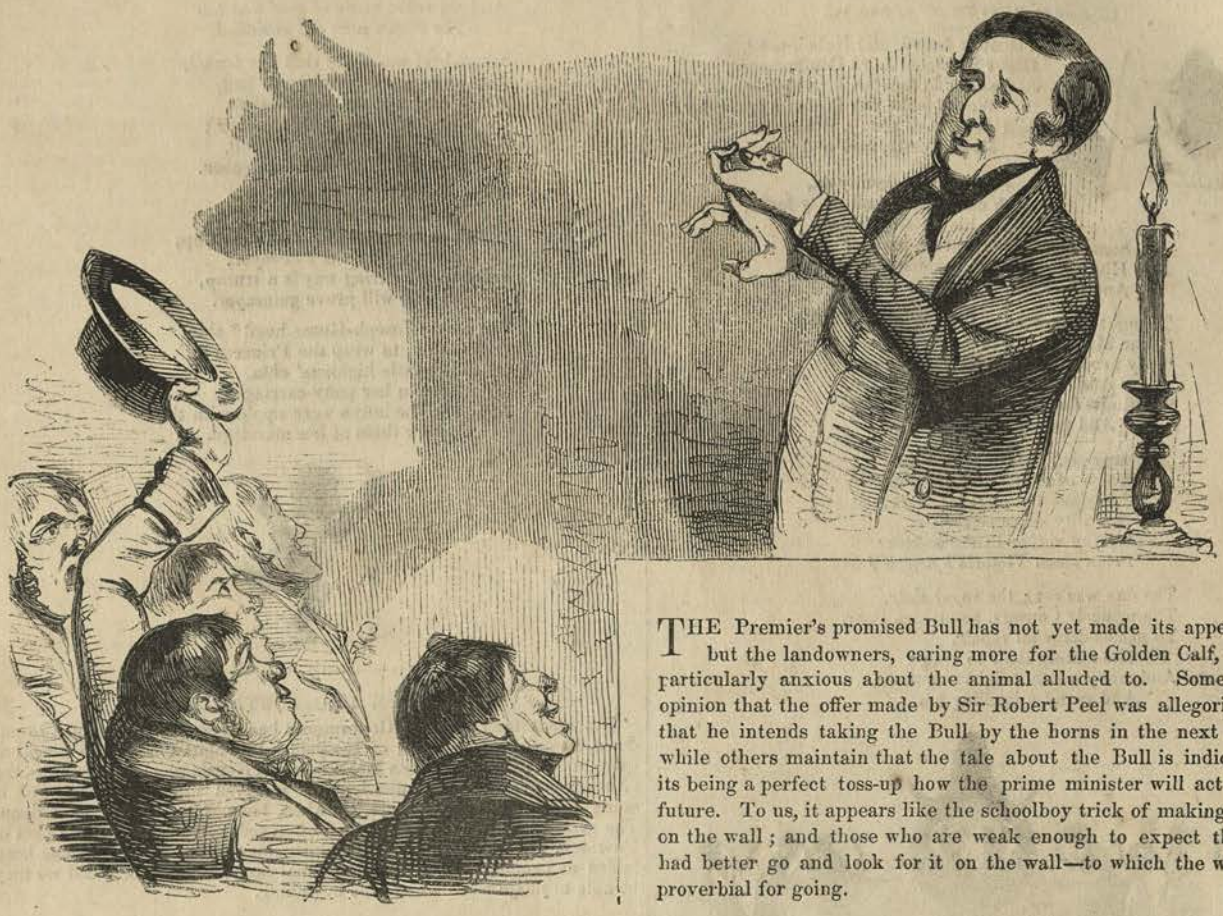
The closing of Alderman Gibbs' accounts.
A Dividend on the Waterloo Bridge Shares.
The riveting of the first chain of the Hungerford Suspension Bridge.

Literary Intelligence.

The new novel of the "Perils of Beauty," has suggested to Lord W. Lennox a tale in three volumes, to be called the "Security of Ugliness."

* Our authority simply calls it "a peculiar description of hair of a black and white colour," adding parenthetically, "*piebald*," which latter epithet, it is submitted with great deference, is inapplicable to the species. Perhaps it were difficult to assign a precisely adequate epithet to this peculiar mixture of black and white. The Honourable Member for Montrose will, we are sure, acknowledge the high compliment of comparing him with so noble an animal, even should he fail of being convinced that the mixture in question is the true Joe-Hume black and white.

SIR ROBERT PEEL AND HIS PRESENTATION BULL.



THE Premier's promised Bull has not yet made its appearance; but the landowners, caring more for the Golden Calf, are not particularly anxious about the animal alluded to. Some are of opinion that the offer made by Sir Robert Peel was allegorical, and that he intends taking the Bull by the horns in the next session, while others maintain that the tale about the Bull is indicative of its being a perfect toss-up how the prime minister will act for the future. To us, it appears like the schoolboy trick of making rabbits on the wall; and those who are weak enough to expect the Bull, had better go and look for it on the wall—to which the weak are proverbial for going.

WHEN Peel, to his tenants, declared his intent
To look out for a Bull, to secure him his rent—
And avowed for that purpose he'd spare no expense,
He spoke, to be sure, like a man of good sense.
But the question occurs, to what quarter he'd turn
For one that should double the wealth of the churn?

In Ireland, we know, he could find them at will;
But they 're not of the sort that bring grist to the mill.
What, then, is the scheme of this wonderful man,
To meet the demands of his rent-paying clan?
Why, to keep up high prices, (and full well they knew it,)
And *John* is the *Bull* that is destined to do it.

PRIVATE CORRESPONDENCE.

PUNCH has received the following letter, of which he will only say, that being rather *high-shouldered* himself, it gave him such a turn as to make him postpone, *sine die*, a projected jaunt to Windsor.

"SUR,—About that ere Hindian Hox or Bramin Bull as were kild down at Windser, wats yure sentiments? For my part can only say he were not more cut up nor I were at sich a Waste of Nateral History. A regler Phinumenon, with a Scientifficle Name and all, namely Zebu alias Boss Tauris Alias Hindicus, and a purdigus fine specimen of the Specious with a remarkable Ump, and all together quite a Site for the admirers of Creation. And arter voyagin thowsands and thowsands of leagues by see and land, and freight and passage and Wittles besides, witch even as a Stearage Passinger wood cum heavy, to be cut up into Lines and Stakes and Jints and sitterer, like common Beef at 4 shilling a stone sinkin the Hoffal! Thats wat I call Real Murder. Particklу to reflect he mite have been presented to the Zological Gardens. But he needn't have been giv away at all. Theres menny as wood have cum down handsum for Him, let alone Mister Cross of the Surry. For exampel meself whom wood have giv seventy Pound down for Him, and took his Wan at a Wallyation, as a capital Addition to my Managery. Wat signifide his bein Feroshus? Not a brass Farden. The more wishuser the better, At least for a Show. Wat made the Royal Bengal Tiger so popla! Cos he ate up Sur Hecter Munro. And wat made the Lioniss sich a fust Faverit with the Publick? Cos she atacked the Xeter male. I wunce had a Leppard meself as noboddy wood look at Till he had kild his Keeper. Thems facts. Whereby if so be the Holy Bull had gored summun, the more Wallyble, particklу wun of the Royal Sweet, a Hequerry or the like, to make a Featur in the Bills. Any hows it were an unproffitable and unpollitick Hact to kill sich a Sacred Hanimal like a common unholy Scotch Beast. For in course you know the Bramin Bulls cums from the East Hinges, ware he is looked up to by the Natives as a reglar Saint, whereby to kill him for food wood be reckoned the hite of himpiousness, and not sich good meat as our own cattel arter all. To be shure if so be there had been no other Beef for the pallis Beef-Eaters mite be sum Xcuse but witch were by no means the case, bein no less than three thousand three hundred head at Smithfield Markit last Mundy and went off dull. So it warn't Starwation. No, but a complete Sackrifize of a Hannimal as wood have dun creddit to an Hexibition and wuth a duzzen bullox without Umps and witch is never washupped by Noboddy. Thinks I wen I red it, wat will Lord Combermeer say, and wat will the Hindooses say, And wat will the Bramins say, Not to name Sir Ram Jam Jibbedehoy! But thats

PRINCE ALBERT THE BRITISH FARMER.

"Prince Albert has turned his attention to the promotion of agriculture, and if you have seen, as most probably you have, an account of the sale of Prince Albert's Stock, and the prices they fetched, I have not the slightest doubt you will give one cheer more to PRINCE ALBERT AS A BRITISH FARMER."—*Sir Robert Peel's Speech at Tamworth, October* 2, 1843.

not the wust. Wen the Gates of Sam North was carried off there was grate misgivins about shockin the religus prejuddices of the Natives; but wat I ax wat could shock and agrivate em more, then Butcherin wun of their Holy Bulls with a sackreligus Pole-Hacks. Its werry true he were cut up by no less than a Halderman of Windser, but even that falls fur short of Divine Honners. Arter that I say, wat can we look for xcept a general uprisin of the Hindooses, and a new War maybe with Hackbar Can and Dusty Mahommet? At the werry least the Natives will look to us for sum sort of a tonement, and praps stickin one of our own religus hanimals by way of hexpiation. And as we have nun such except Bishups and Wickers and the like, wats to be dun then? For in course the Windser Halderman wont like to cut up a Rite Reverend. So there we are flummoxt at wunce. Howsumever its too late now to recall, has his Ump have been pickled for the Royal tabel. Thems my sentiments—and as I said afore whats yourn, tho having the same sort of Growing out on yure back you will naturally simperthise with the Poor hanimal. I am Sur Your humbel Servant,

RICHARD SAMMINS,
Royal Managery, Commercial Road.

POLISH BALL AND CONCERT.

HIS annual eleemosynary *fête* was held in Guildhall at a very early hour on Friday morning last, and was most numerously attended—the large assembly proving their energy in the cause of charity by being up and moving some hours before the most industrious artisan had risen to his work.

The doors of the Hall were, however, thrown open at eight o'clock on the previous evening, at which hour one rash visitor arrived, and passed two pleasant hours of quiet and undisturbed reflection, in company with Gog, Magog, and the lamp-lighter. He was followed by several other guests in the characteristic costume of the city police, who paraded in the ante-room. After this the inspector, in full dress, with embroidered cuffs and collar, took his station at the grand entrance, to preserve order amongst the unruly mob outside, to whom he displayed his high dress manners, or uniform demeanour, keeping the crowd in great good humour until the company began to arrive, when each visitor was greeted with the cheers of the boys, who lined the pavement. Mr. Sheriff Moon graciously acknowledged the compliment with his usual affability as he alighted from the Cab, No. 1227, where he was received by the driver, who presented an address, praying for the additional fourpence over his fare from Finsbury Circus.

As the tickets stated eight as the hour of meeting, of course the company did not arrive until twelve. This change of time has been progressing each year; and after a few more anniversaries, they will get on until the next night. This point we recommend the committee to look to, or what between public clocks and private arrangements, time in London will be altogether lost.

The Concert, which commenced the amusements, took place in the Council Chamber; and it was here that the principal singers were received by our Sheriff, that interesting conjunction of the stars and Moon, which terminated at 12h. 20m. A.M., and was invisible at Greenwich. This portion of the entertainments was one of long standing, principally arising from the paucity of chairs; and the dense crowd round the piano fully proved that the different *artistes* engaged were unapproachable in their respective situations.

By one o'clock the Hall was completely filled; or, more especially in the case of the galoppe, running over. The prevailing fancy costume was the military, which made the number of "city martials" rather imposing: and their gallant bearing in forcing the passage to the refreshment table was the theme of much discussion.

M. Jullien, the conductor of the Orchestra Omnibus, was all that could be desired: he presented a most animated impersonation of the little man who conducts the band on the top of street-organs, where a grand ball is represented, turning half round, and jerking up and down with diverting zeal.

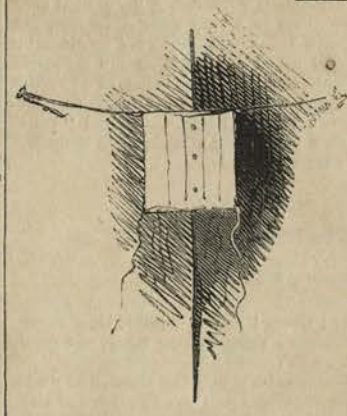
As the sun was very nearly rising, Sheriff Moon thought it was time to set, and was soon in perihelion for his home. The common councilmen next left the Hall, then the company went out, and, lastly, the gas. Every body appeared delighted: so much so, that if it be true charity begins at home, it is pretty certain that she generally must end somewhere else to be successful.

Elopement Extraordinary.

WE understand that the Earl of Pomfret's mare eloped with him on the 9th inst., in Nuneham Park.

HOW TO KEEP A THING A PROFOUND SECRET.—Advertise it in the *Morning Post.*

A NATIONAL BLESSING.



HE announcement, we are sure will be pleasing to our readers, that measures have been taken to remedy the woful state of ignorance in which "THE REPORT OF OUR SELECT COMMITTEE ON EDUCATION" has shown the "Young Ladies" of the metropolis, and we fear the Kingdom at large, to be plunged. A college has been established, and we have been favoured with a copy of the prospectus, which we have great pleasure in giving to our readers. We can only hope that the young institution will be fostered and patronised by the anxious parents of the rising generation, and that we may no longer be obliged to hear such touching statements as that in the case of Miss Mary Ann Walker, who, when examined before the Committee, deposed, "that she was ignorant of the price of yellow soap;" and that in which Miss Somers declares, shocking as it may seem, "that she knew not how to make an apple dumpling."

ROYAL DOMESTICATING COLLEGE FOR YOUNG LADIES.

PATRONISED BY

Her Majesty the Queen,

THE QUEEN DOWAGER,
AND THE REST OF THE ROYAL FAMILY.

Professor of Plain Washing . .	Miss SUSAN STUBBS, from an eminent establishment.
Professor of getting up Fine Things	Miss MATILDA DAUBERN, from the Royal Laundries.
Professor of Ironing	Miss BIDDY CALLAGHAN, from the Laundry of the Prince of Wales.
Professor of the Italian Iron .	Signora FLANAGANI, from the principal continental cities of Europe.
Professor of Housemaid's Work .	Miss BETTY SLOP, from the families of the principal nobility.

Lectures on the following interesting subjects will be delivered by eminent Professors.

On the Economy of Soap and Soda, with remarks on the Use of Potash.
On the Utility of Joint Oil and Elbow Grease, as applied to the polishing of Furniture.
On the Advantages of "Chubb's Patent Locks," as applied to Larders and Pantries.
On the prejudicial effects of the visits of Cousins from the Country on Housemaids in particular, and Plain Cooks in General.
On the Utility of SAVE-ALLS, and their effects upon the price of Kitchenstuff.

It is likewise contemplated to institute a class for the study of "policemen, as connected with area gates, with their influence on larders and cold mutton," for which purpose names will be received at the office of the College.

N.B.—Linen washed on moderate terms. A mangle will be provided.

THE ROYAL HARE HUNT.

PRINCE ALBERT having expressed his intention to hunt, a very gentlemanly hare, in a most comfortable state of corpulency, was turned out, and took a stroll across a field, followed at a leisurely pace by Prince Albert, the Duke de Nemours, and several gentlemen. Puss having waddled along for about a mile and a half, sat coolly down in the most obliging manner, and was at once caught; when Prince Albert, cutting off the tip of the tail, enclosed it in an envelope, and sent it off to the Queen as "the brush"—being the first of a gallery of sporting trophies which he purposes collecting. The hare itself was sent off to the Castle, with directions to have it instantly "jugged" for the royal dinner table!

THE PRINCE OF WALES.

IT is stated in the papers, that if the Prince of Wales goes for his health to Brighton, two companies of grenadiers will be sent to attend on his Royal Highness. *Punch* begs leave to propose that the company of his own Granny-dear—the Duchess of Kent of course—would be far more conducive to the Prince of Wales's comfort and convalescence.

NOMINATION OF SHERIFFS.

It seems that her Majesty has been lately performing the annual ceremony of pricking for the sheriffs. This is a very ancient custom, and originated thus:—The office of sheriff being one requiring considerable courage, Queen Elizabeth sportively asked Essex, then the favourite, which was the best test of personal valour. Essex being in a sportive mood, playfully took the Queen's hand, and happened to receive a puncture in the finger from her Majesty's ruffle. Essex exclaimed "Oh!" when the Queen said, "Ah, that shall be the test of a sheriff's courage." And the sheriffs were pricked for ever afterwards.

GENTS.

(Suggested by the Frontispiece of *Punch's Pocket Book*; and the Poem of "Birds," in the *New Monthly Magazine*.)

ENTS! Gents! ye are horrible things
With your slang-looking coats, and gaudy rings:
Where shall a gentleman wander or dwell,
Horrible Gents, but ye come there as well?
Ye swarm at the theatres' half-price to the slips,
And think that your style doth all others eclipse;
With glaring handkerchiefs tied round your neck,
And coarse common trowsers of violent check;
Ye fall the best prey to the cheap tailor's lures,
Whose pitiful doggrel your custom procures.
Horrible Gents, ye come thickly around
Wherever flash manners and habits are found;
Ye flourish in force when the shutters are up,
And think singing taverns good places to sup.

* * * *

Pilgrim, say, who was it found
A ready pathway to the hill
Over Gravesend's town renown'd,
Christen'd from the windless mill!
Tired and hungry friends had failed,
"Tea with shrimps" was their intent:
But thy presence there was hailed
By the dashing Sunday Gent!

* * * *

Mariner! mariner! speed 'st thou on
From lively Folkestone to Boulogne,
(Or, if thou lov'st the word to coin
In foreign accent, to Bouloyne)
Or travel'st else, in homely sphere
To Woolwich from the Brunswick Pier;
Much thou 'lt tell when thou gett'st on shore,
Of that part of the boat which is called the "fore,"
From whence cheroots give forth a cloud

Which abaft the funnel is not allow'd;
And the tobacco's noisome scents
Comes from the mob of holiday Gents.
Out on the river, leagues away,
Saileth the dense and filthy fume,
The passengers cough—but what care *they?*—
They are free as the cloud, and out for the day,
They have money enough for a dozen to pay,
And leaves of the cabbage they can consume.

* * * *

Up in the morning, ere the calls
Of duns begin to bore him,
The huntsman hies to "The Three Magpies,"*
But the Gent is there before him.
He sings as he thinks he cuts a dash,
In a three pound coat attired;
But the scarlet is free from stain or splash,
And the horse for the day is hired.
He rides o'er the dogs, and he tries a leap,
And drops in the ditch behind him;
Oh, the Gent's lament is loud and deep,
But the sportsmen never mind him.

Horrible Gents! they have coupled thy names
With cheap gaudy things in the bright window frames.
We have "Gent's newest Berlin," and "Gent's Opera Ties,"
With "Gent's Patent Alberts"—unnumber'd supplies.
The slop-selling clothesman has blouses quite rife,
For "Gents" who are leading "a business life;"
And similar objects are everywhere vended,
For Gents—not for Gentlemen—always intended.

Dismal attempters! upbraid ye I must,
Oh! where is the eye but is dulled with disgust
As it watches your trimmings—your cut-away coats,
The pins in your bosoms, and stocks at your throats.
Oh! I would not wish, as the old ballads sing,
To be fairy or butterfly—rich man, or king:
I only would pray that the Fates might consent
To save me from ever becoming A GENT!

Parliamentary.

PUNCH begs to submit the annexed form of Petition to the serious consideration of all Members of Parliament.

To the Honourable the Commons of the United Kingdom, in Parliament assembled.

THE HUMBLE PETITION OF ——, M.P.

SHEWETH,

That your Petitioner has frequently, to his great personal inconvenience, slept many successive nights on the benches of your Honourable House, lulled by debates, and waiting a division.

That your Petitioner has ever observed, that the moment any question is proposed to the House, every honourable member has already made up his mind which way he will vote, and every other member knows which way that will be.

That there never has been known an instance of any honourable member, after hearing or sleeping through a debate, or waiting the end without doing either, voting otherwise than as he had determined to vote before the debate began.

That your Petitioner has, therefore, often thought that it would be a great relief to honourable members if they were allowed to give their vote on every question before the debate upon it began, and that such as pleased be then allowed to go quietly home.

That your Petitioner purposed to have proposed this as a standing order, but that the erection of new Houses of Parliament gives opportunity for a still better arrangement.

YOUR PETITIONER THEREFORE HUMBLY PRAYS,

That instead of one house only, in which to assemble the Commons, there be, in the new building, two houses,

That of these houses, one be appropriated to speaking and the other to voting,

That the business in both houses proceed simultaneously,

That whenever the house of voting shall have got through the business of the session, it shall be competent to her Majesty to prorogue them without necessarily proroguing the house of speaking, who shall be at liberty to sit as long as they please,

That any member wishing to make a speech, and not finding opportunity, may, after ten days' vain endeavour to be heard, deposit his intended speech, in writing, with the door-keeper, and the same shall thereupon be deemed to have been spoken, and shall be printed, at the member's expense, and a copy sent to every newspaper in the United Kingdom, to be by them inserted, as soon as may be, either in the report of the debate to which it belongs, or of some other.—And your Petitioner, &c.

* The Three Magpies, an inn on the western road, of hunting celebrity.

Foreign Intelligence.

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT REALLY.

Athens.

My dear Mr. Punch,—Well, we are in Athens at last! We came here in one of the French steam-boats, which charge double what an English boat would take for the same distance; but then, as my husband says, they take double the time about it, which is very true. We had the advantage also of changing boats three times from Marseilles to Athens, which we were very glad of, expecting an improvement, but we were disappointed.

Well, to be sure, as a very sensible author somewhere remarks, we learn more of a country in five minutes when one is in it, than all one's life if one never reads anything about it; and I can assure you this is the case with me. I shall not give you a correct description of Sira, because we were there in the dark, and only saw the French Consul and steam-boat agent, two ugly little men who seemed to be in a great fuss about nothing—and now, my dear *Mr. Punch*, I will ask you whether you ever saw a Frenchman with a pair of well-made trousers! I never did; and it is very curious that they are all pot-bellied.

We had beautiful weather from Sira to Piray, only that it blew a violent gale, which I understood came all the way from Constantinople; and I am told, that before steamers were established, vessels sometimes were several years detained by this wind, putting them to great straits at the Dardanelles. As we approached Piray we could distinctly see Athens, with a heathen church on the top of Mount Acropolis, called the Parthenon. We could also see King Otho's oil-cloth manufactory, but it is not so handsome a building as some of ours.

Piray is one of the harbours of Athens; (Athens itself having none, as it is on a hill,) and the French call it Piray, though the modern name is Piræus; but the French change all the names of places to suit their own language; and the Italians are still worse, for they call Leghorn, Livorno, and Naples, Napoli.

As we arrived at noon and the weather was very hot, we determined on visiting the various remains at Piræus at once, not to have to do it at any other time. We next pulled across the harbour, which is not very wide, and

BOREING FOR WATER.

large vessels can only anchor in the middle; but the King of Bavaria, who has governed Greece for some time, is having the harbour filled in with rubbish all round, so that the large vessels in the middle will soon be alongside the quay. Having visited all the remarkable edifices at Piræus, of which there are none but the king's boat-house and a number of low taverns, we hired a carriage to take us to Athens; and I am sorry to say, that I at once discovered on this occasion that my husband, who pretends to know Greek, and spent fourteen years of his life studying nothing else, could no more make himself understood than I could. The consequence was, that we got into a carriage without springs; but it did not signify much, as the King of Bavaria, who seems a sensible sort of man, has made a road to Athens on which there is so much dust, that it is soft and comfortable in any conveyance.

On entering the olive grove I was much surprised to see such small trees, as my husband had already informed me that this grove was famed three thousand years ago, yet some of the trees do not appear more than two or three years old; a peculiarity, I presume, of the climate. My husband said, that Mr. Plato used to keep an academy for young gentlemen in this neighbourhood; but I inquired of our guide, who spoke English, and he said the academy was kept by Mr. Masson, a Scotchman.

To the right of Athens, beyond the grove, is a mountain, of which the modern name is Hemettus. My husband asked me, why a man who had just passed us was like the mountain? and then told me because *he met us;* at which we both laughed very much, as it was quite a new riddle, which no one had ever thought of before.

When we got to Athens I really was delighted; for though I had heard a great deal of the ruins, I never expected to see so many; indeed, every other house is a ruin, and those that are not yet tumbled down, I dare say will very soon do so. My husband pointed to a church called the Temple of Theseus; but I did not think much of it, as it wanted white-washing, and had no steeple.

And now, my dear *Mr. Punch*, I will take my leave of you for the present; and when I have been here two or three days, I will write to you all about the politics, laws, customs, and manners of the natives; as at present I cannot attempt to furnish you with any correct account of matters that require deliberate examination. Indeed, I must tell you, that my husband is very angry with me for writing to you at all; and says I should leave such nonsense to Lady Londonderry and Lady Francis Egerton, and such silly people, and not disgrace the name of Jones, (we are related to the Joneses of Middlesex,) but I don't mind him.

Yours ever, Jane Jones.

PUNCH'S COMPLETE TOAST-MASTER.

In consequence of the difficulty generally experienced by persons at public dinners in proposing toasts and returning thanks, *Punch* begs leave to give the following hints on the subject.

A form for proposing the Queen.

"Gentlemen,—I am about to propose a toast in which, I am sure, all will concur. We will, if you please, drink the Queen; and may she never forget ——."

The filling up of this sentence depends, of course, very materially on the company that the toast is proposed in. What her Majesty is hoped "never to forget," must necessarily be contingent on the politics of the persons present. If it is a Conservative dinner the speech should finish thus—— "and may she never forget the principles that placed the House of Brunswick on the throne."

If the entertainment be of a Whiggish complexion, the speaker proposing the Queen's health should finish with a hope, that "she will never prove oblivious of the salubrious fact—that the best guarantee for the security of the throne is the liberty of the subject."

If, on the other hand, the spread be a right down radical arrangement—if the Queen's health should be drunk at all, it should only be in connection with a jog to the royal memory, as to "a wise and virtuous sovereign" being "the first servant of a free people."

When a professional toast is given, it will be advisable to hang on some individual present as a sort of pretext for proposing it. Thus, if a young barrister may happen to form one of the guests, "the bar" should not be given without his name being mentioned in conjunction with it. The following form is strongly recommended for public dinners:—

"Gentlemen,—I believe we have amongst us to-night an individual belonging to a profession which may truly be called noble—for many have been ennobled by belonging to it. When I say that I allude to the bar, I am sure you will concur with me in the eulogy I have just passed upon it; but when I add that the individual to whom I refer is Mr. Barnacle, who, if not yet wearing the judicial ermine, is not *fur* from it—excuse the joke, gentlemen, about ermine and fur—when I say that I allude to that rising ornament of his profession, I am sure you will concur with me in drinking to the health of Mr. Barnacle and the British Bar."

The following form is recommended for returning thanks to the above:

"Gentlemen,—Overwhelmed as I am at this moment, no less with my own insignificance than with the greatness of the honour which you have just done to a noble profession of which I am a most humble member, I can only say that if I had the eloquence of a Thurlow, the perspicuity of a Hardwick, the grace of a Hatton, the warmth of an Erskine, the coolness of a Brougham, the zeal of a York, the flow and fervour of a Fleta, the brilliancy of a Bracton, the gushing glowiness of a Glanvil, or the pith of a Petersdorff—had I all these—and perhaps a little more than all these—I might be able to express the sense I entertain of the compliment you have just paid me. Gentlemen, I thank you from the inmost recesses of my uttermost soul. Gentlemen, allow me, in my own name, and in the name of the bar, once more to thank you."

A form for proposing the Navy:—

"Gentlemen,—I believe you are all pretty well aware that this country owes all its greatness to its maritime supremacy. I am sure there is not a British bosom that does not bound with enthusiasm when he hears the name of the Navy. Gentlemen, I will not say another word, but at once give you the "Wooden Walls of Old England."

The above are a few specimens of speeches for public dinners, and we shall conclude by adding a few sentiments:

"May the hand that helps never be without a pocket to fly to."

"Wellington—and may the boot-jack that is to take our Wellington off be far distant."

"Let us toast our friends in their absence, but never roast them unless they are present to defend themselves."

"Magna Charta—may we put it under our pillows at night, and read it to our children in the morning."

In Suspense.—The *Illustrated News* says—"The cold weather has set in so sharp at Paris that all the public buildings are *suspended*." If a similar frost were to set in at London, what a capital thing it would be for the Hungerford Suspension Bridge!

THE NELSON COLUMN DRAMA.

THE earliest announcements of the late Covent Garden management, was a piece entitled "Trafalgar Square, or the Nelson Monument," which our readers may recollect seeing underlined. We have obtained the following slight information respecting it. The drama is described as "a grand architectural and historical burletta," in two acts; and the prologue was to have been spoken by Mr. Widdicomb, as *Time*. The two acts comprise the commencement and completion, and a lapse of twenty years is supposed to take place between them, in which time "the boy," who is the principal character, becomes a middle-aged man. The following speech is very fine. The boy inquires of the mason when the column will be finished, who replies, in an interval of the steak banquet, which they are enjoying together :—

Mason. I 've asked that fearful question of the stars,
Who wink responding—of the Board of Works,
Whose works have bored us—of the misty moon
Towards whose lodgings after years of toil
We rise no nearer. All were still, but now,
Whilst gazing on the grateful steak of beef,
Sent up to form our capital repast,
And cheer us in our lonely solitude,
I hope the best—the best can hope no more.
'Twill rise, like college honours, by degrees,
And to our limbs a pillar be of ease :
Our hearts are warm—although upon the frieze.

The following duet is also introduced by the boy and the man in the second act :—

BOY.

I remember, I remember,
When I was a little boy,
On the column in November
I was given some employ.

I help'd the man to build it,
And we labour'd hard and long,
But the granite came up slowly,
For we were not very strong,

I remember, I remember,
How we raised its form on high,
With one block in December
And another in July.

BOTH.

We remember, we remember,
When St. Martin's bells were rung
In the laying of the first stone, for
We both were very young.

But weary years have past, now,
Since we our work begun ;
We fear we shall not last, now,
To see our labour done.

We remember, we remember,
But we heard it on the sly,
'Twon't be finish'd next November
Nor the subsequent July.

New Standard Work.

THE Society for the Confusion of Useless Knowledge has announced a new Biographical Dictionary, which is to contain the lives of all those persons who have never been heard of.

A Lucky Escape.

THE *New York Herald*, in talking of Doctor Lardner, says "He has been abused by 116 American papers." He ought to think himself fortunate that he was not praised by them !

Wonderful Discovery.

ALDERMAN GIBBS *has found a receipt ! ! ! !*

WE understand that Messrs. Grisell and Peto have been applied to, on the part of the American Government, to send out thirty thousand tons of whitewash to Pennsylvania.

THE CHEMIST TO HIS LOVE.

I LOVE thee, Mary, and thou lovest me.
Our mutual flame is like th' affinity
That doth exist between two simple bodies:
I am Potassium to thine Oxygen.
'Tis little that the holy marriage vow
Shall shortly make us one. That unity
Is, after all, but metaphysical.
O, would that I, my Mary, were an acid,
A living acid ; thou an alkali
Endow'd with human sense, that, brought together,
We both might coalesce into one salt,
One homogeneous crystal. Oh ! that thou
Wert Carbon, and myself were Hydrogen ;
We would unite to form olefiant gas
Or common coal, or naphtha—Would to Heaven
That I were Phosphorus and thou wert Lime !
And we of Lime composed a Phosphuret.
I'd be content to be Sulphuric Acid,
So that thou mightst be Soda. In that case
We should be Glauber's salt. Wert thou Magnesia
Instead, we'd form the salt that's named from Epsom.
Could'st thou Potassa be, I Aqua-fortis,
Our happy union should that compound form,
Nitrate of Potash—otherwise Saltpetre.
And thus, our several natures sweetly blent,
We'd live and love together, until death
Should decompose the fleshly *tertium quid*,
Leaving our souls to all eternity
Amalgamated. Sweet, thy name is Briggs
And mine is Johnson. Wherefore should not we
Agree to form a Johnsonate of Briggs ?
We will. The day, the happy day, is nigh,
When Johnson shall with beauteous Briggs combine.

SOME coins, upwards of 1800 years old, are advertised in Great Russell-street for sale. We understand they were presented to Widdicombe by the Emperor Tiberius, for his performances in the Circus.

A RIVAL TO MR. GRANT.—The papers say "Mount Ætna for the last month has been giving out *volumes of smoke.*"

Query. Who amongst the ancients was the most stingy ?——*Answer.* Archimedes ; he invented and taught the art of *screwing.*

Theatre Royal Covent Garden.

MR. H. I. WALLACK

Begs leave most respectfully to announce, that his Benefit, fixed for last Monday three weeks, and subsequently unfixed by the fix in which he was placed by the conduct of his company, has been again fixed for Monday the 20th ; but he begs leave respectfully to unfix it once more, in order that the entertainments provided may be on a scale commensurate with the importance of the occasion.

Full particulars will be shortly announced ; but it may already be stated with confidence, that the

ORCHESTRA

will be on the same scale as usual.

THE DRAMAS

will be placed on the stage with all that, &c. &c., which has and ever will be, &c. under the present management of this

GREAT NATIONAL ESTABLISHMENT.

The lessee is happy to announce, that the

COMPANY

will consist of several ladies and gentlemen, whose names will appear in future bills.

Due notice will be given of the night when the Benefit will take place—and in the mean time tickets may be had at the usual places.

Shortly will be published, 2 vols. 8vo, a New Work, entitled

"FUTURE AND NEVER."

BY LORD W. LENNOX,

Author of Carlyle's "Past and Present," &c., &c.

Printed by Messrs. Bradbury and Evans, Lombard Street, in the precinct of Whitefriars, in the city of London, and published by Joseph Smith, of No. 53, St. John's Wood Terrace, Regent's Park, in the Parish of Marylebone, in the county of Middlesex, at the Office, No. 194, Strand, in the Parish of St. Clement Danes, in the county of Middlesex.—SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 25, 1843.

THE STORY OF A FEATHER.*

CHAPTER XXXVIII.—I AM LEFT IN CLIVE'S DRESSING-ROOM. A COLLOQUY WITH A HARE'S FOOT.

FAIN would I linger on the glories of the green-room; fain dwell upon the deliciousness of that fairy scene, in which men and women seemed exempt from all the cares, yea, from the bleak coldness of mere human life, making to themselves an existence of sweetest ease and happiest excitement. Malice, envy, and slander might be there; but, reader, say where they are not, and what an amaranthine bank that will be—what a half-way resting-place to heaven for human weariness! For my part, I was so happy smelling and plucking the roses about me that I never thought of the slugs and creeping things that might be at their roots. And then I had seen so much of high life—which I suppose means life nearest heaven—that I had become tolerant of the failings of those living in the lower stories and cellars of the world's Babel; poor things, in dimness dwelling! denied the elevating influence of the starry host, which rains down wise humility on the topmost tenants.

An actor is a creature of conceit. Such is the reproof flung upon poor buskin. How, indeed, is it possible that he should escape the sweet malady? You take a man of average clay; you breathe in him a divine *afflatus;* you fill him with the words of a poet, a wit, a humourist; he is, even when he knows it not, raised, sublimated by the foreign nature within him. Garrick enters as *Macbeth*. What a storm of shouts—what odoriferous breath in "bravos" seething and melting the actor's heart! Is it possible that this man, so fondled, so shouted to, so dandled by the world, can at bed-time take off the *whole* of *Macbeth* with his stockings? He is always something more than David Garrick, householder in the Adelphi. He continually carries about him pieces of greatness not his own; his moral self is encased in a harlequin's jacket—the patches from Parnassus. The being of the actor is multiplied; it is cast, for a time, in a hundred different moulds; hence, what a puzzle and a difficulty for David to pick David, and nothing more than David, from the many runnings! And, then, an actor by his position takes his draughts of glory so hot and so spiced—(see, there are hundreds of hands holding to him smoking goblets,)—that he must, much of his time, live in a sweet intoxication which, forsooth, hard-thinking people call conceit. To other folks, reputation comes with a more gentle, more divine approach. You, sir, have carved a Venus, whose marble mouth would smile paralysis from Nestor; you have painted a picture and, with Promethean trick, have fixed a fire from heaven on the canvas; you have penned a book, and made tens of thousands of brains musical with divinest humanity—kings have no such music from cymbals, sackbut, and psaltery,—and to each of you reputation comes silently, like a fairy, through your study key-hole; you quaff renown refined, cold-drawn; cold as castor-oil; and, sir, if you be a true philosopher, you will swallow it as a thing no less medicinal. Let me, however, get back to my story.

The play was over, and for the night I was left in Mrs. Clive's dressing-room. I had, I felt it, achieved the most complete stage triumph; and from the fullness of a contented soul, sighed gently, happily. My future path seemed to me a path of satin and spangles; and in the completeness of my success, all the sordidness and squalor of my past life faded into a dream; nothing to me seemed real but the glory of the present. Again I fetched a deeper and a deeper sigh.

"What 's all these airs about?" cried a coarse voice, with something of a rustic twang. I started, but in a moment discovered that the speaker was a hare's-foot, whose duty it was to touch the honest cheeks of Kitty Clive with stage-rouge. "I suppose you think yourself somebody?" said the hare's-foot. "Pretty conceit, indeed!"

As I felt myself no match for the speaker, I meekly replied that I had no intention of offending anybody by unseemly affectation; but that I hoped some indulgence might be granted me as a young beginner; the more especially, after the exciting events of the night. It was impossible, I humbly submitted, to receive so much applause, and not be a little moved.

"It's like the whole tribe of ye," cried the hare's-foot with a sneering laugh. "Applause to you! Where would the applause have been but for me? Why Kitty Clive would have looked a ghost, a spectre, a thing out of a shroud, but for my red! 'Twas I who gave something like youthful blood to her face and sparkle to her eye; and so have I helped her, year after year. Whilst you—what are you at the best but a supernumerary flourish; a thing that gives neither fire, nor expression, nor any other quality? But then, I own it, you are seen; you are a thing waving in the eyes of the world; and though, in my opinion, not worth a groat, you are gaped at and bepraised; whilst I, who give good gifts in secret, I am unthought of or despised."

Spite of my vanity, my conscience told me there was some truth in this. Hence, addressing the hare's-foot in the mildest manner, I begged to know if it had been long in the profession?

"I have painted every thing," replied the hare's-foot, "from *Juliets* down to the old women. Ha! no doubt you have sighed for the freedom of your African wilderness; you have yearned"—

"Yes," I answered hastily, "but never less than now. This life appears to me delicious. Indeed, I know no condition so blissful."

"Poor wretch!" cried the hare's-foot with a contemptuous groan. "Shall I ever forget the sweetness of my liberty? The fresh, perfumed dew that bathed my infant paws! My adult gambols by moonlight! The sweet spring-grass and beds of thyme—and sweeter felony committed upon early peas in kitchen-garden? Nights of my youth! Fragrant and nimble was the air around me, and freshness was in all my steps. Then was I guileless even to simplicity. I was slain, and from that hour I have been made an instrument of deception. Oh, the false paintings I have done! Oh, the cracked and faded human canvas I have daubed and daubed, and passed upon men for heaven's painting!"

There was an earnestness in these words that interested me. "How were you killed," I asked; "according to act of parliament, or—"

"No," cried the hare's-foot with much satisfaction, "I was not coursed, and worried, and torn to pieces according to the statute. No; I thank my stars, I was humanely poached. There might have been, in my case, more honour in dying by the laws of my country; but as far as I can conceive of the matter, snaring must be much less painful. Nevertheless," said the hare's-foot with a sudden touch of melancholy, "all my career has been mean and miserable. Would you think it? I was even cooked without gravy, and dished without currant-jelly."

An exclamation of sympathy suddenly escaped me.

"You have heard," continued the hare's-foot, "that I was poached? I believe I owed my death to an unsophisticated love of the English drama. Yes; Hodge Peastraw, lacking the price of admission to the barn of Biggleton, elevated for a time into a theatrical temple, took me as a mysterious present to Bellowly, the manager. Mr. Bellowly vaunted an everlasting devotion to the laws of his country; nevertheless, Mrs. Bellowly had, at the time, a strange mysterious yearning for hare, and the manager sacrificed the feelings of the patriot to the tenderness of the husband. Hodge gave me—poached and slaughtered *me*—to Bellowly; and Bellowly, who was that night to play Othello, gave Hodge an order for the show. Hence," added the hare's-foot with a slight laugh, "in the bargain that bartered me, there was murder on both sides."

"So your flesh," said I, "became a dinner to the manager's family, and Peastraw was never suspected?"

"Suspected!" cried the hare's-foot. "Mr. Bellowly took care of that, at the same time doing what was needful for his own dignity. He dropped a large blot of red sealing-wax upon my forehead, then writing an address to 'Achmet Bellowly, Esq., with the Lady of the Manor's admiring compliments,' tied the document to my hind-legs, and caused me to be delivered to him during rehearsal in the bosom of his whole company. Nevertheless, I was served up, I may say it, in undress; for the manager could not in private life rise to currant-jelly. I was eaten," said the hare's-foot with a sigh, "I was eaten without the honors."

"And your feet?" I asked.

"My fellow fore-paw was at once consigned to paint the heavy old men, and general utility. Fortune alone can tell what has become of it: but if there be anything in what the players call sympathy, I think it has sunk to the shows, for every year feel I strange low yearnings towards Bartlemy Fair."

"And yourself?" I asked. "What was your career, for you have strangely interested me."

"You are very kind," answered the foot, in a slightly satirical tone. "I became the property of Mr. Bellowly's little Belvidera. Poor little thing! She was killed for a genius."

"Pray explain," said I.

"You must know," said the hare's-foot, "that it has been ordered by nature—whether wisely or not I will not answer—that every manager who is a father, has a genius: that is, he possesses a wonderful child, who has been privately suckled by the Tragic Muse, and taught the witching ways of comedy by Thalia. Poor Belvidera was this doomed wonder. Hence I was set aside to rouge her little

* Resumed from page 156.

baby cheeks; to paint out the fresh hue of childhood—to overlay it with midnight red. Poor waxen puppet! She raved according to rote, she laughed a parrot laugh, she ogled, she simpered; she deformed the frank face of babyhood with the taught tricks of the woman; and grown fools applauded, and wondered, and cried a miracle! The marvel went on; and at length, Mr. Bellowly gave up, as he declared, a very flourishing circuit of barns—for no man more beautifully combined agriculture with the drama—to devote himself wholly to the interests of his darling Belvidera. And the daily wardrobe of Mr. Bellowly increased in lustre; and watch-and-chain, and rings, and other ornaments, which even philosophers, whilst they despise them, wear out of respect to the world, became the property of the devoted father: who, that no spot of the world might be denied the benefit of Belvidera's genius, would condescendingly exhibit it even in way-side inns, at taverns, clubs, in all places and before all societies. And the poor child was coaxed, and petted, and hot-suppered into a belief of its own greatness, and into the reality of a slow and mortal sickness. I felt its cheek, now hot and clammy, as night after night I was made to lay on more and more paint, and I was assured that the creature was laughing, and dancing, and mumming, every night nearer and nearer to its little grave. And still Mr. Bellowly would, in his blindness, expand his paternal chest, and play with his watch-chain, and pass his ring-encumbered hand athwart his chin, when the meanest and most stolid biped fraction of the world would speak of that 'sweet little dear, his daughter;' to the which praise the manager would merely reply, 'he knew not how it was that heaven had blessed him, of all men, in that manner; but he was a happy father.'

"Time went on," continued the hare's-foot, "and Belvidera grew worse. The cough—that herald of the church-bell—seized her: nevertheless Mr. Bellowly declared 'twas nothing—merely symptomatic of the measles; and she couldn't have them in a better season. At this time the child played at a country theatre where Mrs. Clive acted. 'What think you, ma'am, of my darling Belvidera?' asked Bellowly. 'I think her,' said Kitty, in her sharp quiet way—for she cuts as silently as a pickpocket's knife—'I think her the cleverest corpse I ever thought to see.' 'Heavens! ma'am,' cried Bellowly. 'I tell you, man,' said Kitty, outcrying him, 'you'll have that child's blood upon your hands as surely as those rings her blood has bought.'

"Oh, there was a long to-do! At last Mrs. Clive persuaded Bellowly—and, as I think, not without hard money—to take the child from the stage. And she had the poor thing up to London, and sent doctors and physicians, and day after day would nurse her herself. But all would not do. The little waxen wonder wasted and wasted, and at length Bellowly aghast saw his infant miracle about to die.

"The little creature was meek, affectionate, intelligent. 'I shall die,' she said to Clive; 'I 'm sure of it—and oh, it is so strange, I do not seem to fear it. I wish you would let me give you something—it is the only thing that ever was mine. Don't look at it till I'm dead, but pray take it.'

"Clive, with her heart gushing at her eyes, dumb and strangling with emotion, suffered the child to place the gift in her hand.

"The child died. Clive opened the paper, and found the gift to be myself."

INTENDED ROYAL PROGRESS.

(FROM OUR OWN REPORTER.)

PRINCE ALBERT has given instructions to pack up the coat of his Windsor Uniform, his 11th Hussar trousers, and his Doctor of Civil Law's hat. Her Majesty takes a *sac de nuit* and a dressing-case.

At Staffordshire, the Queen and Prince Albert will visit the Potteries, and probably buy mugs with suitable inscriptions for the three children. We have seen a white one with a gold rim, inscribed "My Dear Boy," which will perhaps be selected for the Prince of Wales.

In Leicestershire, the royal party will visit the hosiery establishments, and perhaps buy in socks for the approaching winter.

The Spas at Derbyshire will, it is expected, furnish materials for the royal nursery chimney-piece.

At Nottingham, the Mayor and Town Council are making every preparation to receive her Majesty and suite. It is therefore expected that the royal party will not go there.

The draft copy of the Derby address has been already sent up to a celebrated law-stationer in Chancery-lane. It has been sent back to have a few repairs done to the grammar.

Punch's Million of Facts.

FACT, No. 1.—Twice two make four.

(To be continued weekly, till completed.)

JOBS FOR MEDICAL GENTLEMEN.

WE have lately observed a number of persons in the streets wearing green shades or black patches over one of their eyes.

For a long time, we were puzzled to account for this circumstance. Had the taste for pugilism revived? But many of the fair, no less than of the fistic sex, were thus disfigured; and among them there were several very nice-looking young ladies.

Was there a sort of influenza flying about, and was the public afflicted with a cold in the eye? If so, why was the disorder invariably confined to one eye—since any noxious principle in the atmosphere would probably have affected both? It was clear that there was something else than an epidemic in the wind.

We were about to form a fresh conjecture, when we received a letter, which at once opened our eyes. It came from a gentleman who had been injured in one of his own. He wrote to complain of the injury; which had been inflicted accidentally by a walking-stick.

When a walking-stick is examined, it is found, for the most part, to be armed at the farther end with a ferule, more or less pointed; and the like discovery will be made on inspecting an umbrella. The tip of the umbrella and walking-stick is thus defended to secure it against friction; both the one and the other being supposed to be carried perpendicularly, their extremities coming into contact with the pavement.

The fact, however, is, that it is very customary to carry them horizontally under the arm, their tips coming into contact with people's eyes.

Now, the point of the umbrella and the walking-stick is so fashioned, that when it does come into contact with an eye, it is very likely to put it out. The consequences, therefore, likely to follow from walking about the streets with such things under the arm, are obvious.

We congratulate the oculists on the prevalence of this practice. It must furnish them with numbers of patients. It is, however, a pity, that eyes should be absolutely destroyed, inasmuch as their serious injury merely would suffice for professional purposes, and its cure would redound to the credit of the practitioner.

We cannot quit this subject, without, in addition, congratulating the surgical profession generally on the state of the metropolitan thoroughfares. The obstructions occasioned by the improvements which are everywhere going on, must, on dark nights, and during fogs, give rise to an immense number of fractures and dislocations. A friend of our own tumbled, not long ago, one evening, over a heap of stones in Bedford Square. He bruised his knee and cut his hand severely; but being himself a surgeon, he let the injuries alone, and did perfectly well.

LIBEL ON THE THAMES.

WE have perceived with regret a libel on old Father Thames in several highly respectable newspapers. The venerable river has been charged with gross partiality in one of its recent overflows. The journals in question declare, that there was the other day "a partial overflow of the Thames." We have caused inquiries to be made, and find that the river behaved with considerable fairness, entering all the cellars and kitchens along the shore with the utmost impartiality.

It has been erroneously stated, that the publicans have expressed themselves dissatisfied with the conduct of the Thames; but the fact is, that the river, instead of causing a loss to the landlords, is, in reality, a gain, saving them the trouble and expense of watering their spirits at the usual period. An overflow of the Thames about a month before Christmas is always calculated upon by the publicans as a source of profit; and the various liquors are always placed beforehand in the cellars to receive the visit of the river with becoming openness. Gin always accords to the Thames a reception of the most cordial nature.

GOOD NEWS FOR THE WASTE-PAPER DEALERS.—The state of Pennsylvania intends issuing some more bonds at the earliest possible opportunity.

COMICOGRAPHY;

OR

THE HISTORY OF HUMOROUS WRITING.

1.—From Chaucer to the Spectator.

INTRODUCTORY PAGES.

Jokewrights, or *wags* as they are occasionally called, have always held a high place in the literature of the country. As long ago as the palmy days of Pompeii, there are proofs that an able editor only was wanting to start a Greek Punch (Ὁ ΠΥΝΧΟΣ) with much effect: as the cartoons on the walls exhibit. These were political jokes, similar to our equally durable pencillings, which are warranted two thousand years hence to be quite as fresh as at present. The Latins also boasted of several classical wags, although the point of their epigrams is sometimes difficult to discover. Our business is, however, more especially with our own language: and we will first speak of

The Early English, or Chaucerian Joke.

Chaucer flourished—a rare thing for poets to do at all times—towards the end of the fifteenth century. In his time it was considered a piece of exquisite humour to play off practical jokes upon the church, and those belonging to it. And on sport of this kind they would write a bit of fun as follows:—

Whan that this Dan had romed atte his wille
And gan speke on Tipperarie Hill
And sayde thus: Herkeneth if you lest,
Let see now who shal have the beste.
And whan Saxon preeste demaund tithes
Shall be ypaid with staffs and eke scythes,
And crie Out and Harrow, for the Nones
So that ye may not paie, but brake bones;
And for a geste ye make the preeste flie,
To siten down myself *par compagnie.*"

The Elizabethan Style

We may next take, in historical progression. This is an important era, as a book of smart sayings made its appearance about this time. It is called "a hundred merie tales:" and contains jokes of wondrous point, from which we select the following:—

"A litel geste of Sir W. Raulighe.

"Sir W. Raulighe, being knavishly inclyned, did come to be drunken of pale ayle betymes, near unto Nelsons pillar which was in progress. Ho (sayde the watch) where gost thou: Marry (saies Raulighe) I cannot telle: whereat they did take him to Bowe St. Harkee friend (cryed Walter) sayde I nott I knew not where I went! And so the Tippstaves laught at his readie wit and did release him. Wich I have heard accredited by an honeste gentleman."

From this, a few leaves of the chronicles being turned over, we arrive at

The Stewart Style,

Prevalent, and vastly popular about the latter end of the seventeenth century. This school was of an agreeable conceit, as will be seen. We take the following from *Pepys's Diary.*

"November 5.—To-day I did wear my wrapper of sad coloured Tweed, pleasant to behold; wherein my wife sayde I looked marvellously well. I did don my gossamer hat with the black band, and my new pourpoint of Corazza. And thus I did go gravely to the Mall, where Will Mercer did challenge me to play at odd man. I did win vjd., which made great sport."

In addition to this, from the Memoirs of the Anglo-Gallic Grammont, *alias* Hamilton—a great wag of his time, which was no mean distinction where everybody was wearing himself to death to say something clever, and there was no Punch to fire the train of their intellects like the spark of Armstrong's Electric Machine, through wooden shavings—we extract another joke of this comic period.

"La belle Jennings, ayant appris que le Roi devait dîner de *white-bait*, avec la Duchesse de Cleveland, à Greenwich, se mit dans la tête de les y joindre en costume de débardeur. Pour cela elle vint chez moi, me demander comment elle irait. Je lui dis de prendre le chemin de fer, et qu'elle arriverait plus tôt que par les bateaux à vapeur de *Waterman.* Elle suivit mon conseil, et les trouva à l'hôtel Trafalgar. La Castlemaine s'est fâchée tout rouge; mais le Roi dit, en souriant, 'C'est plûtot par gourmandise que par amour. que Jennings est venue.' L'histoire fut racontée à la Cour; on en rit beaucoup, et la Jennings fut appellée depuis *La belle gourmande.*"

From the ninth volume of the *Spectator*, which was never published, we extract the following light article, which appears to have reference to some character well known about town at the period:—

No. 636.] SATURDAY, JANUARY 1, 1715.

"Ubicumque Gentium."—Cic.

"Go where you will a gent you 're sure to meet."—Punch.

Cynthio is an individual whose physiognomy is familiar to all the taverns and playhouses of the metropolis. He affects the airs of a fine gentleman, as well as the dress, but has not the semblance of either in reality. Slang and witless noise is better understood by him than good English or politeness. His pretensions to distinction are small, but yet he bears himself as if the whole place belonged to him; and in every other circle but his own, is known as a gent,—a term of reproach—although, from his ignorance of its real meaning, the appellation is to him one of courtesy.

As the varieties of curs are distinguished by their paws, so is Cynthio usually recognised by his hands: the coarseness of which no means short of gloves will disguise. He smokes in public resorts; and would on no account quit the play without lighting a cheroot by the last gas-light on the stairs; nor in this does he demand the permission of the other visitors. The ring and turf are to him matters of the deepest moment; and he talks, in company, of fighting-men and horses as the most important topics. He also has language of his own—the appeasement of thirst he calls "a drain;" with him, anything super-excellent is "stunning;" an approximation to the prevailing style in the fashion of a garment, he denominates "the cheese;" and with him "a party" does not signify more than one. He is particular in strangely cut coats of stranger fabric, which he dignifies by aristocratic names; and when he walks abroad in them, in fashionable places, he affects to be doing what we express by a word synonymous with the gradual extension of bulk. But although my friend Will Honeycomb is particular in dress, he does not know the names of the coats in question; and yet we consider him as the finer gentleman of the two, as from polite manners he certainly must be.

WHEN I BEHELD MY LUGGAGE WEIGH'D.

Words not by Fitzball.—Music by Balfe.

When I beheld my luggage weigh'd,
Of duns no more I felt afraid,
But hail'd the *Harlequin* with glee,
That bore me from my debts and thee.
I watch'd the Pool and ships decline,
And knew I'd got them in a line;
Whilst Fancy threw her gaze upon
My lovely cottage near Boulogne!
I pictured those, who tried to trace
Where I had pitch'd my hiding-place;
I heard their wrath—the hopeless sigh,
That one wild man who "dimmed" his eye!
Till sickness dire, beyond control,
Resulted from the vessel's roll,
And brought me back to think upon
My lovely cottage near Boulogne!

Hungerford Suspension Bridge.

May has been at length appointed as the month during which this bridge *may* be opened. The first of April was originally suggested as the most appropriate; but the uncertainty implied in the term *May*, caused that agreeable month to be finally fixed upon. The proprietors only want 10,000 persons per day to pass over the bridge, in order to clear the expenses. If 10,020 should pass over, it is calculated that at a toll of a halfpenny each person, there will be a net profit of ten pence. It is thought by some, that the close competition at Waterloo, where the foot-toll is only one halfpenny, will render it advisable for the Hungerford Tariff to be lowered, so as to let the public pass at three a penny—like Ribstone pippins. This is a point, to decide which, there is to be a meeting of shareholders on the buttress: the scaffold—in default of a chair—is to be taken at low water precisely.

The Money Market.

Cash is said to be easy, which accounts for there being no hard cash to be got in any quarter. The Landlord's Passives would have been freely done by the Tenant's Actives, if the Government broker had not checked the operations by coming in at the clearing.

Herne Bay Scrip, with the new debenture on the old dividend, is nominally quoted at 0; but its real value has been ascertained to be 00, and there has since been one transaction at 000.

PUNCH'S PEERAGE OF THE PEOPLE,

AND GUIDE TO THE MOBILITY.

Sir E. L. Bulwer, in his play of *The Lady of Lyons*, speaks of certain "Noblemen of Nature" whose mention is invariably hailed with "bravos" from the gallery, the occupants of which are no doubt something in the nature of the noblemen alluded to. A peerage of these "Noblemen of Nature" is a desideratum in the genealogical literature of the country, and *Punch* therefore begs leave to propose filling up the gap in a manner of which the following may be considered a fair specimen.

Soames, Bill.—Barren of Honesty in St. James's, and Prince of Good Fellows, in St. Giles's. Born in the year 1820; and was called to the Upper House—the House of Correction, on Mount Pleasant, in the year 1829.

Sykes, Ned or Edward—was elevated to the Early doom, or Earldom of Brixton, in the year 1840, and subsequently to the County (prison). The Sykes arms have always been a bludgeon dexter, and a skeleton key sinister. Supporters, a policeman guardant, and a buck collared and chained. Motto, *Semper paratus*.

Tomkins, Peter—was born in 1825, and is the seventeenth of the house—a lodging-house—to which he belongs. He carried the birch broom at the coronation of William The Fourth, and again at that of her present Majesty. Arms; a hand rampant at a carriage-window, argent. Motto; *Secate viam*, Cut a way.

BALLET OF "LADY MACBETH."

Tuesday, Nov. 21.

My very dear Punch,—I was much struck to-day by a suggestion put forth by *The Times* in its notice of *Le Diable Amoureux*. That journal states, that the only chance of getting a five-act tragedy performed, is to omit the whole of the dialogue, and give the heroine to a *première danseuse*. From the general tenor of the paragraph, I do not suppose that such a course is really recommended; but that the intention is merely to convey a notion of the fallen state of the literary drama. Nevertheless I have chosen, of my own free will, to interpret the suggestion sincerely; and, acting upon it, have, in a very few hours, constructed a ballet on the tragedy of Macbeth, the plan of which I inclose you; though I warn all managers, from Mr. Lumley to the proprietor of the "Royal Albert," that the acting copyright is still my own: and that if they wish to play my ballet, as doubtless they will, they must "come down" handsomely.

I have conceived the *ballet* to be sustained by the artists of her Majesty's Theatre; but the manager who brings it out will, of course, adapt it to his own company. Macbeth I originally intended to make a mere pantomime part, and to have given him to Coulon. However, I afterwards thought better of it,—considering pantomime business but "slow" work—and have given him to the first male dancer, St. Leon. Cerito is Lady Macbeth; and, as the lady is the important personage in a *ballet*, she, and not her husband, gives the name to the piece. In the same spirit, I have given her much of the "business" originally assigned to Macbeth himself.

Truly yours, An Ancient Friend.

PLAN OF THE BALLET.

The first scene represents a landscape with a set bridge at the back, and Macbeth's castle to the right. Lady Macbeth is discovered reclining on one of those banks, formed by wrapping a sofa in a piece of painted canvas, looking pensive on account of the absence of her husband. The *corps de ballet* (female) attired in white muslin, and with elegant tartan scarfs, endeavour in vain to console her. Military music is heard; and Macbeth, with Duncan and Banquo, and a troop of Scotch soldiers, cross the bridge. A great deal of embracing, introducing, and bowing takes place, at the end of which Duncan, Banquo, and a Captain or two, sit at the side of the stage to be amused. The dancing that entertains them is to commence with a *pas de soldats*, by the male *corps de ballet*. This will contain a great deal of clattering, and knocking of Highland broadswords against round shields, and had better be as short as possible. It will be followed by a *pas de deux* of the ordinary kind by Macbeth and the second *première*—my Guy Stephan, Lady Macbeth being all this time getting ready for her grand *entrée*. The *pas de deux* being disposed of, a few anticipatory bars will be struck by the orchestra, and Lady Macbeth will bound on the stage from the wing, and execute a characteristic Scotch *pas*. It is not absolutely necessary that the *pas* should be Scotch; and if the *danseuse* have a remarkable fancy for anything Wallachian or Lithuanian—anything in spurs and red boots—I see no reason why she should be opposed. Duncan shall be greatly fascinated by Lady Macbeth; and I

do not think it would be out of place if he were to whisper some improper offer in her ear, which she might tell her husband. This would introduce a good bit of virtuous pantomime. At all events, he and Banquo are to be sent to rest in Macbeth's castle, and the stage is to be cleared of everybody but Lady Macbeth and her husband. Hitherto my *pas* have been all of the incidental character; but now comes one, on which I pride myself particularly, expressing the sentiment of the tragedy—I call it the *pas de tentation*. Lady Macbeth lures her husband to kill the king; showing him, in the slow part of the *pas*, a dagger, which she coquettishly draws away whenever he attempts to grasp it. She may also pretend to drop it into his hand, and really catch it herself; in short, do all that business which is commonly done with a rose.

This completely expresses all the uncertainty of seeing the dagger that appears in the soliloquy, and if any one thinks that the soliloquy might be more consistently expressed by a *pas seul* by Macbeth, I answer, that if the objector does not know what a "bore" a *pas seul* by a male dancer is, I do. At the end of the "slow movement," Macbeth is to receive the

dagger, and the "quiet movement" is to be of the most brilliant and animated character, indicative of resolution. It may conclude with that rapid step forward, introduced by Cerito and Albert in the *Lac des Fées*, so that Macbeth and his lady may violently bounce through the door of the castle where the king is sleeping, and thus make a most effective exit. The remainder of this *tableau* may be got through very quickly. The soldiers may enter the castle, whence Macbeth and his wife may slink quietly. A general alarm will be given at the death of the king, and Banquo, Macbeth, and the lady, will enter immediately, and learn the horrid fact, when the lady will run into the castle, and re-entering with the crown from Duncan's head, will (standing on one toe) gracefully drop it on her husband's head, while the soldiers take off their caps as a sign of obedience. This clearly expresses Macbeth's accession to the throne. I murder Banquo here, because the separate murder would be unmanage-

"PORTRAITS OF STATESMEN."

By Lord B———.

able, and the supper-scene would be too much a repetition of the *divertissement* with which I open my *ballet;* I cannot leave him out entirely, as I shall want his ghost presently.

A veil of clouds is to drop over the first *tableau*, and being removed is to discover the "Fairies' grotto." I had originally intended to keep the witches, but recollecting that these would not exhibit pink silk stockings, which are so great an attraction in a ballet, I determined to make them fairies, and to have Camille, Planquet, and Scheffer for my three principals. Instead of a caldron, I have an elegant golden vase, into which my fairies drop charmed flowers, and Hecate is, by an easy transition, converted into a charming Diana, with whom she is really identical according to ancient mythology. A beautiful *pas de quatre* can be danced by her and the three fairies, and I should be delighted if I could get Dumilâtre with the costume of *Diane Chasseresse*. Lady Macbeth (not Macbeth himself) is to enter, and ask to see the future queens of Scotland. The fairies raise from the vase the ghost of Banquo, followed by the wives of his successors—(observe how I keep the ladies exclusively in the foreground)—and I shall here have a very striking and characteristic *pas*, in which the spectres will run after Lady Macbeth, and she will whirl round and round to escape from them. The stage, during this *pas*, will be lit by blue fire, and the costume of the "Wilis" will suggest the dress of the spectral queens.

I bring in my clouds again to close this second *tableau*, and draw them off to discover the ante-room of Lady Macbeth's chamber. The walking in her sleep furnishes me with an admirable *pas seul*, which, I think, will eclipse the *pas de l'ombre* in *Ondine*. I shall call it the *pas de la chandelle*.

Lady Macbeth will place a candle on a little table, which will cast a black deep shadow on the wall, and to this she may clamour with all the wildness of a distracted mind. An entirely new effect may be produced by supposing the candle occasionally to want snuffing, and dimming the shadow on the wall, and then restoring it to its former distinctness by the assistance of the physician, who will snuff the light. This *pas* will be my great "card." Indeed, I expect that those who have ever seen the ballet through, will go out when this is over, as I have nothing equal to it afterwards.

A carpenter's scene, which I shall not call a *tableau*, will close upon the ante-room, in which Malcolm and his soldiers (I omit Macduff) may march across the stage to attack Macbeth. I get rid of it as soon as my machinists will allow me, and come to my concluding *tableau*, which takes place in front of a massive scene, representing Macbeth's castle. The two armies are drawn up, one on each side of the stage, when it is resolved to decide the dispute by a single combat between Macbeth and Malcolm. They have hardly drawn swords, when Lady Macbeth runs in with dishevelled hair, in a state of madness, and receives accidentally one of the thrusts her husband had designed for his antagonist. At first she falls, but rises after a few seconds, and tries vainly to dance the characteristic *pas*, which delighted Duncan in the first *tableau*. Then comes a good deal of shuddering and running about the stage, with the palms of the hands held out flat, as the remembrance of the murder crosses her, and as the violins express great agitation. Finally she falls dead. Macbeth stabs himself, and throws himself on her corpse. The soldiers on both sides kneel down, and show obedience to Malcolm; and last of all, the castle falls to pieces, and discovers a magnificent landscape, in which Diana appears in a car, attended by the three fairies.

If this will not do for a ballet, I know not what will.

SEASONABLE BENEVOLENCE.—We understand that a party of benevolent individuals have taken Covent Garden Theatre as a REFUGE FOR THE DESTITUTE during the ensuing winter.

MILDNESS OF THE SEASON.—A large mushroom was exhibited in Covent Garden Market, weighing 2 lb. 11 oz. It was reported to be the growth of one night, and to have been found in the inkstand of the editor of the *Morning Jenkins*.

EQUESTRIAN STATUES OF THE METROPOLIS.

REVIEWED BY WIDDICOMB.

THE STATUE OF GEORGE THE THIRD.

HIS splendid piece of art has several very fine points about it, including the point of the monarch's nose, and the point of the horse's tail, both of which prove the acuteness of the design and the delicacy of the execution. Perhaps, one of the most attractive features of the statue is the chin of the charger, which combines all the steadiness of the useful hack with the life and spirit of the cab-horse. The fetlock is a masterpiece in its way; and the happy thought of making all the legs of different shapes and sizes contributes greatly to break the monotony of the statue. But the artist has particularly developed his genius in the crupper, which is thrown on to the horse's back with an ease and freedom frequently surpassed and continually equalled. The saddle affords fine scope for the playfulness of the fancy, and here the imagination has revelled unrestrained, till it has at last sobered down into the boots of the monarch, and the rigid style of classic severity is beautifully exemplified in the stiffness of the stirrups. The face of the horse bespeaks a thorough knowledge of the picturesque; for the eye appears to be taking an animated glance at Pall Mall, while the nostrils are knocked off with a dash and boldness that prove the artist's ability to handle the nose of the noble beast with breadth and spirit. The cocked hat seems to have been an after thought, and was apparently added by another hand—perhaps by one of the artist's pupils; for there is a want of flexibility in the feather that we can only attribute to an absence of elasticity in the handling of the chisel.

PENTONVILLE AND ITS PEOPLE.

By the Author of "RANDOM RECOLLECTIONS OF THE HOUSE OF CORRECTION."

INTRODUCTION.—REASONS FOR UNDERTAKING THE WORK.

LIFE of nearly six days passed almost without interruption at Pentonville, and amongst its people, must form the writer's excuse for attempting such a work as the present.

CHAPTER I.—EARLY HISTORY OF THE PENTONVILLIANS.

The Pentonvillians or Pentons—or as a quaint writer once called them, the Pents—are a distinct race of people, who invaded the Southern boundaries of the New Road, and erecting a few houses, gave them the name of Pentonville—which is the Saxon term for the Ville of Penton.

CHAPTER II.—GOVERNMENT OF PENTONVILLE.

We now come to treat of the Government of Pentonville, which is neither pure democracy nor mixed monarchy; but a sort of street keeperarchy, hedged round with restrictions that render it incapable of growing into a despotism. The maxim that the street-keeper "never dies," and that the beadle "can do no wrong;" or, that "the policeman's name is a tower of strength," are remnants of the old *jure divino* doctrine, which the Pents have long ago discarded.

CHAPTER III.—LITERATURE AND MORALS OF PENTONVILLE.

There is scarcely a better test of the morals of a people than their literature; and since the revival of learning at Pentonville, which happened a year ago when Mr. Tunks opened a Day-School in Amwell-street, there has been a marked improvement in the domestic condition of the Pentonvillians. The public libraries are not numerous, but at one of them there is a chair on which any one may sit and read the morning papers for a penny; but this attempt to make Pentonville the seat of polite learning has not been hitherto very successful. With regard to morals, the people of Pentonville set an example to the neighbouring inhabitants of Somers Town, whose levity is hardly compatible with their geographical position.*

CHAPTER IV.—SOCIETY AT PENTONVILLE.

When a stranger first arrives at Pentonville, he is struck with the difficulty he experiences in making acquaintances. There is a coldness and a disinclination to hospitality, which a person arriving in an omnibus or passing through Pentonville on foot, will find very discouraging. A recent traveller from Chelsea relates the following anecdote, which is highly illustrative of this phase of the Pentonvillian character. "I came," says the Chelseaite, "fresh from my own social clime, ready to have pressed the people of Penton to my heart—for I was a Cosmopolite. I claimed accommodation as a citizen of the world, but it was refused me,

* Somers Town is North of the New-Road.

except at an eating-house, where they made me pay for it." This simple anecdote tells the character of the Pentonvillians in a few lines, better than it could be described in as many volumes.

CHAPTER V.—PUBLIC BUILDINGS OF PENTONVILLE.

Nature, and Messrs. Grissell and Peto the builders, have done much for Pentonville; but while the general effect of the brick-work of the ville is good, there is no public building in Penton, excepting

A POSTING HOUSE,

that is worthy the dignity of a place in history.

CHAPTER VI.—CHARACTER OF THE PENTONVILLIANS, AND THE SUBJECT CONCLUDED.

It will be seen from the foregoing pages—we mean paragraphs—that the Pents have no points of a particularly salient nature, in their somewhat flat and level characters. In a former chapter of this work—we allude to the third—we took occasion to pay a tribute of praise to the morals of the people of Pentonville, and in searching for the materials requisite for the ensuing chapters, we met with nothing to induce us to retract our eulogy.

We conclude our work on Pentonville and its people, with a consciousness that we have used the facts of the historian with the impartiality of the judge; and, that we have never for one moment allowed ourselves to be carried away from the stream of truth, through the eddy of passion, into the wide and expansive ocean of party virulence.

In withdrawing the pen of history, from the inkstand of research, we may justly say that we have left the gall—for there is some gall in the mildest ink—comparatively undipped into.

Punch's English Antiquities.

VERY schoolboy is, or ought to be, familiar with the Roman and the Grecian antiquities of Adam and Potter; but English antiquities have been hitherto much neglected. In speaking of Adam and Potter, we should say that, though Adam was the first man, yet, as he was confessedly made of clay, Potter must necessarily have preceded him.

One of the most interesting of English antiquities is gunpowder, said to have been invented by Roger Bacon, Schwartz, Marcus Græcus, and various others—some of whose names are so obscure that they would not pay for the trouble of trying to spell them. Roger Bacon certainly wrote a squib upon magic; but whether this squib had any gunpowder in it is doubtful. Marcus Græcus mentions sulphur; but Shakspeare talks of saltpetre. The Pope used canons at a very early period, but whether there was any gunpowder in them is doubtful. The Chinese, who claim to have invented everything, point to their gunpowder tea; but Schwartz speaks of gunpowder in 1320, which is upwards of four centuries sooner than the gunpowder tea was generally used in this country. On the whole, we are inclined to give the credit of the discovery to Bacon.

The Belle Sauvage has often supplied food for the antiquary, and the antiquary was right to have his food supplied from so excellent a place of entertainment. The Bell Savage, or Belle Sauvage, as some affectedly call it, got its name from the number of customers who were always ringing at the bell, which was so agitated that it might be said to ring fiercely or savagely, and so, says Pennant, "ye house gotte calledde by ye name of Belle Sauvage," which is the old English method of writing the words Bell Savage.

Jack Ketch, according to Sir Henry Spelman, was, under the Danish kings, a very high officer, ranking with the Archbishop of York and Garter King-at-Arms. We do not see why rope should not rank as high as garter; and considering that, in ancient times, the church took away a man's property, it was right that he who took the life should be thought equally illustrious.

LAMENT ON THE RESIGNATION OF MR. HOBLER.

Oh no, we never see him now,
His course official 's run,
Our ears are now forbid to hear
Each old familiar pun.

From joke to joke they hurry now
The Aldermen—dull set!
And when they win a smile, they think
That Hobler we forget.

They bid us seek in Magnay now,
The wit that none can see;
But e'en with Laurie on the Bench,
Dull work it now must be.

'Tis true that we can hear no more
The joke that always set
The court and public in a roar;
But how can we forget?

They tell us he 's retired now
And placed upon full pay;
They hint that he is serious,
But heed not what they say.

Like Moon, perhaps, he struggles hard
For dignity—but yet,
One who has joked as he has joked,
The habit can't forget.

THE COMIC BLACKSTONE.

CHAPTER THE THIRD.—OF THE KING (OR QUEEN) AND HIS (OR HER) TITLE.

The supreme or executive power is vested by our laws in a single person—though that single person very often happens to be a married one. Whether this person be masculine or feminine is of no consequence, and indeed Hale thought the sovereign ought always to be neuter.

In discussing the royal rights, we shall look at the sovereign under six distinct views, which is levelling royalty with the Cosmorama in Regent-street, where "six views" are constantly being exhibited. Our first view will be a glance at the title of the sovereign; 2ndly, we shall take a squint at his (or her) royal family; 3rdly, we shall apply our quizzing-glass to his (or her) councils; 4thly, we shall put on our spectacles to look into his (or her) duties; 5thly, we shall indulge in a peep at his (or her) prerogative; and, 6thly, we shall take out our gold mounted opera-glass to look into his (or her) revenue.

First, of the Title. It is of the highest importance to avoid those unseemly scrambles for the crown, which, while forming capital subjects for dramatic representation—*vide* Richard the Third—would be a great interruption to the business of every-day life, if they were at the present time liable to happen. The grand fundamental maxim, on the right of succession to the throne, must be taken to be this, that the crown is hereditary in all cases, except those in which it isn't.

In the infancy of a state, the chief magistrate is generally elective, and when Old England gets into her second childhood, but not till then, we may look for an elective monarchy in this country. At present we cannot form any conception of such a state of things. We cannot fancy Victoria canvassing the people, and having a central committee constantly sitting at the Crown and Anchor to promote her election. This may do very well in America, though it did not answer in ancient Rome, nor in modern Poland, in which last place, by the bye, it was natural to suppose that the candidate who got to the top of the Poll, should be placed at the head of the Poles—a pun which the learned Bracton might, with good reason, have boasted of.

2ndly, As to the particular mode of inheritance. The English crown descends in a line, but history tells us that this line is sometimes a very crooked one. Males are preferred to females, a constitutional maxim which may be traced to Lindley Murray, who declares in his grammar

that "the masculine is worthier than the feminine," but the females don't all take an equal share, as in common inheritance, for had this been the case, the English crown would have dwindled, in the time of Mary and Elizabeth, to a couple of half-crowns, which would have much detracted from its dignity. The constitution is always very jealous of letting the crown get into the hands of an uncle—probably from the value of the jewels, for when jewels get into an uncle's hand it is difficult indeed to get them out again. It is a maxim that "the king never dies;" but this is a quibble, like that which asserts that "to-morrow never comes," for if kings never died, William the Conqueror would be now residing at Buckingham Palace, and granting occasional interviews to Sir R. Peel or the Duke of Wellington. The fact is, that when one king is cut off, another, like the head of a hydra, springs up to replace him, and the well-known burst of enthusiasm on the part of our present sovereign, who is said to have flourished her night-cap, exclaiming "Hurrah—hurrah—I'm Queen of England," was in conformity with the constitutional maxim alluded to.

We shall now proceed to trace the crown from Egbert, who found himself one fine morning a sort of seven in one, uniting in his own person all the kingdoms of the Heptarchy. In the course of 200 years we find the crown on the head of Edmund Ironsides, from whom it was claimed by Canute, who took a composition of 10*s.* in the pound, or in other words accepted half, but on the death of Ironsides, who deserved the second title of Leadenhead, clutched the whole of it. Edward the Confessor, who we have already seen never confessed anything, then got hold of the crown, which of right belonged to Edward, surnamed the Outlaw, who was probably keeping out of the way to avoid process. On the death of the Confessor, Harold the Second usurped the throne, from which he

HAROLD RECEIVING HIS QUIETUS.

was pitched neck and crop by William the Norman, who pretended to have got a grant of it from the Confessor, and may probably have raked up some old cognovit given by Edward, which would after all account for his having the title of Confessor—a cognovit being, as the legal student will hereafter be told, a confession of a debt and a judgment. William the Conqueror having defeated Harold, at Hastings, left that delightful watering-place for London, and having tried on the crown it was found such a capital fit, that it was firmly fixed upon his head, and descended to his children.

It would be useless to trace the crown through its various vicissitudes—now being let out to fit the capacious head of the son of John of Gaunt, who "tried it on" successfully as Henry the Fourth, and now taken in to suit the delicate forehead of Elizabeth.

The crown was at length laid aside for a time, in consequence of Charles the First being deprived of a head to wear it upon. James the Second subsequently ascended the throne, but soon "cut," and failing to "come again," he was declared, if we may be allowed a parliamentary parallel, to have accepted the Chiltern Hundreds. It is not at all improbable that the people acted with the utmost delicacy in reference to the absconding of James, and probably inserted in the papers of the day something like the following advertisement:—"If James the Second does not call at the Houses of Parliament on or before Saturday next, the crown, and other property which he has left behind him, will be immediately disposed of."

His Majesty continuing to play at hide-and-seek, a treaty was entered into with the Prince and Princess of Orange, which is called "the glorious revolution of 1688," which was effected without even so much as a row in the streets, or the police being called in to preserve order.

The remainder of the crown was settled on the heirs of the Princess Sophia, the Electress of Hanover; but what this remainder was, when some one else had got it all, we leave our arithmetically disposed readers to calculate.

After the death of Anne, George the First was honoured by that uneasiness in the head which is, according to Shakespeare, the natural consequence of wearing a crown, which has now descended—we hope without subjecting her to any headach at all—on her Most Gracious Majesty Queen Victoria.

The succession to the throne was formerly unconditional, but now it is limited to such of the heirs of the Princess Sophia as are Protestants; and some over-zealous persons have feared that her Majesty may imbibe Catholic notions by visiting Catholic nations—a fear which, we are bound to say, we do not participate. The Queen is, we know, devoted to the interests of the mass, but not to the mass performed in Catholic churches.

Such is the constitutional doctrine of the descent of the crown, for which every good Englishman should be ready to draw his sword, or, supposing him to be without a sword, to brandish his walking-stick.

THE BRIGHTISH ASSOCIATION.

Section D.—Zoology and Botany.

President.—Sir Guy Raffe.

Vice-Presidents.—Mr. Croker Dillie and Professor Stamen.

RESIDENT Sir Guy Raffe read some extracts from a letter from Professor De Lenz, a communication from whom was read at the last meeting, stating that he had discovered the skeleton of a male flea in the folds of a mummy-cloth. The present communication was of higher interest. He had, while examining mummies, in conjunction with his friend the Shah Pyez (Professor of Twigology to the University of Cairo), been so fortunate as to discover what he at first considered to be the body of an embalmed flea; but, to his great astonishment, he perceived that, after a few minutes' exposure to the air, it exhibited signs of vitality, and by a judicious application of animal heat, soon became able to crawl. The Professor, enlarging on the extreme delight he experienced in feeling the first feeble bite of this animal, perhaps three thousand years old, exclaims that none but those who, after having laboured long and arduously in the cause of scientific and antiquarian research, have at length prosecuted a discovery exceeding even their most sanguine expectations—"None but such," he exclaims, "can form the faintest conception of my feelings at the moment when my blood first mingled with (possibly) the blood of one of the Ptolemies." Subsiding into more platosophic calmness, he states that the flea has so far recovered as to be able to leap full six inches. The Professor feeds it from his own hand, and reports it to be in a very thriving condition.

The President remarked, that this threw the mummy wheat completely into the shade.

Mr. Slick, of Slickville, communicated to the section some curious facts with regard to the extreme vitality of the American oak (*quercus vivens*), commonly known by the name of the "live oak." He stated that his friend Captain Enoch Brown, of New York, having had his bulwarks carried away, got new ones fixed of this oak, and was astonished, about a week after he sailed, to discover young shoots sprouting all round the decks. He took great care of them, and such was the rapidity of their growth, that within one year he cut two topmasts, six main topmasts, a flying jib-boom, and a quantity of smaller spars, fit for to'-gallant yards, stern-sail booms, &c., all very good timber. He also states that the shade afforded the men in the hot latitudes had been of the greatest service to their health, there not having been one on the sick list since the decks were so sheltered. Mr. Slick here presented the President with a walking-stick cut from one of the trees.

The President, after thanking him for the stick and his communication, remarked that, from the appearance of the timber, and from his recollections of that which grew from the horse of the Baron Munchausen, a specimen of which was in his possession, he felt confident that they were of the same genus; and was glad that the doubts which had long hung over the Baron's veracity were now dispelled for ever by the more recent, and not less authentic, instance now brought before their notice.

The committee appointed to investigate whether female oysters had beards, reported that, although they had examined many specimens since they had been honoured by the commission, they were not yet prepared to bring in a final report, and concluded by requesting a further grant of fifty pounds.

THE SOURCE OF LITERARY INSPIRATION.

ow fast time flies under all circumstances, but especially under those of bliss. How rapid are his wings during the season of dinner! Not long since we had despatched—as it seemed to us, in one moment of transcendent happiness—a basin of mock-turtle. Heaving a sigh, we then reclined in our chair, and riveted our abstracted gaze on the now empty vessel before us. What a repast, thought we, we have had! How exquisite was the resemblance of that beautiful soup to its great original! Thus, but oh! far less closely, does the ideal marble approximate to living loveliness.

Our dinner—for the basin was a large one; and we do not hesitate to say that it *was* our dinner—originated a train of thoughts. We began by moralising, as above, on the mock-turtle: and then we reflected, not without a feeling of pride, on the circumstance of our sharing, with some of the brightest geniuses the world has ever produced, one remarkable faculty:—the sense of gastronomic beauty; the feeling for the palatable and the nice.

And why, we asked ourself, does the author toil? We, to be sure, labour disinterestedly for the good of mankind at large; but what is the great object of authors in general? To get their bread. By bread we understand, not the mere loaf, with its varieties—the roll, the twist, and the "buster:" we mean food in general, in all its diversified forms, from the plain joint to the fricassee, from the simple steak to the Irish stew, with their respective and appropriate accompaniments. We mean all things digestible—the stomach's universal empire.

How many a paragraph, we exclaimed, has purchased a plate of beef! How many an ode—but no! few odes are so valuable—has procured a leg of mutton? How many a stanza has secured a sausage! How often has a pot of porter been purchased—for a mere song!

And is the immortal mind, then, but the slave of the stomach? Even so. Then must the stomach be a very mighty thing, or the mind a very mean thing: and which of these conclusions to come to we really do not know.

A ROYAL PLEDGE.

The papers announce that "Prince Bibesco has offered 8,000,000 guilders for the sovereignty of Wallachia; and the Emperor Nicholas has guaranteed a loan to that amount, on condition that the Prince place *the country in pawn* for that sum." The proposition has been accepted, and the kingdom of Wallachia was forwarded on Thursday last by the Turkish Parcels' Delivery Company to St. Petersburgh. The following was the form of acknowledgment given on the occasion:—

NICHOLAS I.
ST. PETERSBURGH.

29 Nov. 1843.

Sovereignty of Wallachia,
8,000,000 Guilders.
Prince Bibesco,
Constantinople.

DIALOGUES ON DILWORTH.

Q. How many liquids are there besides the usual liquids known as *l m n r*?

A. The other liquids are *T* and double *X*.

Q. Why is an adjective like a drunken man?

A. Because it cannot stand alone.

Q. Why is a royal invitation like a preposition?

A. Because it cannot be declined.

Q. How many parts of speech are there?

A. It depends upon the speaker, who may sometimes divide his speech into several parts, and sometimes show a total want of parts in speaking it.

SCARLET TURNED UP WITH BLUE.

Always ready to hail and welcome any project for intellectual improvement, we have heard with delight of a plan for the establishment of domestic libraries at Buckingham Palace and Windsor Castle for the use of the royal servants, whose mental faculties have too long lain "dormouse," as old Weller says, in easy places and hall chairs. The scheme, it is understood, enjoys the highest patronage, as well as the approbation of the household, who have commenced a subscription amongst themselves, and by way of a beginning have ordered "Punch," "Cakes and Ale," "Hours of Idleness," "The Castle of Indolence," and "The Palace of Pleasure." To these books numerous and appropriate volumes of reference, including "Dean Swift's Advice to Servants," have been added by well-wishers to the scheme; and the following list, it is said, has already received the sanction of the Board of *Works*:—

Cook's Voyages.
Kitchiner's Oracle.
Butter's Gradations.
Accum's Culinary Poisons.
Butler's Exercises.
Butler's Remains.
The Heavenly Footman.
The Queen's Page.
Susan Hopley, or the Adventures of a Maid Servant.
The Maid's Tragedy.
Woman and her Master.
Broom's Selections.
Porter's Pleasures of Home.
Baker's Chronicles.
Butcher's Chronology.
Chandler's Travels.
Macculloch on Labour and Wages.
High Life Below Stairs.
The School for Scandal.
The Story Teller.
The Busy-Body.
Table Talk.
Tales of the Castle.
Tales of the Hall.
Illustrations of Lying.

And all the fashionable novels.

THE ARTS IN AMERICA.

The Americans have applied the art of Daguerreotyping to the forgery of notes and bonds: the imitations being in every respect the same as the originals. In Pennsylvania the process is capable of being carried to the extreme of perfection, for a forged bond is quite as valuable as a genuine one.

War Office.

Her Majesty has been graciously pleased to order that the 58th Regiment of Foot shall, on account of its recent achievements at Rochester be permitted to add a door-knocker to its colours.

WANTED, by an aged Lady, of a very nervous temperament, a Professor, who will undertake to mesmerise all the organs in her Street.—Salary so much *per* Organ.

Printed by Messrs. Bradbury and Evans, Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the city of London, and published by Joseph Smith, of No. 53, St. John's Wood Terrace, Regent's Park, in the Parish of Marylebone, in the County of Middlesex, at the Office, No. 194, Strand, in the Parish of St. Clement Danes, in the County of Middlesex.—Saturday, December 2, 1843.

THE STORY OF A FEATHER.

CHAP. XXXIX.—I AM TAKEN FROM THE THEATRE.—A CRITIC'S INK-STAND.—DEATH OF MRS. GAPTOOTH.

I REMAINED only a few nights in Clive's dressing-room, and was again given to the mistress of the wardrobe. I know not how it was—cannot divine what persuasion was used by Mr. Gauntwolf, but one morning I was consigned by the lady to his care, with strict injunctions of being speedily returned, lest Mr. Garrick should know it; and in a few minutes afterwards found myself in the Rose Tavern—a hostelry much used by actors and their familiar and distant admirers. Here, too, was the small hireling critic, who sugared his ink or added gall to it according to the condescension, flattery, and liquor of the parties to be written up or crushed for ever. Mr. Hugh Kelly was one of these biped insects of the press, and sold what he called fame or destruction to the trembling player. When I entered, I found him listening with an air of contemptuous patronage to the poor actor Davis, who was picking certain cuttings from newspapers—the solace of his life—out of an old leathern pocket-book, and endeavouring to read them to the London critic. These paragraphs were precious extracts from country journals—the *St. Kilda's Chronicle*, the *Penzance Flying Post*, the *Bullocksmithy Courier*—all of which, with twenty others, had declared, in good honest-faced type, that "that spirited actor Davis would inevitably get to the top of the tree;" and very benevolently advising "Mr. Garrick to look to his laurels." Sweet, passing sweet, to Davis were these promises. Though he was in the autumn of life—an autumn without fruit—with penury clinging to him like a garment, that flattering type would now and then cast a mild lustre about the past, and he would feel he had not lived in vain. He *had* been praised, and that was something.

"Gauntwolf, how d'ye do?" cried Kelly, turning abruptly from Davis. "Your girl played in *The Inconstant* divinely: looked lovely, too—and so I have said—and in pretty strong terms, I believe. Stop till I 've written Mother Clive down, and then—"

"My dear sir," cried Gauntwolf, seizing Kelly's hand, and smiling hideously, "you make me, indeed, a happy father. As for other critics, Mr. Kelly, I value them, say what they will, as so many gnats. But you, sir! what you say should be written in letters of gold!" Now, as Mr. Kelly was very often fee'd for what he wrote, many of his words may really be said to have been registered in that precious material.

"Yes, yes, I speak out—I give 'em plain English. I'm just finishing here another bunch of nettles for Mother Clive. I'll blister her!" cried the critic, with a look of manly triumph.

"'Pon my word, now," said Gauntwolf, with the compassionate air of a hangman, "you 'll kill that poor woman—you will, indeed. I know she hasn't slept since your last attack!"

"She shall never sleep again, sir; never. I have said it;" and the magnanimous Kelly smote the table with his fist. "Oh, what you 've brought it at last, have ye?" said the critic to the waiter, who appeared with a large replenished inkstand. "Now, remember, sir; that I always have plenty of ink—a sea of it. When a man's thoughts are pouring from him, to be diving and diving for a drop of ink—'tis damnable."

"How you ever get your thoughts down," said the courteous Gauntwolf, "I can't think: they do seem to come upon ye in such a flood. Waiter, a glass of brandy. May I be allowed the honour, Mr. Kelly?"—

"Thank ye," responded the critic, "not at present. A *little* too early," and he addressed himself to his declared task—that of cultivating nettles for the doomed Mrs. Clive. In a few minutes, Moody of Drury-lane entered the room. Kelly looked up; then immediately fixed his eyes upon the paper, Mr. Moody, possibly from a certain roughness of manner that belonged to him, not being among the stage favourites of the critic. Moody bowing recognition to several in the room, walked up to Kelly, and laying his hand upon the critic's shoulder, said, "one word, yes or no." Suddenly, Mr. Kelly looked serious. Moody, in the most leisurely manner, took a newspaper from his pocket, and pointing to a paragraph, asked, "Is this your work?"

"I never eat my words," cried Kelly, rising, and assuming a big look, "they are mine."

"A foul, low, wicked calumny on Mrs. Clive. Now, Mr. Kelly," and Moody grasped a cane with a significance that attracted Mr. Kelly's eye, "You deny this private slander, or—"

"I beg leave to repeat," cried the critic, beginning to tremble, and his eye still playing about the stick—"I beg leave to say that I cannot eat my words."

"Very well," answered Moody, "the stars forbid that I should force a gentleman against his taste! But I tell you this, Mr. Kelly," and the actor raised his voice and his stick too—"if you won't eat your words, you shall drink what your words are written in—before this good company, too—drink it to the health and long life of Mrs. Clive, or there isn't a bone in your skin that shan't want a separate surgeon!"

"What—what, sir—what do you mean?" stammered Kelly.

"Come, I 'll be your cup-bearer, for once," said Moody, presenting the brimming inkstand to Kelly, "you shall empty this—it can't hurt you—for, though it may be poison to the peace of innocent women, you live upon it. Drink," roared Moody; and striking his cane violently upon the ground, he at the same time forced the inkstand between the fingers of the slanderer.

Mr. Hugh Kelly, who dealt out life and death from his goose-quill—he who could crush any man with the thunderstroke of his pen—looked appealingly about the room. Many familiar faces were there; but in no one of them did he see the least promise of assistance. On the contrary, there were not a few which indicated a mingled gratification and curiosity. And then the horrible Moody stood and shook his cane. "Drink," again roared the actor.

"Mr. Moody," said Kelly, "you have injured me by a vile aspersion. You have been pleased to say that I live upon venomous ink. Now, sir, to show to the world, and to confound you with the truth, I will prove that there is no poison in my ink—prove it for my own satisfaction, mind you—by immediately drinking it." Saying this, and shutting his eyes, Kelly emptied the inkstand, filled so lately by his express order, to the brim. Some of the company laughed, and others cried "bravo," at the feat. "There," said Kelly, pale in the face, and shuddering—"no man, I think, would drink poison in that way."

Moody glanced at the critic with the deepest contempt, and then burst into laughter. "Here," he said to the waiter, at the same time throwing a crown upon the table, "let Mr. Kelly have some brandy to wash his mouth with; and I hope after this, he'll keep it the cleaner for the future." Moody then quitted the room; and Mr. Gauntwolf, possibly not feeling himself in a condition to sympathise with the ink-stained critic, caught me up and hastened to his lodgings. I soon discovered the purpose for which I had been borrowed; Mr. and Mrs. Gauntwolf had been invited by their dear girl to a "solemn supper," at which "his lordship" had graciously promised to attend. Mr. Gauntwolf, wishing to do all honour to the ceremony, had borrowed me, among other finery, from the theatre for the purpose, and, in due season, I was taken to the festival.

The party was small, but very hilarious. What, however, was my astonishment to find Mrs. Gaptooth of the company! She evidently felt the honour conferred upon her, for her manners were wonderfully precise and reserved: nor do I think that the Gauntwolfs had a full knowledge of the character of the old gentlewoman distinguished by his lordship's friendship. The party, I say, was very merry, Mr. Gauntwolf kissed his dear child again and again; and as often begged his lordship to take snuff with him, "out of *that* box, which he should treasure to the last moment of his life." As the wine circulated, Mrs. Gaptooth became thawed, and laughed and talked in such a manner, that more than once Mrs. Gauntwolf, in the startled purity of her soul, wondered "who that woman could be?" When, however, the old woman talked of Fanny Davis, extolling her beauty to the skies, at the same time, casting strange looks towards his lordship, Mrs. Gauntwolf was convinced that the creature "was no friend to her dear child!"

And the revelry went on. At length twelve o'clock warned the party of bed-time. By this hour Mrs. Gaptooth felt her heart ripened to mellowness with generous wine; and Mrs. Gauntwolf, not wholly dead to its benevolent influence, thought more charitably of the "merry old lady." A coach was at the door—the Gauntwolfs could set Mrs. Gaptooth down—and the party rose for their homes. Mrs. Gaptooth quitted the room for an inner apartment, when—on Bacchus be the mortal blame!—taking the wrong turning, she fell down stairs. A piercing shriek rang through the house; and few, indeed, were the moments, and the wretched, sinful, dying old woman—for death, indeed, was looking awfully from her eyes—was brought up stairs and laid upon a couch.

"A doctor—a doctor!" cried Gauntwolf.

"A parson," groaned the woman, with terrible energy, "I am dying—I feel it here—I know it. Dying! That such a wretch as I should ever die! Send for Mr. Lintley—send for his friend, the parson; be sure, the parson." She then with difficulty gave the apothecary's address, and a messenger was hastily despatched to him.

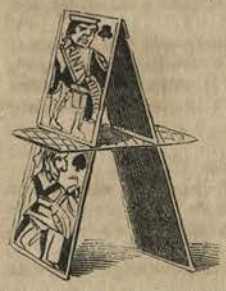
In a brief time, Lintley came, accompanied by Inglewood. At

once he perceived there was no hope; the fall had produced a mortal injury of the spine.

"I did not want your assistance but forgiveness," said the woman, "and your's too, sir. God bless you, pray for me," she cried to Inglewood. "You don't know how I worked to destroy that poor child! There were twenty witnesses ready at my hire—but Curlwell would not be the villain to the last—to swear away poor Patty's life. Forgive me—beg of her to forgive me!" And with these words the miserable creature died.

HER MAJESTY AT DRAYTON.

(*From our own Reporter.*)



ALTHOUGH the Queen made it a stipulation with Sir Robert Peel, before she consented to visit Drayton, that there were to be no politics, we understand that the Honourable Baronet, nevertheless, artfully introduced upon the dinner-table a piece of tariff beef, and contrived to hang on to its toughness a few remarks on the effect of protection upon prices. The Duke of Wellington, however, good naturedly winked him down, and pleasantly put an end to the growing discussion by saying, "Upon my honour, Peel, I think you've done this to bring the tariff into disgrace. Here," he continued, addressing a servant, "take away my plate. Upon my word Peel, I suspect the ox of which it formed a part must have been worked in a plough, so that the toughness would be the consequence of *heavy duty* after all. Ha, ha! A glass of wine, Buccleuch," he continued, and thus completely put an end to the incipient discussion, that would have so much *ennuyed* his royal mistress. Her Majesty slept extremely well, but whether it was the air of Drayton, or the conversation of the host, did not transpire. At eleven o'clock in the morning of Thursday, Prince Albert went out to shoot. The guns were ordered at ten, and the game was desired to be in attendance at half-past. The Prince first went in a boat on the water, where several ducks were appointed to be in waiting. Having granted an audience to the whole of the ducks, and unintentionally honoured two by shooting them—though it was another duck who had the distinguished gratification of being aimed at and missed—his Royal Highness landed.

A numerous meeting of hares and pheasants having been called to pay their respects to the Prince, the game-keepers forming an outer circle, with their guns pointed to keep the game well up to the mark, his Royal Highness shot 60 pheasants, 25 head of hares, eight rabbits,

SHOOTING ON THE MOORS.

and one woodcock, who would cock his bill opposite the muzzle of royalty.

In the afternoon Her Majesty went to visit Lichfield Cathedral, which the papers say was the birth-place of Dr. Johnson. We were not aware that Mrs. Johnson occupied this venerable structure. At Lichfield the Mayor met her Majesty with that eternal mace, which is thrust into her hands wherever she goes. The pertinacity with which Mayors will thrust maces into the hands of Royalty deserves a rap of the knuckles, which, if we were the Queen, we would, with the mace itself, bestow on the next Mayor who attempts it.

Since the Queen has been at Drayton, the standard has been floating on the top of the mansion. The papers say it took a great deal of time to fix it. We thought the "*Standard*" had been wavering a good deal of late, and we are not surprised at its stubbornness, when an attempt was made to hang it up over Sir R. Peel's residence.

THE VICISSITUDES OF THE KING'S CROSS.

DEAR PUNCH,—I know you are the friend of the oppressed—I appeal to you for sympathy.

I will not circumstantially detail all the sufferings which have made me appear the thing I am in the public eye. You know I started in life as a turnpike. The busses alone were enough to keep me. Well, for some reason, only worthy of a Rebecca, I was taken off the road, and turned into lodgings for petty larcenies and policemen, though I must do the G division the justice to say I was kept as select as possible, being frequently favoured with the society of the first noblemen of the land. I was shortly afterwards doomed to have the dreadful imposition of the statue of George the Fourth put upon me. This was more than poor bricks and mortar could bear, exposing me, as it did, to the ridicule of the Small Pox opposite, and the laughter of the Lion from the top of the College of Health a little lower down.

I'LL STAKE MY EXISTENCE.

I never held my head up properly after this. Then I was turned into a beer shop, and I was struck all of a heap on reflecting how strangely the order of things was reversed in my instance, having observed from the conduct of the Adam-and-Eve opposite to me, that whenever there was a change of this sort, it was invariably the public-house first and the station-house afterwards. I continued to be drunk upon the premises for some time, when I had to suffer another vicissitude no less bitter, for from beer I went into curds-and-whey, which, after the treble X, I could not at all stomach. After this I have no distinct recollection of my different metamorphoses. At one time I was in the coal and tatur line—at another I was the dormitory of the L. C. C.'s timekeeper; one month I was selling apples, and the next pots and pans; one year circulating the fine arts at the rate of a shilling a portrait, and the next ginger-beering all the Kennington and Chelsea cads for a penny a bottle. My changes went on accumulating every year, when, at last, compassion was taken upon me, for the statue of my great enemy through life, George the Fourth, was removed, and to increase the obligation, I was whitewashed from head to foot. I really had hopes of becoming a respectable monument of society, when lately I have been branded with the advertisements of a cheap tailor, and turned inside out to make room in my attic for a camera-obscura.

How shall I act, Punch? Shall I appeal to the Board of Works, and petition to be broken up? I have been regularly through a progressive series of injuries and insults—have been alternately a turnpike, a police-station, a tinman, a beer, a ginger-beer, a curds-and-whey, and a picture-shop, and am now a dead-wall for posters! What shall I come to next? Doubtlessly the workhouse! They have only to put the Scottish Martyrs upon me to crush me outright.

Hoping, dear Punch, you will, out of pity to my extreme destitution, come to my relief as soon as possible, I remain in the New Road, covered with posters and contempt,

THE BUILDING AT KING'S CROSS.

Can you tell me what has become of George the Fourth? I have not heard of him since he left me. Is this worthy of "the most finished gentleman in Europe?"

HOW TO EVADE THE INCOME-TAX.—Invest all your money in Pennsylvanian Bonds.

PUNCH'S REVIEW OF BOOKS.

The Pride of London: A Poem. Moses and Son, Minories.

PUNCH seldom reads books—for what can any writer tell *Punch* that *Punch* does not already know? but when a book comes before him with the title of *The Pride of London*, *Punch* naturally expected to find "himself the hero of the tale," and was curious to see what the author said of him. It seems, however, that the title of *The Pride of London* has—on the principle, perhaps, that extremes meet—been given to a poem which would be more appropriately termed *The Disgrace of the Metropolis*. That the author possesses some poetical qualifications we freely admit, and indeed his powers of fiction are brought into play from first to last.

The poem commences with an invitation to the public to visit the mart of Moses without purchasing, and as the invitation is qualified by a recommendation not to buy, we think there can be no great harm done in accepting it. After the introductory matter to which we have referred, the poet plunges at once into "a description of the houses," which almost rivals Homer's catalogue of the ships in minuteness of detail. As if conscious of his difficulty, the author asks

——"how can language *justly* tell
Of scenes so indescribable?"

We agree with the poet as to the difficulty of doing justice to Moses and his mart. The poet now carries his imagination from the mart to the merchandise, and discourses eloquently on the general subject of clothing. The line with which we were most struck in this part of the poem is the following:—

"*They* wonder how the firm exists:"

The subject of winter clothing affords the theme for a few lines, in which the poet, speaking in the name of Moses, candidly admits, that

"Such clothing we have got in store,
With fashions never seen before."

GETTING INTO VERY LOW HABITS.

Moses is decidedly the originator of many of those elegant modes which, however becoming to the poles on which they are carried through the streets, do not set off the human figure to much advantage. Moses, if we are to judge from his fashions, treats his customers as blocks; and we have no doubt he is right in his estimate.

The poem then goes on to take a rapid survey of the different kinds of coats, the descriptions of which are well thrown off. The virtues of the Alberts are very graphically told, though we do not think the Prince will be much flattered by being compared to

——"a kind of cape,
Made in a serviceable shape."

Whatever may be the resemblance between the Prince and the coat, the similarity certainly ends with the price—one costing thirty shillings and the other thirty thousand pounds per annum.

We do not think anything in the poem equals the following burst of naval enthusiasm on the subject of Napier's pea-coats and pilots:—

"These coats, for nautical pursuits,
Have qualities no one disputes;
The very texture of their cloth
Seems to defy the ocean's wrath.
And then their form, and make as well,
Are suited to the billows' swell.
Then come, ye noble seamen, come,
And visit our emporium:
Our best endeavours always are
Devoted to the British tar."

What can be happier than the allusion to the fact that

"The make and form as well,
Are suited to the billows' swell"?

or, in other words, that the wearer of the coat is quite a match for the billows, by being as great a swell as any of them.

The poet, after a few discursive remarks on cloaks and mackintoshes, dashes off a few lines on trousers, which finish with the following couplet, which is not likely to encourage purchasers. It is stated—and we dare say truly—that if any one puts on a pair of Moses' trousers he becomes an object of general observation:—

"While oft such cries as these escape—
'Look! there 's a figure!—there 's a shape!'"

It is a very natural consequence, no doubt, of disporting one's-self in doeskins made for 7*d.* a pair; but the cries of "There 's a figure! there 's a shape!" must make the trousers rather dear to any one who wishes to walk about peaceably, unmolested by the sort of criticism alluded to.

On sporting matters the poet of Moses displays a knowledge somewhat superficial. The remark that

"He who seeks the feathered game,
Ought never to neglect his fame,"

is trite and common-place; while the promise to all who

——"to the mart resort,
That we will fit them for the sport,"

is of too general a nature.

There is something peculiarly affecting in the *Nota Bene* on Mourning—following closely on a list of prices, from which it appears that the "trappings of woe" may be had of Moses from 1*l.* 16*s.*; and that the grief of boys can be provided for at a guinea. "Whenever," says the poet—

"Whenever orders are received
From persons painfully bereaved,
Five minutes' time is all we ask,
To execute the mournful task.

There is a stanza on Outfits which reminds us of Byron; and another on Self Measurement, wherein the poet has sacrificed elegance to vigour. The concluding simile is peculiarly inappropriate—

"Observe each line, and mark each figure,
Then all 's as right, sirs, as a trigger."

The book concludes with a brilliant burst of gratitude to the public for favours past, and an eloquent expression of hope for their continuance.

We beg leave to wind up our review with a little poem of our own, in humble imitation of a song of Moore:—

"A temple to Mammon," said Schneider, enchanted,
"I 'll build up in London—the thought is divine."
The temple was built, and he now only wanted
Some victims to place on cupidity's shrine.

He flew to a "sweater," who set down before him
Some prices—the lowest his art could invent;
But mean as they were, Schneider tried to come o'er him,
By saying they were not the prices he meant.

"Oh never," he cried, "could I think of engaging
A workman whose services some would prefer;
But you wretched woman, whose hunger is raging,
We 'll make, if you please, sir, a sempstress of her."

So the bargain was struck, and they hastened to get her;
She joyfully flew to her needle and thread.
Said A VOICE, "You are not the first tailor and sweater,
Who 've ground down the bones of the poor for their bread."

"Bolsters for Behind-hand Botanists."

Q. What are the objects of Botany?
A. Forgers, burglars, and thieves of all kinds.
Q. Name some instances of annual roots?
A. A trip to Margate, Ramsgate, &c. &c.
Q. What are the most difficult roots to extract from the ground?
A. The Cube root.
Q. What is the pistil of a flower?
A. It is that instrument with which the flower shoots.
Q. What is meant by the word "stamina?"
A. It means the pluck or courage which enables the flower to shoot.

THE COMIC BLACKSTONE.

CHAP. IV.—OF THE KING'S OR QUEEN'S ROYAL FAMILY.

THE Queen is either Queen Regent, Queen Consort, or Queen Dowager. The Queen Regent has all the powers of a king, and, in relation to her husband, is the highest possible illustration of the old adage that "the grey mare is the better horse." The Queen Consort is like other married women, but is separate and distinct from the king, though the Queen's Consort—*vide* Albert—is never allowed to be separate from the leading

strings of the sovereign. Another privilege of a Queen Consort is that of paying no toll, and it would seem that Prince Albert might enjoy the luxury of bolting over Waterloo-bridge without satisfying the pike, and indulge in other freaks of a Rebeccaite complexion. The Queen Consort is also entitled to some money called Queen-gold, which is one mark out of every ten that any person will voluntarily give to the king, her husband. What may be the value of this revenue can be ascertained by calculating, 1st, What is a mark? and, 2dly, Who is fool enough in these days to make a voluntary offer of ten marks to the king? When the total of this is ascertained, ten per cent. of the amount will comprise the value of the Queen-gold alluded to.

In Domesday-book we find that out of rents due to the crown, there used to be reserved some money to buy wool for her Majesty's use, and oil for her Majesty's lamps, from which it would seem that the queens were famous for wool-gathering by candle-light. There are traces of this payment in the pipe-roll of Henry the First, from which it would appear that when the king was called upon to pay it, he used "to put that in his pipe and smoke it." Henry the Second seems to have understood how to collect this tax, for it is mentioned in the ancient dialogue of the Exchequer, written by Gervase of Tilbury; but whether Gervase took his name from a Tilbury, or whether, being called Tilbury, his gig was nominated after him, we have no distinct evidence. Queen-gold afterwards fell into disuse, because there was no queen to look after it; but Anne, the consort of James the First, tried it on, though it was, according to Spelman, *Nullum ire*, or "No go," and accordingly she abandoned her claim to it.

Another privilege of the Queen Consort is her right to a whale taken on the Strand, but there has been no whale in our days nearer to the Strand than Charing-Cross, where the skeleton of a whale was exhibited. There being no Queen Consort to claim the bone of the whale, the whale was not boned on behalf of royalty. The reason of this old claim is said to have been that the Queen Consort required whalebone for her wardrobe, and for that of her visitors, but Coke hints, that these visitors, if they wanted an entire whale, must have intended to make a very long stay with the Queen, or so much bone could not have been required.

In the present day the Queen is entitled to the Prince of Wales, but it is not likely there will be any bones about it, for no one would dispute her Majesty's prerogative with regard to the entire possession of the heir apparent.

It is treason to compass or imagine the death of the Queen Consort; but as we never yet saw a pair of compasses with which the death of a Queen Consort could be compassed, the statute—which is 25th of Edward the Third—is never acted on. A Queen Dowager enjoys various privileges, among the most valuable of which is 100,000*l.* per annum. Any one marrying a Queen Dowager without special license from the King, is liable to forfeit his goods; but *semble* that Dunn, the Irish barrister, who set his gossamer at Miss Burdett Coutts, would have not been deterred from a match he had set his heart upon, even though it cost him his liberty. A Queen Dowager does not lose her title if she marries a private gentleman; for when Catharine, the widow of Henry Fifth, married Owen ap Meredith ap Theodore—who was a mere man about town—she was not called Mrs. Ap Meredith ap Theodore—but she retained the name of Queen of England.

The Prince of Wales and the Princess Royal are peculiarly regarded by the laws, and so is the Prince of Wales's wife; but as Coke would say—"This is counting ye chickens before hatching them." The heir apparent is Duke of Cornwall as soon as he is born, because there are certain revenues which it is thought advisable to clutch at the earliest moment possible.

The rest of the royal family may be considered in various lights; but as there is a probability that the royal couple, like the Bank of England, will be continually "adding to the rest," we shall postpone our remarks to a future period.

The only privilege enjoyed by the junior branches is, a seat at the side of the cloth of estate in the Parliament chamber; though we do not see how the cloth of estate can be more desirable than the horse-hair cushion of comfort. By the statute of Henry the Eighth, it was high treason to contract a marriage with the King's reputed children; but by the new act, the nuptial state may be entered into under certain restrictions; but if the conditions are not complied with, any one being present at the marriage incurs the penalties of *a præmunire*, which is "Important to the marrowbones and cleavers," no less than to the friends of the happy—but treasonable couple!

CHAPTER THE FIFTH.—OF THE COUNCILS BELONGING TO THE KING (OR QUEEN).

IN order to assist the Sovereign, there are councils to advise him; and, though it is said there is wisdom in a multiplicity of councillors, there is more often folly in those by whom the monarch is guided.

First comes the Parliament, which we have already treated of; that is to say, given our readers a treat on that interesting subject.

Secondly come the Peers, who are by birth entitled to counsel and defend the king; but some of them get him into a scrape by their advice, and then leave him to get out of it as he can—which is the case when a ministry proposes something unpopular, and leaves the king alone in his glory, by resigning when the measure cannot be carried.

The advice of the peers being found, from experience, not worth having, the practice of asking it fell it into disuse, until it was revived in 1640 by Charles the First, who must have lost his head, figuratively speaking, when he wanted the advice of the peers—as he did substantially lose his head after the said advice was given to him.

Any particular peer may demand an audience of the king; but some peers, who are not over-particular, demand audiences about nothing at all—as though Lord Brougham were to ask a personal interview with her Majesty to discuss his (Lord Brougham's) own individual merits.

Another portion of the king's council comprises the judges; but it does not seem that the sovereign has any power to ask their opinion about anything; and, considering that if he did ask opinions of all the fifteen

THE GREAT PRIZE ALDERMAN SHOW.

upon one point he would scarcely find two alike, his inability to consult them is no great loss to him.

Then there is the Privy Council, the number of which is indefinite, consisting of persons chosen by the king; but it is conveniently managed that the opinion of most of them is never asked—which is a great protection to the country.

The qualifications of a privy councillor consist in his ability to take an oath; but no other qualification, either mental or otherwise, is requisite, as may be seen by the names of some of those who, at the present moment, belong to the privy council.

The duties of a privy-councillor are generally "to keep and do all that a counsellor ought." Most of them fulfil this condition by keeping all they get, and doing anybody they can, with a zeal that is truly astonishing.

The privy-council seems to have no original jurisdiction in anything but matters of lunacy or idiocy, which, it is said, properly belong to them. If any person claims an island, the Privy Council has jurisdiction; from which it seems that if the tenant of the Eel-pie Island were to be ejected for rent in arrear, it would be a matter for the Privy Council, instead of the broker.

By a late act, there has been created a tribunal, called "The Judicial Committee of the Privy Council," which adds another court of appeal to those already in existence, and thus supplies an opportunity for more law to those who in the inferior courts have not had enough of it.

The chief privilege of privy councillors is the security given them against attempts upon their lives, which renders it felony to "imagine" the death of any one of them. The reader will see the danger of allowing the imagination to wander to the possibility of a privy councillor popping from the hooks, or applying the foot with any degree of force to the bucket. This statute was made upon Sieur Guiscard attempting to stab Mr. Harley; but as this popular comedian is at present a member of the Drury-lane Company, it is evident that the Sieur Guiscard did not succeed in his murderous effort. The Privy Council may be dissolved at any time by the Sovereign, and in this respect it resembles a Seidlitz powder, which can be dissolved at a moment's notice.

The importance of the Privy Council has been getting, for many years, small by degrees and beautifully less. The only wonder is that, looking at some of the names, any importance at all is attached to it.

IMPORTANT SEIZURE OF SOLDIERS.

THE other day, as coast-guard policeman J was doingduty on the Battersea shore, preventing the smuggling of penny Cubas from the adjoining cabbage-gardens, his attention was arrested by seeing an individual watching the arrival of the *Lily*, and winking violently at the captain, who was making motions with his hand to the man at the wheel of the vessel. Policeman J, knowing the efforts that have been made for repealing the Battersea Union, was instantly on the alert; and seeing a barrel put on shore, he felt under his coat to see that his truncheon was all right, and calmly determined to meet the worst, which policemen always do, instead of making the best of it. The late seizure at Dublin of a puncheon, containing six pistols and twelve swords with old blades,—intended, no doubt, to cut the connexion between England and Ireland,—has thrown a suspicion upon tubs of every description, and it is considered a mark of disaffection to keep a water-butt. Policeman J, having noticed that the individual took possession of the barrel, and was going to carry it away, instantly came forward, and read the Riot Act, after which he quoted a few clauses from a recent statute, in order that he might not outstep the bounds of the constitution. The individual with the barrel was proceeding to try and laugh the matter off; but policeman J., with extreme caution, requested him to open it, when it was found to be crammed to the very lid—WITH SOLDIERS!!

The report was instantly spread, that the military had become the tools of the revolutionary party, and that twenty score of soldiers had been taken in the very act of landing. We instantly sent our own reporter to the spot, and found that the soldiers alluded to were—red herrings!!!

ROYALTY AT A PLANT.

DURING the recent visit of Her Majesty to Chatsworth, she was introduced to a tree which she had planted eleven years ago with her own hand. The royal party stood opposite the interesting object for several minutes, and became excessively sentimental. They examined it in all its branches, and took several affectionate leaves of it. "It was then arranged," say the papers, "that Prince Albert should plant another by the side of it." In pursuance of this arrangement, an oak was determined upon, when Prince Albert proceeded to lay the first acorn with due solemnity. The dibber was handed to him by the chief gardener, and as the Prince consigned the acorn to its mouldy abode, the band played "God save the Queen," which was changed into "Hearts of Oak" at a signal from the Duke of Devonshire. His Royal Highness then gently kicked the earth over the aperture made by the dibber, and stamping on it a few times with the heel of his boot, three cheers were given by the gardener, and the royal party retired.

PUNCH'S NAVAL SONGSTER.

IT is a well-known fact that the songs of Dibdin had a wonderful effect on the courage of the Navy, and there is no doubt that the Ben Blocks, Ben Backstays, Tom Tackles, and Tom Bowlings, were, poetically speaking, the fathers of our Nelsons, our Howes, our St. Vincents, and our Codringtons. It will be the effort of *Punch's Naval Songster* to do for the Thames what Dibdin did for the Sea, and to inspire with courage those honest-hearted fellows who man the steamers on the river. If we can infuse a little spirit into them—which, by the bye, they greatly want—our aim will be fully answered.

NO. I.—IT BLEW GREAT GUNS.

It blew great guns when Sammy Snooks
Mounted the rolling paddles;
He met the mate with fearful looks—
They shook each other 's daddles.
The word was given to let go,
The funnel gave a screamer,
The stoker whistled from below,
And off she goes, blow high, blow low,
The *Atalanta* steamer.

His native Hungerford he leaves,
His Poll of Pedlar's Acre,
Who now ashore in silence grieves
Because he did not take her.
There 's a collision fore and aft;
Against the pier they squeeze her
"Up boys, and save the precious craft,
We from the station shall be chaff 'd—
Ho—back her—stop her—ease her."

Aha! the gallant vessel rights,
She goes just where they want her;
She nears at last the Lambeth lights,
The trim-built *Atalantar*.
Sam Snooks his messmates calls around;
He speaks of Poll and beauty;
When suddenly a grating sound
Tells them the vessel's run aground
While they forgot their duty.

NO. II.—BEN BOUNCE.

My name 's Ben Bounce, d'ye see,
A tar from top to toe, sirs.
I'm merry, blithe and free,
A marling-spike I know, sirs.
In friendship or in love,
I climb the top-sail's pinnacle,
But in a storm I always prove
My heart's abaft the binnacle.

I fear no foreign foe,
But cruize about the river;
As up and down I go
My timbers never shiver.
When off life 's end I get,
I 'll make no useless rumpus;
But off my steam I'll let,
And box my mortal compass.

COURT CIRCULAR.

AT exactly 4 min. 3¾ sec. (Greenwich mean time) to 9 A.M., Her Majesty rang for her thick walking shoes, in order to proceed to the garden with Lady Peel. The scene of intense expectation which resulted, may be more easily imagined than described. The maker's name being omitted in her Majesty's in-door velvet-slippers, we could not obtain information as to their authorship of sufficient accuracy for *Punch*.

The Duke of Wellington was to have taken snuff at a quarter past 4, P.M., but his Grace having left his box in his dressing-room, was compelled to wait until the return of a special messenger with the missing article. It is reported that his Grace sneezed *thrice!* but as the *on dit* is not duly authenticated, the public had better not be distracted with unfounded observations.

The Queen at Drayton.

THE Queen has been to visit Peel:
Of Drayton Manor she approved the plan,
But vainly she endeavour'd to conceal
She liked the Manor better than the Man.

PUNCH'S CONDENSED MAGAZINE.

OUR conviction has long been that Brevity is the soul of wit, and the soul of wit being represented by *Punch*, it comes to follow that *Punch* and brevity are nearly synonymous. Everything curtailing space or time, is in the ascendant. Cunning cooks condense many tureens of soup into one small pill-box: railways shorten journeys to imperceptible distances; jokes, which would formerly have elaborated into a dozen volumes, are collected into one of our numbers: Lord W. Lennox saves even an author's labour by taking his chapters ready made, as the man did his brooms: Sir Robert Peel, out-Heroding the closest stenography, is enabled to express the whole of his opinions by the single letter *I*: the seasons at our theatres are brought down to a few nights: in fact, high-pressure condensation is everywhere the rage. As such, we announce our intended magazine; which will contain numerous continuous papers and light articles, of which we give specimens: together with an attempt to depict the state of the mind enjoyed by the reader when he has finished them.

THE CONDENSED MAGAZINE.

No. I. April 1844. *Price* 1*d.*

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&c. &c. &c.

LONDON: PUNCH, 194, STRAND.

I.—LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF WALTER FLYLEAF.

CHAPTER V.

OF THE MANNER IN WHICH WALTER ARRIVED AT CAMBERWELL.

It was a gay and bustling scene at the Elephant and Castle, when the coach, which was conveying our hero to his destination, stopped there. Retailers of goods were plying their various trades, offering knives and annuals to the passengers; industrious artisans were forming clean thoroughfares from one side to the other of the muddy roads; whilst on the stalls at the edge of the pavement, fruit was disposed in small pyramids, the base being composed of four apples with one at the top, making in all five, to tempt the passers-by into purchasing them. The coach stopped for ten minutes, and then went on.

The roads now became less thronged with passengers. Then gardens appeared before some of the houses, as if in mockery of the broken hearts that inhabited them: gardens, in which the spring's young buds broke from their winter cerecloth, to struggle amidst the poisonous exhalations of the teeming air. At length the coach stopped. As Walter got down from the roof, he felt that the last tie which bound him to Gracechurch-street was broken. But this was nothing to his bitter anguish when, as he searched his pocket to meet the demand of the driver for his fare, he discovered that he left his purse, with the money and the lock of Harriet's hair, behind him! He uttered one wild cry of despair, and fell fainting upon the turfless ground of the green!

II.—THE RAMSHOODRA. From "MINUTES IN MADRAS."

"*Burrow sahib*" (master,) said one of my *dandies* (boatmen,) as he handed me my *chatter* (a large umbrella.)

Being anxious to meet Rusty Khan before the monsoon, I took the umbrella; and ordering one of my kitmudtgars to attend me, I started off in the jungle, with my ghee in a kidgeree pot.

I had heard the Ramshoodra was at Bumbleabad, and resolved to overtake him: I therefore got a *budgerow* (a travelling barge,) and, after my tiffin, left the jungle for the nearest *ghaut* (landing place,) which was at the end of some paddy fields. We had a pleasant journey; but on arriving at Bumbleabad I found the object of my trip had quitted that place the day before. I was received by the *munchee* (interpreter,) of whom I inquired where he was gone? He replied "*Bungee ramsuds*," (he has cut his stick.)

I never went near Bumbleabad again.

III. SPORTING LIFE. BY LORD W. LENNOX.

What equals on earth the delight of the huntsman—for whom foams so richly the cup of delight! Oh! this is a pleasure that 's worthy of princes, and health in its wanderings will ever be found. Hark, follow, hark! hark, follow, hark! hark follow, hark, hark, hark.

Bright Chanticleer proclaims the morn; and the dusky night rides down the sky, which ushers it in, as the lark springs from the corn and proclaims that this day a stag must die. And when the rosy morn appearing paints with gold the verdant lawn, to the fields we repair; and as the forester sounds the cheerful horn, we hie to the woods away.

And when the huntsman rests, the chace being o'er, although life is darkened o'er with woe, we bid the ruddy nectar flow. The glasses sparkle on the board, the wine is ruby bright, and makes a mortal half divine. What joys are the life of a huntsman surrounding!

IV.—DE COURCY. BY LADY CURSINGTON.

CHAPTER IX.

The season finished, and with the other delicate annuals of Curzon-street, De Courcy sought the blue and sunny Italy. He was strolling one morning through the costly galleries of the Palazzo Pitti, at Florence, when Vavasour suddenly stood before him.

"You here?" exclaimed Courcy.

"You see me," said the gay Vavasour, grasping the hand of his friend. "Where are you staying?"

"At the Albergo d'Inghilterra—and you?"

"Out of the town—the Palazzo Bruciato, near the Porta San Gallo: it is an excellent house, although rather too warm for summer. Do you like Florence?"

"*Passablement*: the paved streets are pleasant for travellers, but bad for the horses. What brings you here?"

"Lady Harriett. She is staying near Fresolé."

"Indeed!" said Courcy; "we will pay our respects together then."

And taking his friend's arm they entered the Café Strezzi, and smoked a cigar together.

V.—RANTWELLIANA,

OR ANECDOTES OF W. J. RANTWELL, COMEDIAN.—(*Continued.*)

One night at Bath. when the treasury ran very low, Rantwell whispered to Briggs, who was then performing *Sir Peter Teazle*, that although it was winter, there did not appear a prospect of getting much *salary* that week. Singularly enough, the tragedy of *De Montfort* was played in the following week.

On April 2, 1804, Rantwell, having suffered for some weeks from nettle-rash, played *Sir Francis Wronghead*. On the following day he wrote to the manager, Mr. Praps, as follows:—

"MY DEAR SIR,

"I am sorry I was not at home this morning when you called; but if you will favour me with another call to-morrow at the same hour, I shall be at your service.

"Yours, very truly, "W. J. R."

This is a remarkable instance of the minute attention to business which characterises all Rantwell's transactions.

The reader having come to the conclusion of the Magazine, lays it down, much delighted with its contents, and highly pleased with periodical literature generally, from its charming variety. And when he begins to reflect upon what he has read, he pictures Walter Flyleaf starting in the *budgerow* to call upon De Courcy, and when Lord William Lennox has left De Courcy with his friend at Florence, where Rantwell has been performing, then Walter Flyleaf returns; and, finally, the whole of the characters join hands and dance round the bewildered reader in one never-ending and entangled whirl, until his brain reels, and his ideas finally involve themselves in a knot of elaborate and inexplicable confusion.

DON PASQUALE MADE EASY.

A room at Pasquale's begins Act Two.
The Don is inspecting the bills that are due,
For dresses and jewels, and furs and lace,
Which are lying about in every place,
Supposed to be bought by Norina; although
The Don (that 's Bedford,) must very well know
They 're dresses and properties, tastefully set,
For which he 's incurr'd not a halfpenny debt.
The stage is with servants in livery fill'd,
Whom Phillips—the master of chorus—has drill'd
To neatly come in, at appropriate places,
Sopranos, and altos, and tenors and basses.
To one, who has something of musical skill in her,
Is apportioned a *solo* announcing the milliner;
To another, whose singing in tune is assured,
Is intrusted the separate part of the steward:
While the rest, who are apt to be now and then out,
Are only permitted together to shout;
And thus, if a note may by one be neglected,
It can't, when they sing all at once, be detected
The servants go out; and Pasquale, alone,
Begins in a very lugubrious tone
The property pieces of paper to con,
Which he saw, 'twixt the acts, by the call-boy brought on;
But, calling them bills—he their total peruses,
And how he shall pay them—most dolefully muses.
But his wife, he declares, in the first place he 'll settle—
Though that—like the bills of the tradesmen, wants metal.
Whilst up he is trying his courage to call,
Norina comes in—ready dress'd for a ball.
He asks where she 's going: says she "To the Opera;"
Than her conduct he thinks nothing *could* be improperer.
But vain his remonstrance—she will not be led,
And her only reply is—"To bed, sir, to bed!"
The gentleman's threats and the ladies' coquetting,
Give scope to three minutes' or so of duetting;
Concluding with Bedford's beebming quite hoarse
By shouting—with rage, "A Divorce—a Divorce!"
Then *exit Norina*—who drops as she goes
A letter, right under the Don's very nose.
He reads it, and finds an appointment is made
With his wife—in the garden, that some serenade
Is the signal that will by the lover be given,
And Pasquale, of course, to distraction is driven.

But rather than let in his own bosom fester
His wrongs, he determines to call Malatesta.
On madness Pasquale apparently borders,
And hurries away—to be giving his orders.
The servants then enter, and standing before us,
Sing a pretty, but most inappropriate chorus.
In which we are told they 've contrived to discover
Their mistress has got a young man for a lover.
(We know that our servants will speak of our faults,
But not to the air of a regular waltz.
However, the motive is taking and pretty,
For anything further what cares Donizetti?)
To resume now. Immediately following that,
Ernesto walks in through a door in the flat,
And with him the doctor; they both of them say,
They 've parts of some little importance to play.
Says Ernesto, I 'm off for concealment; and straight
He hurries away in the green-room to wait.
Where 'tis n't unlikely he says to the Don,
(Come Bedford, make haste, for Burdini is on).
Pasquale complains to his medical friend,
And wishes the marriage was brought to an end:
He tells of the letter he lately has picked up,
Of the horrible row that Norina has kick'd up.
And together they talk of an excellent plan,
To get a divorce if they possibly can.
It is to go forth, and at once to discover
The termagant wife *tête-a-tête* with her lover.
A plan which at once to mature they proceed,
In the course of some very good singing indeed.

A serenade is heard without,
'Tis sung by Allen, who gives it out
With the taste, expression, and judgment too,
Which are to this gem of the Opera due.
Marina enters, and hurries straight
To ope for Ernesto the garden gate;
And both, in spite of the chilly weather,
Begin—out-of-doors—a duet together.
In a minute more the Doctor and Don,
From the grove with lanterns, walk softly on.
Norina, when she sees them, believes.
Or else pretends to imagine, they 're thieves:
A little parley then ensues,
Malatesta explains Ernesto's views.
And though his wife, Pasquale, thought her,
The Don takes Norina as his daughter.
Letting his nephew quietly take her,
In the hope that obedient he 'll make her.
So the trick that has been play'd confessing;
The young folks get the old one's blessing.

SUGGESTION FROM SIBTHORPE.

In order to avoid the expense and trouble of taking the royal infants for an airing in carriages in the parks, it has been suggested by Sibthorpe that the airing may be done quite as well upon a horse before the fire in the royal nursery.

PROBLEM—ORNITHOLOGICAL AND ALGEBRAICAL.

Let *g* represent the gratitude of a hungry family upon demolishing the giblets of a goose, presented by a rich relation. Required the amount of gratitude of said family upon eating the goose belonging to the aforesaid giblets?

BEAUTY AND BAYONETS.

THE following paragraph has been going the round of the papers :—

"WRONGS OF WOMAN.—The militia law of Rhode Island does not exempt females from performing military duty, and several have been arrested and confined for disobeying the said law."

Now this is a regular Yankee trick. JONATHAN well knows that among Britons "the man who," as LORD WILLIAM would say, "would impose his palm upon a female, unless in the expression of cordiality, is a wretch." It is evidently, therefore, JONATHAN'S idea, that a corps of American Amazons, in the event of a conflict with British troops, would be sure to carry all before them. He calculates that our gallant soldiers would scorn to strike a woman.

His Grace the DUKE OF WELLINGTON, however, will prove more than a match for JONATHAN. Steps, we understand, have already been taken for the formation of a female battalion auxiliary to the line ; and more than one fair sergeant, of a dashing appearance, and in a white uniform, has been seen in various country towns beating up for recruits. Nay, a very buxom young girl, apparently a mantua-maker, thus attired, passed *Punch's* Office yesterday with a drum, followed by a long posse of servant maids with their bonnets trimmed with ribbons, indicative of enlistment. The uniform of these female regiments is to be of a very showy character ; it being reasonably supposed that this circumstance will facilitate their formation. That of the young ladies in the *Revolt of the Harem* has been judiciously selected by the Commander-in-Chief, and Prince ALBERT, we are informed, is devising a new cap to complete it.

The battalion is to consist of 800 ; the ranks to be filled principally from single ladies. The married, however, will not be excluded if their husbands will allow them to enlist ; which too many, perhaps, will be ready to do. The whole force is to be commanded by Mrs. Major-General SMITH ; and at the head of the first company will be Mrs. Colonel JONES. One regiment is to consist of light cavalry, under Colonel Lady TOMKINS ; and, among the names of the other officers, we may confidently announce that of Miss Cornet BROWN.

We ought not, perhaps, to publish this information, as *Punch* circulates on the other side of the Atlantic ; but we do so, to let JONATHAN see that we are prepared for him ; and we hope that he will take the hint, and not, presuming on this new stratagem of his, go plunging the world in war. When fair meets fair, then will come the, &c. ; and if our countrywomen are not victorious any way,—*Punch* has no nose, and will forfeit his cudgel.

THE "DOMESTIC LIBRARIES."

WE are happy to state that the royal plan of letting out books, either by monthly subscription or at so much per volume, is successfully advancing. The following list of rules and regulations has been compiled from the best authorities, and arranged by Prince Albert. A printed copy is to be pasted in the front page of every volume.

Rules and Regulations

OF THE ROYAL "DOMESTIC LIBRARY," BUCKINGHAM PALACE.

1*st*. THAT no marginal notes be made, either in ink, pencil, beer, jam, gravy, grease, or butter, in short, in any discolouring, greasy, or sticky substance.

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4*th*. THAT no book be read at breakfast, dinner, or tea, or be taken to bed.

5*th*. THAT all books be put away during washing, dressing, cleaning, and cooking.

6*th*. THAT no book be kept in the scullery, pantry, or kitchen drawers, or be left about where there are dogs, cats, policemen, children, or charwomen.

7*th*. THAT no person read more than one volume at a time.

The Mendicity Market.

THERE has been a slight advance in Pennsylvanian bonds ; they are now quoted at the same figure as tobacco-papers. For the Duke of York's debts there is still a great demand, but nothing but the creditors has been done. The same flatness prevails in quotations of the *Morning Post*. Since the Waterloo Bridge toll has been robbed, the shares have been looking up ; they have advanced from 000 to 0$\frac{1}{5}$. Covent Garden prices have had a lowering tendency ; the theatre closed at four, two, and one, and there has not been a single bidding since.

University Intelligence.

——— *College, Oxford.*

DEAR PUNCH,—These verses were the best sent in for our late scholarship ! What do you think of them, and what do you think of my translation ?

Your affectionate friend,

AN UNDERGRADUATE.

Tres hilares pueri, soliti vexare caballos,
Quo Draco suspendet, vina bibēre mera ;
Et statuere semel, statuere bis, et statuere
Œnophorum in mensâ sæpe movere rubrum.
"Huc age, tu pinquis, festina, pocula comple,
Donec ab expletis Cæcuba vina fluunt,
Non anima est felix, non felix, aio, felix,
Quæ miserum lectum sobria adire cupit.
Qui bibit, atque bibens lectum dignatur adire
Sobrius, haud titubans, haud sua corda madens,
Decidit ut frondes, ut frondes, Evie, frondes,
Et mense Octobri tum perit ille miser.
Qui bibit at contrà, lectumque petit madefactus,
Cui titubat multo linguaque mensque mero,
Ut decet is vivit, sic vivit, denique vivit,
Et tandem socius sic perit ille bonus.
Nam tristi generosa podagræ vina medentur,
Vinosi stomacho quis dolor esse potest ?
Atque omnes dicunt, dicunt bis, ter quoque dicunt,
"Jucundo vino quæ medicina par est."

TRANSLATION.

Three jolly post-boys	He that drinks
Drinking at the Dragon,	And goes to bed sober,
And they determined,	Fades as the leaves do,
To push about the flagon.	And dies in October.
"Landlord, fill the bowl,	But he that drinks
Till it runs over,	And goes to bed mellow,
There 's not a jolly soul,	Lives as he ought to do,
That goes to bed sober.	And dies a jolly fellow.

Wine cures the gout, the colic, and the phthisic,
And is confessed to be, the very best of physic."

The Queen and the Staffordshire Yeomanry.

THE Queen is said to have complimented the Staffordshire yeomanry on their soldier-like conduct at Drayton. There was certainly a resemblance to soldiers, but the likeness consisted chiefly in the uniform. Her Majesty made use of a very endearing expression with regard to this regiment, observing, "Ah ! I recollect ! it is my own." The following stanza was immediately written by the captain, and set to music by the leader of the band, to be sung by Her Majesty :—

And oft, when eve its shades has sent,
Or Sol has westward flown,
I think upon that regiment,
My Staffordshire—my own !

A Worthy Acknowledgment.

THE PEACE CONVENTION SOCIETY intend presenting a gold medal to Prince Albert, for the service he has rendered their cause by the ridicule his new Regulation Hat has thrown upon the army.

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Admission to the Public in General, 1*s*. ; Parishioners, 2*s*. 6*d*.
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Printed by Messrs. Bradbury and Evans, Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the city of London, and published by Joseph Smith, of No. 53, St. John's Wood Terrace, Regent's Park, in the Parish of Marylebone, in the county of Middlesex, at the Office, No. 194, Strand, in the Parish of St. Clement Danes, in the County of Middlesex.—SATURDAY, DECEMBER 9, 1843.

THE STORY OF A FEATHER.

CHAP. XL.—A SUMMARY OF MY LATTER WANDERINGS—CONCLUSION.

A SHORT time, and—Mr. Gauntwolf forgetting to return me to the theatre—I became the property of his victim daughter. Sudden and fatal was the misery that fell upon the house of Gauntwolf! He himself, despite of his moral fetor, had maintained his ground at the playhouse—he was so useful. He was shunned, loathed by all the company; but the manager would not confound moral principles with professional utility. Gauntwolf was endowed with a deep, brassy voice, an excellent organ for small tyrants and ruffians. In an evil hour, fevered with wine—his lordship's wine—he ventured into the foggy, midnight air, and was struck with sudden and enduring hoarseness. The sounding brass had lost its tone, and Gauntwolf, banished the stage, lived out his loathsome life in direst misery upon his daughter. Full soon his lordship illustrated the proverbial inconstancy of man; and then step by step the wretched girl—

No! I was her forced companion in the downward path of horror; but I will, I *must* be dumb! For the father, I have said it—his gray hairs were to him as a crown of penal fire.

I had witnessed many a scene of horrid mirth, when I was consigned to the trusty guardianship of a pawnbroker. After a happy seclusion of some months, I was sold with other stock to the first purchaser of my spotless beauty, Shadrach Jacobs. He, poor man! was bowed with sorrow to the earth; for like unto *Jessica*—albeit Miriam was unconscious of the bright example, his daughter had robbed him and become the wife of a Christian. Shadrach was a rich, miserable, childless wretch; still gathering wealth about him as arms against death. Shadrach sold me to an undertaker.

"Whose funeral is this?" This question was put to an elderly decent dame, a pew-opener from the Magdalen.

"God bless him!" answered the woman, and her eye moistened. "It is a sad story. You see, sir, he had been a sailor, and had come home with means for life. He had left his sweatheart in his native town, and was the next day going home to marry her. In the evening he came to our church. Shall I ever forget his healthy happy face when I showed him to a seat? Yet when the service was over, he seemed changed—there was a sort of shadow in his looks. A month after he came back, sir; and then was his face as fixed and white as any stone. His bride that was to have been, had left her home—had lost herself, and become an outcast. The very night he first came to us, was the last time Jessie, for that was her name, sir, sang in the chapel. She had been long ill of consumption, and died a week after. It seems that the man had heard her voice among the others, and though he could not think it Jessy's, still it troubled him. He went home, and learnt the dreadful story; came to London—traced the unhappy creature step by step to the Magdalen, where I have said she died. But still he came—he never missed a day; and every time looked paler, thinner than the last. He was, indeed, a kind, a gentle soul. Indeed, sir, there are such things as broken hearts!" Has the reader forgotten Jessy, the stricken-hearted penitent? Such was her closing history—such the end of her betrothed husband.

I will not dwell upon the rapid changes I now experienced. From the undertaker I passed to May-Fair; thence to a booth of mountebanks, and final degradation! At length, torn and mutilated, I was presented by the Columbine of a fair to her lover, the proprietor of a dromedary and monkey! I was placed, as an ornament, in the monkey's cap, and, my wearer being seated on the dromedary's back, I was enabled to consider out-door life from an advantageous eminence. As the monkey twitched his cap on and off at the command of his master, and so rumpled me sadly, it is true that I felt an occasional twinge at the indignity, that I, who had commenced life as one of the plumes of a Prince of Wales, should end in a monkey's bonnet, and become the beggar of halfpenny pieces! Such were now and then my thoughts; but I whistled them off with a gay philosophy that said—"Pooh, pooh, let's be merry."

My situation had this advantage. As I was carried to all parts of London, and travelled every portion of the country, I learned the history of many of my old acquaintances. It is true, I learnt it by snatches, but yet sufficiently to piece out a story. Hence, one day whilst my master was exhibiting his wonders (the dromedary and myself) at Tyburn turnpike, I beheld among the crowd, leaning upon the arm of a stalwart-looking tradesman, dear Mrs. Cramp, the card maker's widow. But there was such happiness in her face—such heartiness in her laughter, as my friend the monkey approached and doffed his bonnet to her, that I was convinced her shattered heart had been newly cemented by a second marriage. It is true, she stood upon the death-spot of Abram Clickly—for the highwayman was really hanged—nevertheless, it was plain she thought not of it. Yes, she was married. The tone in which I heard her say, "Come love, or Beckey will scold us for spoiling the dinner," rang with wedded bliss. And Becky, the faithful Becky, still kept her place and her mistress's secrets.

We are in the goodly town of ———, at the Crown Inn, nominally kept by Julius Curlwell, but really governed by his wife, late Mrs. Pillow, and housekeeper of the Earl of Blushrose. My master, with a courtesy not common to beast proprietors, blandly asks of the host the hospitality of a stable. Curlwell turns with a look of mute inquiry towards his wife—I know her, though brandy has made her red as ruddle; when Mrs. Curlwell vows "she 'll have no beasts there; she has beast enough in the lazy fellow she 's obliged to keep." My master nevertheless enters the tap-room, and I follow him. Sweet, most sweet, is it to learn that Julius Curlwell, the plague and persecutor of Fanny Butler, is sentenced for life to the excoriating voice of a shrew, with an occasional visitation from rolling-pin or candlestick.

We halt at a village. The dromedary shows his paces—the monkey holds forth his cap with most beseeching air. A lady comes from a cottage. The monkey—well-educated beggar! besets her; the lady—there is a sweet benignity in her eyes, though her face is stained with disease—smiles, and drops a shilling in the monkey's cap. "Well, that 's a real lady, down to the stockings," says my master; and, elate with the gift, seats himself upon an ale-house bench and calls for a mug of ale. "That 's a real lady, she is," repeated my master to the host of the Load of Hay, who had beheld the monetary transaction. "She 's a angel turned to a woman," says the landlord; "and more than that, she 's a real Countess—Countess Blushrose. Bless you! she was the beauty of six counties once." "I can't say much for her beauty," observes my master, "but a shilling *was* like a lady." "La, bless you," answers the publican, "when she was beautiful nobody could abear her; and then she and her husband, like poker and tongs, was always on opposite sides. You see, she thought all the world was in her face, and nothing out of it. She 'd as soon a gone into a pigstye with silk stockings on as walked into a poor man's cottage then—now, she 's altogether different." "How 's that?" asks my master. "You see, one night at a ball, over-dancing, or something of that sort, she caught the—the—I don't know why they give sickness such hard names, unless to frighten it—the—the erysipuluss." "Sipelas," says the hostess, man and wife knowing the word between them. "That 's it; well, that was enough. There was no more beauty; and, though the Countess at first tore her hair, and broke a fortin' in looking-glasses, she listened to reason in the end; gave up London and all that, went among the poor—nursed 'em—talked to 'em just as if they were her own flesh and blood; and now she doesn't stir that she doesn't walk out in a shower of blessings." Such became the Countess Blushrose.

We travel to the next village. Ha! Here is Mantrap Park, the seat of the two Miss Peachicks, the lodgers of Flamingo—the visitors to Newgate—the sympathising, sudden friends of Patty Butler. Why—yes—there is Patty at the window! It is she, and happiness has given radiance to her sweet, kind face. A spirit of joy seems about her; that poor, strong, meek-hearted tenant of a prison! And there, too, are the dear old Peachicks! There they are, twin sisters of benevolence! Creatures preserved from the hurry and the coarseness of life, to be the simple alms-women of human kindness. The monkey runs to the window—how my heart beats, as Patty leans forward with a cake between her small fingers for the little beast. How beautiful she looks! for it is the beauty of innocent happiness. Horror—misery! A huge dog—the Peachicks' pet—seizes the monkey, and, amidst its screams, Patty rushes out to the rescue! The monkey is carried into the house; it is not hurt; and its master, more than recompensed for the terror of his animal, goes onward—goes onward, happily, without me: for, falling from the monkey's cap upon the carpet, I remain undiscovered. The next morning, the servant arranging the room, places me upon the mantelpiece.

The postman's knock; and Patty's face is now white, now crimson. A letter is brought her; one glance, and she runs from the room.

"It is from Inglewood," says one of the Miss Peachicks.

"Of course," says the other; "from who else, indeed?"

"And he 's arrived?" says the elder.

"No doubt of it," corroborates the junior.

Patty, her eyes swimming with tears, enters the room, and places the letter in the hands of the eldest lady.

"I knew it was from Inglewood," she cries. Trembling all over, she opens the missive, and reads :—

"Portsmouth ———

"Another day, my beloved Patty, and I shall be at your side. Travel has awarded me the wished-for blessing, health; a blessing still to be crowned by your love.

"To the dear friends whose quick sympathies acknowledged your innocence—who have protected, sheltered ye since that day—but I will not think of it—bless them, bless them!"

"Never mind that," says the younger Miss Peachick.

"To-morrow I return. The Earl of Blushrose has added to the obligation which enabled me to travel, the means of competence; a small but sufficient curacy in your neighbourhood. To-morrow, and I claim a wife. "Thine, with deepest love,

"Robert Inglewood."

"You shall be married the day after," says the elder Miss Peachick.

"Or at most the day after that," added the younger.

Inglewood returned, and Patty, though not quite so soon, became the curate's wife. Lintley and his little spouse attended the solemnity; and long, and sweetly placid were the days, rewarding the first trials of the gentle, all-enduring feather-dresser.

THE VALUE OF A GENTLEMAN.

A gentleman lately exhibited himself at a ball, which took place in one of the most brilliant *salons* of St. Mary Axe, in a full dress evening suit.

The attire of this gentleman displayed all that elegance which is so characteristic of the articles supplied at "sweating" establishments; and not only that, but the economy also combined therewith, which it was made to do by an expedient no less tasty than ingenious.

The gentleman was apparelled as follows :—He wore a superior blue dress coat, with figured gilt buttons, and lined with white satin; an ultra-marine-coloured silk waistcoat, embroidered with orange and crimson flowers; best black kerseymere trousers; the Corazza shirt; the new Sutherland stock; and the Albert pumps.

Each article of the above was decorated with an ornamental figure. This was neither more nor less than the "figure" at which they were manufactured for the slop-seller. It was worked in fancy silk, and very showily variegated. On the facings of the coat, on each side, was marked 2*s.* 9*d.*; on each half of the waistcoat, 7*d.*; on the knees of the trousers, 7*d.*; in the centre of the stock was embroidered 2*s.* 6*d.*; on the bosom of the shirt, 2½*d.*; and 2*s.* below either instep. The fashionable novelty exhibited in this *tout-ensemble* excited universal admiration, and the wearer of the suit was declared on all hands to be "quite the gentleman." Nine tailors are commonly allowed for the making of a mere man, but in this instance two made the gentleman.

Let us see what the gentleman came to :—

	£	s.	d.
Coat	0	2	9
Waistcoat	0	0	7
Trousers	0	0	7
Sutherland	0	2	6
Corazza	0	0	2½
Alberts	0	2	0
Amounting to	0	8	7½
Cost of materials	3	0	0
	3	8	7½
Mosaic gold shirt pin, with imitation emerald	0	3	0
Pair of striped silk socks	0	3	6
	0	6	6
Sum total of the Gentleman	3	15	1½

A SUM IN VULGAR FRACTIONS.

Perceiving that Savings Banks had been established for the army, we submitted the following questions to Mr. Hume :—

1st. How much can a soldier, in the course of a year, put into a savings bank out of 1*s.* 2*d.* a day?

2nd. How long it will take him, at that rate, to realise his fortune?

We have been favoured with the following answer :—

"Mr. Hume presents his compliments to *Mr. Punch*, and feels superlative pleasure in supplying him with the following solutions :—

"1st. His savings will be, as accurately as can be ascertained, the sum Mr. Moses gives for the making of a shirt.

"2nd. And his fortune will be made, at that rate, about the time of Mr. Alderman Gibbs' delivering in his parish accounts, but certainly not a day sooner."

BRITISH COURTS OF JUSTICE.

VICE-CHANCELLOR KNIGHT BRUCE'S COURTS.

Power has its limits :—to attempt to give any guide to the Court of Vice-Chancellor Knight Bruce, would be impossible, unless we had a moveable finger-post with which to follow up his Honour through every hole and corner he is in the habit of being thrust into. He was last heard of, administering justice in the cockloft over the Speaker's apartments; but about a week ago he was traced into one of the back kitchens, delivering judgment from the top of a dresser, and referring to cases in the books deposited in a plate-rack behind him. His Honour had good-naturedly consented to robe in a meat-screen, and the counsel were seated at an ironing board, while the sink was set apart for the suitors—an accommodation, by the bye, which, in the generality of Courts, is afforded not to their persons, but to their property. Subsequently to this, Vice-Chancellor Knight Bruce was taking short causes on a landing-place, and motions were being handed in through the balusters. Some one coming up the staircase, his Honour consented to hear petitions on the mat at the bottom; and eventually we find him being addressed by counsel in a temporary shed used for depositing the tools of the workmen employed on the new Houses of Parliament.

Occasionally, Vice-Chancellor Knight Bruce rushes, with the Counsel, Attornies, and Ushers at his heels, to the Westminster Sessions-House; and, if the place is clear, the worthy Judge leaps on to the Bench, with a sincere thankfulness at having found something like a Court for the administration of justice. It however often happens, that as soon as the Counsel get fairly into an argument, the Vice-Chancellor and his attendants are compelled to pack up their judicial traps and be off, to make way for the Middlesex magistrates. It is well known that in ancient times the Courts were moveable; and though this principle has been abolished with reference to Courts of Justice in general, there seems a sort of perpetual motion about Vice-Chancellor Knight Bruce's Court, which seems to promise—

"No rest but the grave for the pilgrim of Law."

It is, we believe, in contemplation to hire for his Honour's use one of those perambulating vans which go about the streets for the edification of those about to marry. The worthy Vice-Chancellor has been heard to say that he would be satisfied with even a sentry-box, that he could call his own, rather than be hunted about "up stairs and down stairs" as he has been since the judicial scales—for which, by the bye, he can find no permanent peg to hang them up—have been entrusted to him.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

I.

The Moderately-sized Country-town. By the Author of "The Great Metropolis."

"This work displays great research and the most delicate powers of observation. The description of the 'pump in the market-place,' in particular, is so true, so marvellously characteristic, that, could pumps delineate themselves, one would at once pronounce it to be written by a pump! No library will be complete without 'The Moderately-sized Country-town.'"—*Evening Paper.*

II.

The Grandmothers of England. By the Authoress of "The Women of England," "The Daughters of England," &c.

"In the name of the grandmothers of England, we thank the authoress for the valuable moral instruction conveyed in this elegant volume. No grandmother's education will be complete till she has read and re-read the 'Grandmothers of England.' The book is the very best guide to oval suction extant."—*Morning Paper.*

The Babies of England
The Cooks of England
The Washerwomen of England
The Charwomen of England
The Apple-women of England
The Bathing-women of England

} By the Authoress of the "Grandmothers of England."

III.

The Barnabys Nowhere; being the ultimate sequel of "The Barnabys." By Mrs. Trollope.

THE CHRISTMAS SONG

OF

THE DISHONEST TENANT.

I.

Now, let us heap the fire up,
And ring a joyous tune;
Pass round the brimming Wassail Cup
Before we shoot the moon.
Bring from the wood-yard log and spray,
And let the Wallsend blaze away—
For which we never mean to pay:
And let us all be merry.

II.

Now run the spit the sirloin through,
And put it down to roast;
For Butcher, Baker, we will do,
But Brandy-merchant most.
The fattened turkey let us kill,
We shall not stop to pay the bill;
But lightly hop the twig we will,
Like winter robins—very.

III.

And when the jovial feast is o'er,
Cut up and swallowed all;
We 'll cut ourselves, and lock the door,
Before the tradesmen call.
And carol blithely as we run,
To think the shopkeepers are done:
How frugal is our Christmas fun!
Sing Mistletoe and Derry.

A GEOGRAPHICAL CONUNDRUM BY MR. GUNTER.

Q. Which is the coldest river?
A. The *Ice*-is (Isis).

PENCILLINGS OF PUBLIC PEOPLE.

THE WATERLOO BRIDGE TOLL-TAKER.

The shareholders of Waterloo Bridge intend, we understand, to give a dinner to the toll-keeper on the Surrey side in celebration of the successful blockade of Westminster, and the increased traffic over their own edifice; which has proved the only instance in which a continued run upon their property has been of benefit to them. A year's dividend has been given up for this purpose, amounting in the aggregate to something under half-a-crown; and the collecting clerk, after much repose, has intentions of making another call upon the shareholders at their own residences.

As such a short notice of this well-known individual may not be out of place. The toll-keeper is a very remarkable personage—a great deal more so than people would believe by looking at him. It is generally understood that he has never been to bed since he was a boy; and that in 1840, previous to the reduction of tolls, accomplished his great undertaking of picking up one thousand pence in one thousand hours on the toll-table. The writer of this notice had an opportunity of conversing with him in the course of last winter, although he is usually taciturn and reserved; seldom speaking unless when a passenger runs against the wrong turnstile.

Previously to the reduction of the tolls, the subject of the present sketch complained bitterly of his solitary and isolated condition, seldom communing with his fellow-men except performers, who at that period colonized the Transpontine Marshes in great numbers. His duties ceased at that time about six o'clock, P.M.; because on returning, they usually paid on the other side. He perfectly remembers the time when the English Opera House had a company, and he laid in half-pence to give change to them on the days they received their salaries. His present habitation is a neat, compact, one-roomed residence, which does not appear to possess a bed; but, as he never wants one, this is of no consequence. Indeed, we never saw him inside his house at all, his usual position being outside the door, behind a gas-lantern, and within reach of the half-pence, which he gravely and silently removes to some unknown depository as they are laid down.

We have not been favoured with a view of the plate to be presented to him when the dinner is given, but hear that it is of the willow-pattern, and will be in all probability accompanied by a knife and fork.

THE SONG OF THE SHIRT.

WITH fingers weary and worn,
With eyelids heavy and red,
A Woman sat, in unwomanly rags,
Plying her needle and thread—
Stitch ! stitch ! stitch !
In poverty, hunger, and dirt,
And still with a voice of dolorous pitch
She sang the "Song of the Shirt !"

"Work ! work ! work !
While the cock is crowing aloof !
And work—work—work,
Till the stars shine through the roof !
It 's O ! to be a slave
Along with the barbarous Turk,
Where woman has never a soul to save,
If this is Christian work !

"Work—work—work
Till the brain begins to swim ;
Work—work—work
Till the eyes are heavy and dim !
Seam, and gusset, and band,
Band, and gusset, and seam,
Till over the buttons I fall asleep,
And sew them on in a dream !

"O ! Men, with Sisters dear !
O ! Men ! with Mothers and Wives !
It is not linen you 're wearing out,
But human creatures' lives !
Stitch—stitch—stitch,
In poverty, hunger, and dirt,
Sewing at once, with a double thread,
A Shroud as well as a Shirt.

"But why do I talk of Death ?
That Phantom of grisly bone,
I hardly fear his terrible shape,
It seems so like my own—
It seems so like my own,
Because of the fasts I keep,
Oh ! God ! that bread should be so dear,
And flesh and blood so cheap !

"Work—work—work !
My labour never flags ;
And what are its wages ? A bed of straw,
A crust of bread—and rags.

That shatter'd roof—and this naked floor—
A table—a broken chair—
And a wall so blank, my shadow I thank
For sometimes falling there !

"Work—work—work !
From weary chime to chime,
Work—work—work—
As prisoners work for crime !
Band, and gusset, and seam,
Seam, and gusset, and band,
Till the heart is sick, and the brain benumb'd,
As well as the weary hand.

"Work—work—work,
In the dull December light,
And work—work—work,
When the weather is warm and bright—
While underneath the eaves
The brooding swallows cling
As if to show me their sunny backs
And twit me with the spring.

"Oh ! but to breathe the breath
Of the cowslip and primrose sweet—
With the sky above my head,
And the grass beneath my feet,
For only one short hour
To feel as I used to feel,
Before I knew the woes of want
And the walk that costs a meal !

"Oh but for one short hour !
A respite however brief !
No blessed leisure for Love or Hope,
But only time for Grief !
A little weeping would ease my heart,
But in their briny bed
My tears must stop, for every drop
Hinders needle and thread !

With fingers weary and worn,
With eyelids heavy and red,
A Woman sate in unwomanly rags,
Plying her needle and thread—
Stitch ! stitch ! stitch !
In poverty, hunger, and dirt,
And still with a voice of dolorous pitch,
Would that its tone could reach the Rich !
She sang this "Song of the Shirt !"

THE CROSSING AGENCY.

One of our last Numbers contained the advertisement of a gentleman who offered a *douceur* of twenty shillings to any one who could procure him a permanent crossing to sweep. As genius is at a low ebb, and that occupation appears to afford the best opening for an industrious man to get his living by, *Punch* has opened an agency for providing situations. From his long acquaintance with the streets and courts of London, he is well able to give the particulars of the most eligible, which are all to be had immediately.

A.

A famous muddy opportunity, with other disadvantages, at the south-west corner of Bedford-square. The Commissioners of Street Discomfiture have been engaged in throwing up several models of the Alps and Mount Vesuvius in the middle of the road, and have removed the foot-pavement with unflagging industry, so that the crossing is inevitable. The coming in is moderate, and the thoroughfare excellent, being patronised by all the inhabitants of Bloomsbury, Russell, and Bedford Squares, who deal in Tottenham Court Road, which they look upon as the West End.

B.

The reversionary interest of a life-crossing, with retail lucifer business attached, from the corner of King William-street to Hungerford Market. The present incumbent has long suffered under the combined influences of gin and asthma. The influx of passengers, which will take place upon the bridge being completed, will be so considerable, that any one wishing to enrich his descendants in the sixth generation, will find this an eligible opportunity.—N.B. A coffee-stall from 4 to 8 A.M.

C.

A frequented pass in Lincoln's-Inn-Fields, and another from Chancery-Lane to the Temple. Little labour is required at these crossings, the majority of the passers-by being rather addicted than otherwise to dirty ways.

D. VALUABLE INVESTMENT.

With immediate possession, the present proprietor being about to retire upon his appointment to a residence in New South Wales, the long established crossing leading from the Mansion House to the Bank of England, in which possessions of untold value are accumulated. This fortunate thoroughfare, leading eventually to the wealth of a nation, derives additional interest from having been the favoured promenade of the Lord Mayors of London whenever their business obliged them to visit the Bank. The constant influx of visitors enabled the late owner to trap his broom for many years, until compelled to brush instead, through effecting an irregular transfer; which, whatever his doubts upon the subject might previously have been, led to his ultimate conviction. The thoroughfare enjoys a perpetual succession of mud in the driest seasons, from the constantly flowing stream of omnibuses passing over it; and the unavoidable detention of nervous travellers in the middle of the road, is of the greatest advantage in soliciting charity.

Full particulars of these various statements may be obtained at the Punch Office, and Dick has received the strictest orders to exhibit the utmost courtesy to all applicants.

CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS.

PUNCH'S HOLIDAY LETTER.

My dear Public,

It is with the most unfeigned satisfaction I now write to acquaint you that the completion of my Fifth Volume is fixed for Saturday, the 23d inst.

I am happy to inform you that I have again obtained this year the Prize for Writing, and that I have completely beaten Master Gibbs in my Arithmetic.

The weekly specimens I have sent you of my Drawing, will, I hope, satisfy you of my proficiency in this branch of my studies. Deeply impressed with the parental care you lavish on me, I feel myself bound (in Five Volumes) to cultivate as siduously those parts (monthly Parts) which you have encouraged me to put forth; and I am preparing to make exertions out of number, which will appear in the numberless Numbers that I intend issuing.

Messrs. Bradbury & Evans, in whose Establishment I am placed, beg leave to present their compliments (of the season) to you, and to call your attention to the fact, that the whole of my valuable lessons are to be learned for the weekly sum of *Three-pence*, which includes Writing, Drawing, Moral Philosophy, Law, Poetry, the Use of the Globes, the Abuses of the World, and the usual Branches—that is to say Six entire Leaves—of the Tree of Knowledge.

I trust my Christmas Piece, which I now present to you, will give satisfaction; and, hoping in the present and many future holidays to have much enjoyment in each other's society,

I remain, dear Public,
Your most affectionate
PUNCH.

Punch Office, 194, Strand,
December 14, 1843.

P. S. Among my prizes, I forgot to mention my Pocket Book. I am sure you will be very much pleased with it. Everybody who has looked at it, has wanted to have it; and so I tell them they may—for half-a-crown.

Royal Topographical College

For the Instruction of Cab Drivers and Omnibus Cads, and the Protection of the Public from Inefficient and Ignorant Coachmen.

Patroness—The Queen.—President—Lord Brougham and Vaux.

INSTITUTED NOVEMBER 30, 1843.

EXAMINATION FOR THE DEGREE OF C.D.—CHRISTMAS, 1843.

1. What is the minimum speed of a cab, consistent with the Act of Parliament?
2. What is the maximum speed of one of Hanson's Patent Cabs, consistent with the public safety?
3. How many varieties of Cabs have been patented, and how many that have been patented are no longer to be seen on the stands?
4. What is the greatest weight of Luggage that a good cab can carry without breaking down?
5. What Streets constitute the Seven Dials?
6. How do you make a mile and a half, at eightpence a mile, come to two shillings?

By Order of the Court of Examiners,
William Wheeler, *Secretary.*

The Humble Petition

OF

THE BEADLES.

ANOTHER year has roll'd its course sublime
Into the wide capacious lap of time ;
Futurity is opening the door
To let in eighteen hundred forty-four,
While Erebus on tip-toe stands to see
The last of eighteen hundred forty-three.
Oh ! may you, worthy folks, be all alive
Even in eighteen hundred forty-five.
Our dignity we have not worn in vain,
The boys have often felt the official cane ;
We've kept in church the rising giggle down
By putting on a seasonable frown ;
Many who stood on indecorum's brink
We've saved from error by a well-timed wink ;
And by judicious handling of the staff,
We've check'd on youthful cheeks the rising laugh.
At Easter we have gone our warlike rounds,
And beaten with our brass topp'd staves—the bounds.
Then aid us to procure our Christmas cheer,
It comes—like royal births—but once a-year.

TORY WAITS.

WE, the regular Ministerial Weights, who have cheered your hearts with Income Tax Quadrilles, and soothed you into soft slumbers by the beautiful turns and variations of our political Waltzes, humbly call upon you for your kind contributions. We have been playing in Concert, to lull you into forgetfulness ; and, in all matters, our trumpets have been blowing hot and cold, while our measures have been stealing over your enslaved senses.

STANLEY, Double Base ;
JAMES GRAHAM, Serpent ;
R. PEEL, Leader of the Band.

WHIG WAITS.

WE, the old Whig Waits, who have been now waiting for upwards of Two Years, and playing a variety of Tunes, humbly solicit your bounty at the present Festive period. We beg leave to remind you that we have no connection whatever with the Tory Dead Weights, who, by imitating many of our Airs, and playing the same strains as we have been in the habit of doing, have endeavoured to impose upon your Generosity.

J. RUSSELL, First Fiddle ;
PALMERSTON, Trumpet.

THE TURNCOCK'S APPEAL FOR A CHRISTMAS-BOX.

ESTEEMED TEETOTALERS,

WHEN your water-jugs are sparkling at this festive season with the pure and limpid element, please to remember me, your indefatigable and unflinching Turncock. By your kind Christmas-box I shall be enabled to drink your health in a bowl of foaming New River. Please to recollect that it is the Turncock who contributes to the pleasures of the Tea and Breakfast Table, by converting your pint of milk into a quart, and transforming useless chalk into a comparatively wholesome beverage. Don't forget to ask for the Temperance medal.

Your constant diluter
And swamper in ordinary,
THEOBALD MATHEW.

THE RAMONEUR'S ADDRESS.

WHO, when the chimney is on fire,
Than any sweep can go up higher,
And do whatever you require ?—
The Ramoneur.

Who saves the bother and the noise
Of dirty little climbing-boys,
Whose feet the furniture destroys ?—
The Ramoneur.

Who human nature never shocks,
By torturing mortal knees and hocks,
And who deserves a Christmas-box ?—
The Ramoneur.

THE POST-MAN.

Now boxing season comes again,
With beef and porter in its train,
Let not your humble Postman fear
To go without his Christmas cheer.
Unless to bounty you incline,
Where shall the wretched JENKINS dine ?

N. B. JENKINS begs that his kind friends in the kitchen will not fail to give this paper to their masters and mistresses.

A CORPORATION CAROL

FOR CHRISTMAS.

I.

Oh ! rest you, merry Aldermen, let nothing you dismay ;
Get up your worships' appetites against next Christmas-day.
Stout trenchermen of London town, stand to your knives and forks;
Out-cormorant the cormorants, out-stork the very storks.

II.

In sooth, a smoking sirloin is a gallant sight to see,
When folk are met in goodly set around mahogany ;
And the cover anon is raised by John before the portly host,
Who whets his blade ere its edge invade the giant of the roast.

III.

How bounds unto the trumpet clang the warrior's heart ! and oh !
With what resistless energy he charges on the foe !
But his impetuosity is trifling unto that
Wherewith the doughty citizen falls headlong on the fat.

IV.

Carve ! Carve ! Lord Mayor, and Sheriffs, and ye Common Councilmen,
Carve fearlessly the glorious joint ; cut, Moon, and come again ;
Cleave the plump turkey limb from limb, cry havoc on the game ;
Eat as your great forefathers ate—prove worthy of their fame.

V.

Upon the pudding manfully ! and should your spirits fail,
Let brandy o'er repletion—just a thimbleful—prevail.
London expects that every man, unto his city true,
His duty will, on Christmas-day, each at his table do.

VI.

But there 's a double duty to be done on Christmas-day :—
Eat, merry gentlemen, but—don't forget to give away,
Largesse, largesse unto the Poor, with open hand and
free :
So may your worships' dinners with your worships all
agree !

THE DUSTMEN'S CARD.

We, the regular Dustmen, who are constantly requiring You to come down with your Dust, come round as usual for your Contributions. Please to remember that we are the regular Conservative dustmen, who have always Settled your Ashes.

Be sure to ask for a medal, representing on one side the "Victory of the Tories Over the Whigs in 1841," and on the reverse, "A pair of scales—one Fixed and the other Sliding."

If any one should basely apply on Our behalf, saying that he is our principal, please to take notice that we are All alike, and have no Principles.

(Signed,) Goulburn.
Ripon.
Gladstone.

THE SCAVENGER'S CARD.

The following bill, with the signature of H. Brougham, was thrown down the area of the residence of Sir R. Peel, and was likewise left at the houses of several other members of the Government :—

A CARD.

I your constant Scavenger, having now been for some time on the perpetual Scavenge, claim at this festive season your kind benevolence. Having never scrupled to go through any dirt in order to serve You, I make bold to hope that I shall not be forgotten. Please not to give any thing to any one who is not accompanied by a Dog answering to the name of Roebuck. (Signed)

H. Brougham.

SECOND ÆNEID OF VIRGIL.

SUNK was the sun,
The feast was done,
The stars rose twinkling one by one;
The sounding harps were heard no more,
And Iolas' mystic song was o'er,
When Æneas arose,—though you might before
Have heard a pin fall on the marble floor,
Such a thundering cheer,
With cries of "Hear, hear!"
Burst from the company far and near,
That Æneas, poor man—having finished his can—
Blushed very much as he thus began:
"Unaccustomed—hem—no—
(I 'm afraid that 's no go.)
I mean to say that it ain't quite *comme il faut*
To talk of one's own gallant actions you know;
The Queen on my right being anxious, however,
To hear the whole story, of course I 'll endeavour
To give her the tale, which I 'm blow'd if I ever
Can tell without blubbing—although in my day
I 've seen some tight work in the fisty-cuff way."

ÆNEAS' TALE.

"For ten rolling years each succeeding one found us
Cooped up in old Troy with the Grecians around us,
With nothing to do but to pray, and sing psalms,
And get frightened to death with continued alarms,
While we starved at our leisure on donkey and rat,
To say nothing of shoe-leather, dips, and all that;
And expect that at last, when compell'd to sur- [render,
Ulysses, or somebody equally tender,
Would string us all up round the walls of our city,
(Those are just the dry jokes he considers so [witty,)
When—strange to be said—
When I got out of bed
One morning, the Grecians had cut it and fled!
O then there was joy in the streets of old Troy,
We heard no more blubbing and ὀτοτοτοι,
The gates were flung open, the merry bells rang,
The people huzza'd, and the cannons went bang!
We rushed to the shore, the proud Grecians were gone,
We saw their encampments deserted and lone,
But they'd left—I suppose to atone for their loss—
In the midst of their camp a most wonderful Horse.
Struck with wonder we gazed, and surmised why [use.
the deuce
They had left us the brute, and what could be its
We wonder'd if they used to feed it on hay,
And if left to itself it would gallop away;
And whether Ulysses had taken the saddle,
And if he was able to ride it a-straddle;
And whether he rode it to cover; and if
It always was equally solemn and stiff—
When, hark! a loud cry from the city close by
Made us jump, tho' we didn't exactly know why,
And out rush'd a messenger, running his hardest,
To tell us the people had taken a Chartist,
And didn't know whether to try him or kill him,
Though some of the hungriest wanted to grill him,
And swore that they thought they could manage to dine
Off cold Spy, and a glass of Falernian wine—
But just then from his palace the worthy old Priam
Toddled out, and declared that they'd better first try him.
The people obey'd, and slunk, hungry and cross,
To their homes, or to look at the wonderful Horse.
And thus spoke King Priam: 'Young man, if you don't
Give me and my people a faithful account
Of yourself, and your object in coming to Troy,
We'll roast you alive and then eat you, my boy;
So now for your story—be quick—if you don't,
I'll skin you myself—I'll be hang'd if I wont!'
The Spy first coughed to clear his throat,
And wiped his nose on the sleeve of his coat,
Then told us how the Greeks had got
Excessively tired—as how should they not?—
Of fighting each day under showers of stones,
And going to bed with black eyes and sore bones;
And how they built up a great monster of wood
By order of Pallas, as big as they could—
Not knowing, if once it got into the town,
The pride of the Trojans could never come down;
—And how the waves roared, and red thunder-bolts flew,
And they sent to God Phœbus to know what to do,
And the jolly god told 'em to offer a Greek,
And how trembled each limb, and how blanched every cheek,
For every one felt that *he* might be selected
As food for the gods, and felt rather dejected;
And when they tossed up in the evening, how he
Was chosen by lot to appease the rough sea;
And how merry were they when they thought how next day
For their dear native land they'd go sailing away;
And how the priest came with his glittering knife,
But he punched out his eye, and then ran for his life!
Knocked down Neoptolemus, Gorgon, and Thaius,
Kicked Pollio's shins, and tripped up Menelaus:
Hid that night in a barn, and now weary and sore,
Had come the protection of Troy to implore.
'Well, well,' Priam said,
'We could give you a bed,
But, of course, greedy fellow, you'll want to be fed:
As for eating, I fear,
You 'll not get much here,
For provisions this year
Are uncommonly dear,
And I 've dined the last month on dead Grecian and beer;
But go and desire old Iphigenia,
The housemaid, to put some dog chops to the fire;
Then after your treat,
Say the Grace after meat,
And go to bed happy and drunk in the street.'
So much for the Spy;
When, hark! a cry
Sweeping by
Fills the sky,
And shakes the town as it rolls on high—
And now is heard the choral song,
The slow procession moves along.
Laocöon led, by its gilded horns—
And dismally grinned when it trod on his corns—
A milk-white bull, for this was the feast
Of Neptune, and he was the sea-god's priest.
An altar smoked on the wide sea-shore,
And bald-headed priests stood round by the score,
Each with a cowl, and a solemn frown,
And a shaggy long beard, and a shaven crown;
When, hark! ere the bellowing bull they fell,
The priests set up a most horrible yell:—
Tumble up, tumble down, in confusion they go,
The lean run fast, and the fat run slow—
Some pray, some sing, and, I 'm sorry to say,
Some swear in a very unclerical way.
Has the bull broke loose, did the dinner-bell ring,
Are they running a race? What a very queer thing!
No. See, on the foam of the dark sea's tide,
A couple of rattlesnakes, side by side—
Onward they swim, and now they reach
The margin of the sandy beach;
After the scattering crowd they rush,
And plunge amid the priestly crush.
The Sons of Laocöon first they seize,
And 'settle their hash' with a suitable squeeze;
Their governor comes with his altar knife,
To defend the dear boys at the risk of his life,
But alas! in his cowl, and his sandals, and gown,
The hard-hearted monster has gobbled him down:
And munching up the remains of a boy, [Troy,
They walked arm-in arm through the streets of
Till they came to the temple of Pallas Minerva;
(By the way, what they 'd just done was to serve her,
For she happened to be most eternally cross
Because the old priest had cut jokes at her Horse;)
And under her shield they both glided away,
And there very likely they are to this day."—
[Here Æneas pulled up,
The Queen filled his cup,
And first herself took what she called "just a sup."
The Pious one pressed
His hand to his breast,
To show that he felt what could not be expressed;
He gave her a wink,
Filled the bowl to the brink,
And drank as a warrior only can drink.]
"To go on with my tale—when it came to be night,
We dragged the Horse into the town, that we
As Sinon had told us, for ever remain [might,
The rulers, as now, of the wide Trojan plain;
We tied the brute up to the capitol gate,
And then returned home, and were soon in a state
Of ale, for we drank like the devil that night;
As why should we not, to make up for our fight?
Well, Sinon rose when all was still,
And silently climbed the capitol hill;
He opened a door in the horse's side,
And shies up a rope, and down then glide
Ulysses and Sthenelus, Thoas, Epeus, [has!)
(O who could have built up the monster as he
Thessander and others, whose souls are in Hades,
Where Jupiter sends naughty men and bad ladies;
All rush to the gate—with a blow so hard
The cruel Ulysses settles the guard
That, as Homer describes it, his soul was in Hell
Before his shield rang on the earth as he fell;
They open the gate, and the Grecians outside
Rush through the arch in a glittering tide.
They hollo and shout with a horrible row—
The new police rattled, and dogs went bow-wow.
Old Priam awoke, and he popped his head out,
To ask what the devil the noise was about;
But cruel Ulysses' long shadowing lance
Nearly finished his life and his sorrows at once.
And now the rolling flames arise,
And fling their smoke wreaths to the skies;
The work of death each warrior plies
Beneath the lurid glare;
From roof to roof the fires leap,
Loud roaring, as the night winds sweep
Their billows through the air.
Far o'er the sea the light is shed,
The seaman trembles as the red
And towering flames arise;
And death has grimly smiled to view
A trampled down and ghastly crew,
And hear their wailing cries.
As for me, I was always a good 'un to run;
And as soon as the fire and shindy begun
I took my 'old governor' up on my back,
And scampered away from the town by the track
That leads to Mount Ida, and ordered my wife
To keep close behind, as she valued her life;
But somehow or other I managed to lose her,
And saw her no more till the ghost of Creüsa
Appeared, and said 'Husband Æneas, do you know
That I 've gone to Heaven to live with Queen Juno?
I like it much better than living with you;
But I see you 're in haste, I won't keep you—
adieu!' [her—
Enraged at her baseness, I hastened to 'hide'
She vanished—and I 'cut my lucky' for Ida.
Since then I have wandered by sea and by land,
Till tossed by a storm on your Majesty's strand;
And now, by your leave, we 'll have ale and cigars,
And wind up the evening like children of Mars!"

The company thundered applause of his Tale:
The Queen told the footman to bring up the ale,
And Æneas, and (how shall I say it?) the Queen,
Were soon all as tipsy as ever was seen.
For they didn't give Temperance tea-parties then,
And the Grecians got groggy like sensible men;
And Dido was carried up roaring to bed;
And pious Æneas is credibly said
To have been the next morning found drunk in the cellar,
With a shocking bad hiccup and headache, poor fellow; [pray,
Where he 'd passed a sad night in attempting to
And vowing to turn from such courses some day.
He may have—I know nothing further about it;
But all I can say is, I very much doubt it.

Trin. Coll. Cam.

THE BRIGHTISH ASSOCIATION.

Section B.—Medical Science.

President.—Dr. Flipper Daudel.
Vice-Presidents.—Dr. Vane & Mr. R. Terry.

"ON THE INFLUENCE OF CORONARY CIRCULATION ON THE HEART'S ACTION." By Dr. Nobbe.

This was a paper on a series of experiments undertaken by the author, with a view to the elucidation of the causes of the influence of the coronary circulation on the heart's action.

It may be necessary to explain to non-medical readers, the meaning of the phrase "coronary circulation;" it signifies the encircling the crown or higher portion of the head, with a cincture or band of any kind, such band causing a pressure on the locality, and thus producing a disturbance in the circulation of the blood, and consequently affecting the action of the heart. The species of band are of great variety, descending from the kingly crown to the fillets worn by young ladies, and three-and-ninepenny gossamers.

This influence on the heart's action has long been a fact well known to physiologists: hearts, usually full of wide-extended philanthropy, under this influence immediately exhibit more or less contractility. The author had been particularly struck by the curious exemplification of this action in a friend of his who was a member of Parliament, and whose mode of address in saluting passing acquaintances among his electors, changed from cold to warm, according as he either kept on or removed his hat. Every one must have experienced the souring of temper consequent on a ride outside a coach against a high wind, with the hat fixed on as tight as nature can bear; and this effect upon the bodily humours must exist in a greater or less degree, according as the coronary band be worn tight or loose. Monarchs cast aside the coldness of state with their crowns, and judges with their wigs—and the fortunate possessor of a newly acquired gossamer looks down contemptuously on a shocking bad hat.

The pathological demonstration of the modes of action, is of too technical a character to be interesting to the general reader.

"ON A GENERAL LAW OF VITAL PERIODICITY." By Dr. Grubb.

The object of this paper was to establish by induction a law of periodicity with a term of four hours pervading the entire population. The facts brought forward for this purpose were taken from known periods of breakfast, dinner, tea, and supper among different classes. On investigating these, a periodical movement is distinctly found pervading the entire masses, with a strict reference to four, its multiple or sub-multiple, so that the carnivorous feelings form a complete horary meter; and the author stated, that he could, from his internal feelings, and his known time of feeding, always tell what o'clock it was to a minute.

A FINE IDEA.

Punch presents his compliments to the Poor Law Commissioners, and begs their acceptance of an idea. It is one which he has derived from a visit to the Fat Cattle Show. But he must be allowed to preface the donation by a few remarks.

The object of the New Poor Law is the prevention of Poverty. Poverty is a heinous crime. It is an offence against the purse of Society. It has, therefore, deservedly been visited with the utmost severity. Paupers have been imprisoned; and no pains have been spared to render them wretched and ridiculous, for their own reformation, and by way of example to others. The success, however, with which this truly Christian practice has been pursued, has hitherto been but partial. The sufferings of the culprit, indeed, have effected little more good than the gratification of the well-constituted mind, which rejoices at the punishment of guilt.

Now, the reason of this comparative failure of the Poor Law is obvious. The horrors of the workhouse are invisible. The tears, and sighs, and groans of the prisoner, are thrown away. Their bitterness is wasted on the dungeon air. The pauper—vicious wretch!—is a scarecrow in a sack. His fate is unknown to those who might profit by its spectacle. To remedy this defect, it has been proposed, so *Punch* is informed, to build workhouses of glass. This device is ingenious; but glass is expensive. The Poor's Rates would be awfully augmented: and besides, there are things done in workhouses which would hardly bear the light.

The idea which *Punch* now offers to the Poor Law Commissioners will meet, he hopes, the exigency of the case. It is this. Let Prize Pauper Exhibitions, to take place annually about Christmas, be established in the various Union districts throughout the kingdom. And first, let a model exhibition be formed at Somerset House, after the following manner.

Let the gallery formerly appropriated to the Royal Academy be fitted up with pens on either side of it. Each pen shall contain a form of plain oak, very hard, for the pauper to sit upon. The paupers constituting the exhibition shall be selected from the most wretched objects in the different workhouses in the metropolis. Prizes, for the production of the leanest and most haggard, are to be awarded to the master of each; and perhaps some little encouragement for extra brutality may be allowed the matron and beadle.

Each pauper is to be attired in the Union uniform, the males having their hair cropped very close, or shaved. Over the head of each, against the wall, is to be fixed a paper, detailing their names, weights, ages, the regimen to which they have been subjected, and other particulars, as thus:—

Mr. Blogg, Master; A Prize of £4:

"*Peter Small.* Aged 40. Weight, at period of admission, 12 stone. Confined three months. Present weight, 9 stone 2lb. Fed principally on water-gruel. Has been separated from his wife and children in the workhouse, and occasionally placed in solitary confinement for complaining of hunger. Employment, breaking stones.

Mr Brunt, Master. A prize of £5 10s:

"*Jane Wells.* Age 70. Weight 5 stone; lost 2 stone since her admission one month ago. Gruel diet; tea without sugar; potatoes and salt. Has been set to picking oakum.

Mr. Grimes, Master. A Prize of £6.

"*John Tomkins.* Age 85. Has seen better days. On admission, weighed 11 stone, which has been reduced to 8¾. Diet, weak soup with turnips and carrots; dry bread and cheese parings; a few ounces of meat occasionally when faint. Has been deprived of snuff and tobacco. Came to the workhouse with his wife, who is five years younger than himself. Has not been allowed to see her for a month; during which period has lost in weight 2 ounces on average per day. Employed in carrying coals."

To the exhibition thus constituted, the public, for the benefit of the lower classes, are to be admitted gratuitously on all days of the week, except Saturdays; on which days, for the accommodation of the exclusive circles, admission is to be had for 1*s.*

Punch, having offered the above suggestion to the Somerset House authorities, expects no other fee or reward for his pains, than an invitation to a private inspection of the Prize Pauper Exhibition, when completed; which he hopes Sir James Graham will be so kind as to send him.

THE NEW COMET.

We understand that the police have afforded every facility to the astronomical authorities with regard to the recently discovered Comet. The inspector at Greenwich has ordered one of the men to be in attendance near the Observatory, and immediately, on the comet showing itself, to lose no time in springing his rattle, when Sir John Herschel will tumble out of bed at once, and continue his observations. The comet was last seen at Paris; but Professor South, at the Observatory at Kensington, is so sure of its return, that he refuses to go to bed; and Professor Airey

SCOURING THE PLAIN.

sleeps with a telescope placed immediately over his eye, the tube of the telescope being conducted out of window through a hole usually occupied by a ventilator.

THE COMIC BLACKSTONE.

CHAPTER THE SIXTH.—OF THE KING'S (OR QUEEN'S) DUTIES.

We now come to the duties of the sovereign, which will form a very short chapter, though the prerogative which comes next will not be so briefly disposed of. The principal duty of the sovereign is to govern according to law, which is no such easy matter, when it is considered how frightfully uncertain the law is, and how difficult it must be to govern according to anything so horridly dubious. Bracton, who wrote in the time of Henry the Third—and a nice time he had of it—declares that the king is subject to nothing on earth; but Henry the Eighth was subject to the gout, and Queen Anne is thought to have been subject to chilblains. Fortescue, who was the Archbold of his day, and was always bringing out law books, tells us the important fact that "the king takes an oath at his coronation, and is bound to keep it;" but *semble*, say we, that if he did not choose to keep it he could not be had up at the Old Bailey for perjury. Fortescue deserves "a pinch for stale news," which was the schoolboy penalty, in our time, for very late intelligence.

To obviate all doubts and difficulties, a statute was passed in the reign of William the Third, which rendered matters more doubtful and more difficult. It was enacted that the "laws of England are the birthright of the people;" but there is such a thundering legacy duty, in the shape of costs, that few people like to administer and take possession of their precious birthright. The statute further goes on to say, that "all kings and queens *ought*" to do so and so, and that "all officers and ministers *ought* to" do this, that, and the other; but, as Coke quaintly says in his dog French, "ought est sur son pied pour reang" (ought *is upon its feet*, the canine Norman or dog French for *stands*, *pour reang* for nothing.

The duties of the sovereign are briefly set forth in the Coronation oath, which is arranged as a duet for the archbishop or bishop and the sovereign. There is, however, something evasive in the replies—for while the archbishop's question commences with the words "Will you promise and swear?" the answer merely says "I promise," and leaves the swearing part completely out of the question.

The coronation oath was formerly written in Norman French, but having been looked upon as a farce, it has since been done into English, probably by a member of the Dramatic Author's Society. The duties of the sovereign then are—1st. To govern according to the law, which binds him to nothing—2d. To execute judgment in mercy—which, as the sovereign can only be merciful at the suggestion of the Home Secretary, is not very practicable—3d. To maintain the established religion—of which there are two, one for England, Ireland, and Wales, and another for Scotland. How the sovereign contrives to do both, is a problem we must leave to others to afford a solution of.

CHAPTER THE SEVENTH.—OF THE KING'S (OR QUEEN'S) PREROGATIVE.

It is one of the beauties of our Constitution, that our natural liberties are only intrenched upon for the maintenance of our civil; and thus, though it would be natural with many to take great liberties, civility is ensured by the wholesome restrictions that all are subject to. There cannot be a greater mark of freedom, than our being at liberty to discuss the prerogative, and with our usual freedom we take the liberty of doing so. Prerogative is a word derived from *præ* and *rogo*, which means to ask before; but this is a contradiction, for prerogative implies doing first and not asking even afterwards.

Prerogatives are either direct or incidental; for instance, it is a direct prerogative for a street-keeper to warn off the boys, but it is an incidental prerogative, to run after them with the cane when they decline going.

The direct prerogative concerns the royal dignity, which is kept up by assigning to the Sovereign certain qualities in bad Latin, and applying to him the term Imperial—which is also given to tips of hair on the chin, trunks belonging to travelling carriages, quart pots of full measure, and ginger-beer of a respectable quality.

This word imperial applied to the Sovereign means, that he is paramount in his own country, and is not regulated by any other laws than those which guided the bull in his celebrated tour (de force) in the china-shop. The Pope formerly claimed the power of controlling the King of England, and thus our allegory of the bull was liable to be rendered inapplicable by a Bull of his Holiness. "But," says Finch, "who shall command the King?" a question to which Finch is to this very day waiting for an answer. But if the Sovereign can do as he pleases, it naturally becomes a matter of anxiety what the people can do if the Sovereign don't please to do as he ought to do. In this dilemma we rush to Puffendorf for advice and consolation. We find in his law of N. and R., l. 8, c. 10, that "A subject, so long as he is a subject, hath no way to *obliger* his prince to give him his due when he refuses it." *Semble* therefore, that in law, the maxim does not hold good, that "Where there is a will there is a way"—and, indeed, many wills have been made away with—but this is a mere *obiter dictum* of our own, which we do not wish the reader to take particular notice of. In matters of private injury, it is usual for a subject to proceed against the Sovereign by what is called a petition of right, when "the Chancellor will administer justice" (*Hookey*, *section* 6,) "from the mere love of justice" (*Walker*, *passim*).

In cases of public oppression, the remedy is against the ministers, who may be punished for giving bad advice to the Sovereign. The advice, by a constitutional fiction, is never thought bad—because it is generally good for themselves; and thus the ministers somehow or other never get punished.

Throughout the whole of our Constitution there runs a feeling like that of the uncles, the nephews, the nieces, and the beef-eaters in Sheridan's *Critic*. It is such a beautiful system of check and counter-check, that nobody can do this for fear of somebody else doing that; and therefore all are compelled to do t'other. The theory is, that neither Lords, Commons, nor King can do wrong; but the practice very often is for none of them to do right, and there being no remedy, we are assured there can be no wrong—because it is a maxim that there is no wrong without a remedy. This is such consolation as it might be to a creditor, who could not get paid, to be told that he is not wronged because he is not righted; and that, in fact, as there can be no debt without the money, so there being no money to be had, nothing can be owing to him.

Whether a sovereign may be sent to the right about is a subject too delicate for us to write about, and we can only refer to the popular song of *Over the Water to Charlie*, or hint at the mode in which James the Second, after playing his cards badly, was altogether cut with by the people as the best way of dealing with him.

It seems that either House of Parliament may remonstrate with the Sovereign; but as one member was sent to the Tower for suggesting that the answer to the address contained "high words to fright the members out of their duty," this glorious privilege of remonstrance has been left wholly unexercised.

It is a maxim that the King cannot be guilty of negligence or *laches*, that, in fact, he can never be too late—a maxim that is very useful to

him when going by a railway, for no *laches* can make him late for the train, which must be always ready for him. *Nullum tempus occurrit Regi* is the standing maxim, which means that the time never occurs to the King, or that he has no occasion to trouble himself as to what o'clock it is.

A third attribute of the King is his perpetuity; for it is a maxim that the King never dies, but, we presume, simply mizzles. Dying is considered too harsh a term to apply to majesty, and what is naturally death is civilly termed the demise of the Crown, or a repeal of the union between the Sovereign's body natural and body politic. This maxim seems to us to be a remnant of that gross feudal flattery which whispered to Canute that the king could never be capsized and swamped—which nevertheless the king might have been.

The royal authority is so great, that any other authority is a branch of it; the policeman's staff being a shoot from the same tree, and so in former times was the watchman's rattle.

The King may reject bills that are public, and refuse to pay those that are private: he may make treaties, coin money, and create peers; yet it is said he can do no wrong, "may ceo," says the old Norman jurist, "est un grosse Monsonge;" for he adds in the quaint dog French of his time, "boko de Peers sont tray Movais." He may also pardon offences, which considering the unpardonable lot he has to do with, must be a great luxury.

With regard to foreign nations, the acts of the King bind his own; and as America has no king, there is nobody to be bound; which accounts for its bonds—especially the Pennsylvanian bonds—being utterly valueless. The king sends and receives ambassadors, who, representing their masters, are not liable to any laws in this country. Thus, if the French ambassador were to pick a gentleman's pocket, the ambassador could not be punished; but the King of the French would be called upon to adopt the larceny, and either make restitution or fight it out. It seems also that if the representative of the Porte should dine out, and take too much sherry, though he should be found lying drunk in the streets, he could not be fined five shillings. This is the essence of the whole of the law—as found in the books—on ambassadors. It seems, however, that a legate can never be tied by the leg; but may hop off at any time. It did, however, once happen, that the ambassador of Peter the Czar was, in the reign of Anne, set upon by the Selbys of that rude era, and torn from his coach for a debt of fifty pounds, which so irritated Peter, that he sent a letter demanding the ears of the Sheriff to be forwarded by return of post to Moscow. If such a demand were made in these days, it could not be complied with, for the ears of the present Sheriff (Moon) are much too long to be transmitted through the post office. Peter was, however, pacified by an illuminated copy of an Act of Parliament, passed expressly to prevent such things in future. The illumination of the act was, no doubt, intended to throw a light upon it.

The King may also grant letters of marque, enabling ships to seize the subjects and goods of a particular State; but, as we are not likely to get into that state, it may be said that of these letters of marque there is now no likelihood.

The King may also grant safe conduct, which is something like an order given by a tyrant in a melodrama, to see the juvenile tragedian safe without the lines, accompanied by an assertion, that when next the parties meet, they meet as deadly foes. Perhaps the safest conduct in the present peaceful times is never to put your name to an accommodation bill, and to avoid becoming a security to a loan society.

The Sovereign is generalissimo of the army, and has the power of manning forts; but at present there is only one fort to man, which is Tilbury Fort, where a man may be constantly seen manning it. There was formerly a tax for building castles; but these are now kept up by the owners, except Jack Straw's, the Elephant, and a few others, where a sort of feudal revelry is kept up by those who choose to pay for it. To erect beacons is likewise a royal prerogative, but to knock the beacons down (*vide* the one in hand on the Goodwin Sands,) is the prerogative of Neptune.

The King may also prohibit the exporting of arms, and he can also prevent the legs from leaving the country, by a *ne exeat regno*. When royalty can hinder any one from going abroad, it is strange that Lord Brougham does not pray on his own head the exercise of the prerogative.

The King is the fountain of justice, from which are supplied all the leaden reservoirs in Westminster Hall, and the Pumps at the inferior tribunals. The judges were formerly removeable at the King's pleasure; but they were made fixtures by George the Third, and some of them manifest, at the present day, the most remarkable adhesiveness.

The Sovereign is supposed to be everywhere; and her present Majesty seems anxious to keep up the constitutional allegory, by running about here, there, and everywhere, when the weather will admit of it.

The King is also the fountain of honour, and lays it on—sometimes rather too thick—to those who are not quite worthy of receiving it. The King, as the head of commerce, may also establish marts and fairs; but it does not seem that the enormous Bedding Mart was established by royal interference, nor that Rag Fair owes its origin to the same high intervention. Weights and measures are also regulated by the Sovereign; but to very little effect, if we are to judge by the diminutive quantity of coals that go to a hundred, at some of the sheds in the metropolis.

With reference to currency and coining, over which the Sovereign has control, Coke lays it down, that money must be either gold or silver, from which it seems that Sir Edward had a soul above halfpence.

The Sovereign is also head of the church, and as such the royal assent is necessary to the validity of canons; but no assent could give validity to the cannon in St. James's Park, which is fit for nothing but old iron.

We have now gone through the whole of the royal prerogative, from which it appears royalty might do anything, if it could; but, as it can't, it is capable of nothing.

LINES TO MY BOOT.

(SUGGESTED BY "STANZAS TO MY LUTE," IN ONE OF THE ANNUALS.)

Boot! thou art silent now!
Thy nails which on the pavement rang
In thy young days with echoing clang,
No longer make a row;
Thy beauties sunk unto decay,
The nails and heels have worn away.
Boot! thou art silent now!

Boot! thou hast lost thy sole!
Thy trusty welts no longer meet;
I feel the wet against my feet—
Sad witness of a hole:
No more thou'lt press the rushes plat,
Or sweep the cords which form the mat.
Boot! thou hast lost thy sole!

Putting down Magistrates.

THE papers state that the Kensington magistracy have granted a licence to the Royal Kent Theatre. They refused at first; but, upon the urgent appeal of an advocate, "*the bench gave way.*" Are we to understand from this that the opposition fell to the ground?

Homœopathy and the Poor Laws.

A MEDICAL man of the Wells Union has been dismissed by the commissioners for practising homœopathically among the poor. This we think was wrong. The gentleman acted scientifically in keeping a proper proportion between the medicine given and the nourishment received. The infinitesimal treatment of Somerset House has literally ground down the diet of the paupers to an "impalpable meal."

Question for the Lawyers.

A POINT has been started as to whether the improvements now going on at the bottom of Holborn Hill, by abolishing a portion of Field-lane, will be liable to an action for destroying live Fences.

SINGULAR LETTER FROM THE REGENT OF SPAIN.

WE have received, by our usual express, the following indignant protest, signed by his Highness, the Regent of Spain.

His Highness's Bando refers to the following paragraph, which appears in the *Times* of December 7th.

"The Agents of the Tract Societies have lately had recourse to a new method of introducing their tracts into Cadiz. The tracts were put into glass bottles, *securely corked*; and, taking advantage of the tide flowing into the harbour, they were committed to the waves, on whose surface they floated towards the town, where the inhabitants eagerly took them up on their arriving on the shore. The bottles were then uncorked, and the tracts they contain are *supposed to have been* read with much interest.'

BANDO, BY THE REGENT OF SPAIN.

The undersigned Regent of Spain, Duke of Victory, and of the Regent's Park, presents his compliments to your Excellency, and requests your excellent attention to the above extraordinary paragraph.

Though an exile from Spain, the undersigned still feels an interest in everything Spanish, and asks Punch, Lord Aberdeen, and the British nation, whether friends and allies are to be insulted by such cruel stratagems? If the arts of the Jesuit have justly subjected him to the mistrust and abhorrence of Europe, ought not the manœuvres of the Dissenting-Tract Smuggler (Tractistero dissentero contrabandistero) to be likewise held up to public odium?

Let Punch, let Lord Aberdeen, let Great Britain at large, put itself in the position of the poor mariner of Cadiz, and then answer. Tired with the day's labour, thirsty as the seaman naturally is, he lies perchance, and watches at eve the tide of ocean swelling into the

bay. What does he see cresting the wave that rolls towards him? A bottle. Regardless of the wet, he rushes eagerly towards the advancing flask.

"SHERRY, PERHAPS,"

is his first thought (for 'tis the wine of his country).

"RUM, I HOPE,"

he adds, while, with beating heart and wringing pantaloons, he puts his bottle-screw into the cork. But, ah! Englishmen! fancy his agonising feelings in withdrawing from the flask a Spanish translation of "The Cowboy of Kennington Common," or "The Little Blind Dustman of Pentonville."

"TRACTS, BY JINGO."

Moral and excellent those works may be, but not at *such* a moment. No. His Highness the Duke of Victory protests, in the face of Europe, against this audacious violation of the right of nations. He declares himself dissentient from the Dissenters; he holds up these black-bottle Tractarians to the contumely of insulted mankind.

And against the employment of bottles in this unnatural fashion, he enters a solemn and hearty protest; lest British captains might be induced to presume still farther; lest, having tampered with the bottle department, they might take similar liberties with the wood, and send off missionaries in casks (securely bunged) for the same destination.

The hand of the faithful General Nogueras has executed the designs which accompany this bando, so as to render its contents more intelligible to the British public; and, in conclusion, his Highness the Regent presents to your Excellency (and the Lady Judy) the assurances of his most distinguished consideration. May you both live nine hundred and ninety-nine years.

(Signed) BALDOMERO ESPARTERO.

Regent's Park, December 7th.

To Senior Wranglers.

WANTED, a person competent to explain the meaning and grammatical analysis of the Leaders in the *Morning Post*. Salary 5,000*l.* a year, if the candidate be successful.

AN INFERNAL MACHINE.

OUR readers will have read with due horror and appropriate alarm a paragraph in the papers giving an account of an awful explosion in Golden Square. The facts not having been all given in the papers, we add from our own reporter a few further particulars.

Directly the explosion was heard, the whole of the inhabitants, consisting of twenty-three lawyers and sixteen doctors, rushed to the spot—the lawyers with a view to an indictment, and the doctors with an eye to an accident, followed haply—or happily—by an inquest. The man with the fire-escape instantly got out all his ladders, and raised them to their utmost height, with the view of saving something; while the square-keeper, hearing that a luminous body had fallen on the earth, looked up instinctively to see that the Moon was in its proper position. Having ascertained that no lives had been lost, fears began to be entertained for the safety of the statue, supposed to be that of George the First, but really being that of King John, holding in his hand a copy of Magna Charta, which revolutionary-minded boys have often tried to knock with stones from between the monarch's knuckles. We understand that since the mysterious occurrence a bucket of water has been placed on the spot where the luminous body fell, so that, if another comes, it will be put out on the instant. The square-keeper has orders to continue under arms, that is to say, under his own cane, which is laid over him regularly before he retires to rest. Fears were at first entertained that he was disaffected; but he has been sounded by a trustee in disguise, and found loyal, not only to the backbone, but to the seam of his great coat, a fact that has inspired the whole square with a generous confidence.

To be opened for the Holidays,

PUNCH'S ANNUAL JOKE SHOW,

AND

Exhibition of Comic Prize Stock,

CONTAINING UPWARDS OF

THREE HUNDRED THOROUGH-BRED WITTICISMS,

WHICH WILL BE FOUND COLLECTED IN

Punch's Almanack for 1844!

The whole of the jokes are reared by the same hands as those which obtain every week the silver and copper medals from the public, who are always the best judges of a good thing. The cuts, which are of a kind to invite the public to come again (and again) are by

MESSRS. KENNY MEADOWS, LEECH, AND HAMERTON.

Among the other attractions of this unprecedented Joke Show will be found

A complete Biography of Jenkins,

from the cradle of infancy to the scissars-bedstead of manhood!

THE PAUPER'S CHRISTMAS CAROL.

FULL of drink and full of meat,
On our SAVIOUR'S natal day,
CHARITY'S perennial treat;
Thus I heard a Pauper say:—
"Ought not I to dance and sing
Thus supplied with famous cheer?
Heigho!
I hardly know—
Christmas comes but once a year!

"After labour's long turmoil,
Sorry fare and frequent fast,
Two-and-fifty weeks of toil,
Pudding-time is come at last!
But are raisins high or low,
Flour and suet cheap or dear?
Heigho!
I hardly know—
Christmas comes but once a year.

"Fed upon the coarsest fare
Three hundred days and sixty-four
But for *one* on viands rare,
Just as if I wasn't poor!
Ought not I to bless my stars,
Warden, clerk, and overseer?
Heigho!
I hardly know—
Christmas comes but once a year.

"Treated like a welcome guest,
One of Nature's social chain,
Seated, tended on, and press'd—
But when shall I be press'd again,
Twice to pudding, thrice to beef,
A dozen times to ale and beer?
Heigho!
I hardly know,
Christmas comes but once a year!

"Come to-morrow how it will;
Diet scant and usage rough,
Hunger once has had its fill,
Thirst for once has had enough,
But shall I ever dine again?
Or see another feast appear?
Heigho!
I only know
Christmas comes but once a year.

"Frozen cares begin to melt,
Hopes revive and spirits flow—
Feeling as I have not felt
Since a dozen months ago—
Glad enough to sing a song—
To-morrow shall I volunteer?
Heigho!
I hardly know—
Christmas comes but once a year.

"Bright and blessed is the time,
Sorrows end and joys begin,
While the bells with merry chime
Ring the Day of Plenty in!
But the happy tide to hail
With a sigh or with a tear,
Heigho!
I hardly know—
Christmas comes but once a year!"

REMARKABLE UNANIMITY IN THE FACULTY.

THE cold-water cure, like every other thing under the sun, has excited abundant discussion in the shape of pamphlets and treatises, *pro* and *con*. It is, however, astonishing, considering that the subject is a medical one, to mark the unanimity which prevails among the disputants. The immediate followers of Priessnitz advocate the system adopted at Grāfenberg, which is principally on the plan of immersion, while those on the other side of the question are simply for throwing cold water on the subject.

ADVENTURES OF MONSIEUR LIE-ALL-IT.

THOUGH I have related numerous instances (and I mentioned only all my eye had witnessed) of extraordinary and almost human sagacity displayed by various animals, the one I am about to tell of the beaver, bonnets (if I may so express myself) all the others. Being by nature a great walker, I had one winter's day strolled eighty or ninety miles away from the camp of my amiable friends the "Jolliscalpaway" tribe of Indians, on the "Yell-o-war-cri-end-o-mee" prairie; and, on approaching a beaver-dam (I do not mean a maternal female of this race), my interest was aroused by the spectacle of a furious combat between two fine male beavers, who both fought with the greatest fury and valour; and after a very prolonged contest, I was rejoiced (for the cold was so intense that, on touching the hair of my head or beard, it would break off short, it was so thoroughly frozen!) to see the larger of the two succeed in mastering and killing his antagonist. But ere I could move forwards to claim the booty, in right of being the stronger party, I was thunderstruck by observing the conqueror deliberately commence flaying his prize in the most scientific and professional way possible, which he executed in a wonderfully short time! I, of course, waited breathlessly for his further proceedings; and after he had beautifully disengaged the skin, I was petrified at beholding him bite, with his front teeth, four orifices of equal size at the shoulders and thighs, just large enough to admit the insertion of his own, and coolly put it on, as I would a great coat—in fact, it looked very much like a sort of fur Chesterfield wrapper, and fitted him admirably! After this he began to shake himself into it in a most Christian-like manner, stretching out his legs one after the other, so as to draw it thoroughly on; and he then trotted off in evident glee and comfort, conscious of his good fortune in being thus provided with a warm pelisse to protect him from the extreme cold, and leaving me in a state allied to paralysis from wonder!

When, on my return, I related to my kind-hearted hosts, the "Jolliscalpaways," what I had witnessed, they informed me that nothing was more common than such an occurrence during very severe winters like the present one; and it seems that the beavers perpetually carry on this sort of chivalric encounter, in which (as with the knights of old) it is well understood that the object and reward of the victor is the armour of the vanquished. It is nevertheless a very curious and human trait in the character of these provident little creatures, and, though it may seem to warrant unbelief to the sceptical mind, is as true as any other part of my adventures!

THE ALDERMAN GIBBS QUADRILLES.

A DOUBLE-ACTION HARP.

JULLIEN has just completed a new set of Quadrilles, which he has called *The Alderman Gibbs Quadrilles*. We have seen the score, which is carried to a very great length. The movement is principally an *adagio* one; but there is some very rapid fingering towards the end. Several popular airs are introduced into them, such as "I've no money," "Hope told a flattering tale," "A long time ago," "Take your time," "I know a bank," and "I wonder which way the money goes." *The Alderman Gibbs Quadrilles* will be played in St. Stephen's, Walbrook, as the most appropriate music for the Christmas waits.

DIALOGUE

BETWEEN A BILIOUS PATIENT AND A PHYSICIAN.

Patient.—Good morning, Doctor. *Doctor.*—Good morning, Sir. Will you be seated?

P.—Doctor, I have called to consult you. *D.*—Ye-a-a-a-s!

P.—I have such a swimming in my head. *D.*—Ah!

P.—And such a singing in my ears. *D.*—Oh!

P.—Such a dizziness in my eyes. *D.*—Um!

P.—And I am so troubled with a pain in the shoulder. *D.*—Right or left?

P.—Right. *D.*—Hah!

P.—Then I have a creeping in the skin. *D.*—The skin!

P.—In short, I feel very ill all over. *D.*—Any pain in the head?

P.—Violent. *D.*—So I thought. Pain in the stomach?

P.—Sometimes. *D.*—At night or in the morning?

P.—At all sorts of times. *D.*—Precisely! just what I expected. Pains in the limbs?

P.—No. I have no pains in the limbs. *D.*—No; of course: I knew you would have no pains in the limbs.

P.—Sometimes I have a twinge, though, in the great toe. *D.*—Just so; you would be likely sometimes to have twinges in the great toe.

P.—I cannot sleep well at nights. *D.*—Disturbed by dreams—eh? nightmare—eh?

P.—No, not particularly. *D.*—Not particularly, no! Put out your tongue. Ah! Let me feel your pulse. Oh!

P.—What sort of a pulse do you call mine, Doctor? *D.*—A little accelerated. How is the appetite?

P.—Middling. *D.*—Humph! Thirsty at all, eh?

P.—Rather. *D.*—Rather thirsty! I see! Allow me to feel your side. Does that hurt you?

P.—Oh! Oh! *D.*—Aha!

P.—Now what do you think is the matter with me, Doctor? *D.*—Bile.

P.—Bile! *D.*—Bile, decidedly.

P.—My head shakes very much of a morning; what is that owing to? *D.*—To bile.

P.—I am troubled with a sensation of sinking at the stomach before meals; what is the cause of that, now? *D.*—I should say, bile.

P.—You should? Well, then, after dinner I feel such a fulness. What is that from? *D.*—That is from bile, too.

P.—I have an itching sensation occasionally at the end of the nose, and a burning of the tips of the ears, a soreness of the chest when I go to breathe, a trembling at the knees, and a sensation of cold, like water poured down the back. *D.*—All owing to bile, Sir.

P.—Don't you think the nerves have something to do with it? *D.*—Certainly; but the nerves are affected by the bile.

P.—What is bile? *D.*—A derangement of the biliary organs.

P.—The biliary organs. What organs are those? *D.*—The hepatic viscera.

P.—Whereabouts are they? *D.*—Here, in the right hypochondrium.

P.—Medicine is a wonderful science. But now, do you think, Doctor, you can do me any good? *D.*—Not the least doubt of it, Sir. I will just write you a little prescription, which will soon bring you round again.

P.—Is there anything particular that I ought to eat or drink? *D.*—Nothing very particular. I would not take carrots, I think.

P.—I never eat carrots. *D.*—That's right. And I would avoid green pea-soup.

P.—Green pea-soup? Oh! That's bad for the bile, is it? A glass of wine or two won't hurt me, will it? *D.*—No; only avoid Madeira.

P.—About beer? *D.*—Don't take more than a pint of ale at dinner; and it shouldn't be too old.

P.—I 'll attend to all your directions, Doctor. And now, perhaps, you will give me the little prescription. *D.*—There, Sir. Take the pills at night, and the mixture the first thing in the morning.

P.—When shall I call again? *D.*—The day after to-morrow.

P.—And now, Doctor, what am I indebted to you. *D.*—Our fee is one guinea.

P.—There it is, Doctor. Good morning; thank you. *D.*—Thank you. Good morning.

A WOMAN OF LETTERS.

Punch begs to thank his ingenious female friend, who seals with a thimble, and sends the following:—

HAPPROPOST HOFF THE BRAMMINY BULL.

Sir,

The *Standard* hoff the twelth has the following:—

"Affghan Sheep.—Four of the native breed of the Affghanistan sheep have lately been brought to this country. * * * * They were singular-looking animals, with pendulous ears, mop-shaped tails, and silky-looking wool."—*Inverness Courier.*

The question for *Mr. Punch* now is. Har these Hafghans hanyways relatid to the Brammins? Har these pore ship going to Vindsor? Ave they any Umps? and His Her Most Gracious Madjisty a-going to see um?

Hif so (hand considdring the Bramminy Bull) I can only say I henvy their luck.

Your obejnt Servnt.

Carlting Clubb, Pelmel. Hisabellar Iggins.

(Ps. Harry Bel)

Sibthorpe Redivivus.

Our very old friend, Sibthorpe, says, that in order to terminate the difference that may arise between the Earl of Zetland and the Marquis of Salisbury for the office of Master Mason, the dignity should be offered to

ASLEEP ON HIS POST.

the Master Mason in Trafalgar Square, who must be equal to *the post*, having proved himself equal to *the column*.—[Dimmer than ever.—*Punch.*]

THE WESTMINSTER PROLOGUE.

In the notices of the performance of *Phormio* this year by the Westminster scholars, the prologue has been omitted. We are fortunately enabled to furnish our readers with a few of the opening lines; and the source from whence we have received them will be understood, when we state that the author is our esteemed friend Lord William Lennox, to whose prolific pen the school is indebted for the

PROLOGUE.

Tityre, tu patulæ recubans, qui primus ab oris
  Emollit mores, nec sinit esse feros
Arma virumque cano Troja, sub tegmine fagi,
  Innumerabilibus sollicitudinibus.
Μηνιν ἄειδε, Θεὰ, Πηληϊάδεω 'Αχιλῆος.
  Rara avis in terris, ut vocito vocitas.
Effodiuntur opes irritamenta malorum
  Quod cecidi format, Musa mihi memora.

Literary Intelligence.

The indefatigable Lord William is hard at work, about to outdo D'Israeli with a new book, to be called "*The Imbecilities of Literature;*" and, should the Baroness Calabrella's new production, "The Prism of Imagination," prove a hit, his Lordship has promised the powers in Marlborough-street to bring out "The Rainbow of Reality." We need not say how excellent a work may be expected from the accomplished author of the classical Iliad and Odyssey.

COMICOGRAPHY;

OR, THE HISTORY OF HUMOROUS WRITING.

2.—FROM THE SPECTATOR TO THE OLD LADIES' POCKET BOOKS.

THE last specimen of the last chapter contained the Spectator's opinion of CYNTHIO, a gent. We now come to the age of those jocular pocket books and magazines which contained all that was comical at that period.

We have now before us—

THE LADIES' OWN MEMORANDUM BOOK,

Or, Daily Pocket Journal for the year 1768, being Bissextile, or Leap Year; and the 17th of the New Style now used in Great Britain. The latter phrase is no longer used commonly. The "Gent's New Style" is the only one popularly known; and generally refers to boots and ties, instead of years and calendars.

This is a most diverting miscellany, which, at the present day, would have run *Punch* hard, both in illustrations and writing. We extract the following from twenty-four

NEW COUNTRY DANCES,

as danced at Bath, and other polite resorts.

Alderman Gibbs's Delight.

First man casts up one, and carries on one to the bottom of the figure.
Then crosses over, comes back, up the middle and down again.
Casts up again, and then hands round—no receipt.

Lord Brougham's Favourite.

First man foots it, and changes his side.
Foots it, and comes to his own side again.
Sets to contrary corners, and turns.
Four-sided reel.

After this there follows "*Fares and rates for Chairs by the time;*" but as there are few chairs now in London, except in St. James's Park, and the rate by the time is a halfpenny for as long as you like, there is no need to quote them. And then we come to the

FAVOURITE NEW SONGS,

sung this year at Ranelagh House, Vaux-Hall, and Marybone Gardens; and other polite Concerts, both public and private.

BALLAD.

Sung by Mrs. Baddeley. Set by Mr. Potter.

I.

My Jockey is the blithest gent
That ever Chloe woo'd;
When he appears I am content,
Because he 's never rude:
He brings his pipe, when in the grove
We trip the turf along;
And then he lights it, as we rove
And pass the time in song.
With a fal lal la, with a fal lal la.

II.

A party told me t'other day,
Who knew my Jockey well,
That he should say that come next May—
But that I shall not tell;
He buys me ribbons for my hair,
Can I refuse to be
The maid, with whom my Jockey rare
Shall now keep company?
With a fal lal la, with a fal lal la.

And at the end of these a wag of the day puts forth an

EPIGRAM.

I gave—'twas but the other day—
Phillis a ticket for the play—
'Tis love such tricks imparts—

(*From this we should conceive that presenting a lady with an order was considered a curious practical joke in* 1767.)

When holding up the card to me,
She laughing said "Your emblem see,"
And show'd the knave of hearts;
Amaz'd, I cried, "What means my fair,
Colin will neither steal nor swear,
Your words I pray define!"
She smil'd, and said, "Nay, never start,
He 's sure a knave that steals a heart,
And, Colin, you have mine."

Before we dismiss the "Ladies' Own," we turn to the enigmatical pages which have some very jocular ENIGMAS, the most favourite being "Names of places in Somersetshire," "Names of young Ladies in High Wycombe," &c., with their answers; and also the solutions of dummy correspondents who sent in wrong ones. We extract the

Names of Ladies at the Theatres.

1. Part of a mountain in the Highlands, and a thing used to catch fish.
2. What belongs to a sheep, and half a noble order.
3. The bottom of a ship, and half your eyes.
4. The common person's pronunciation of a young maiden, and a preposition.
5. The edges of England, and a shallow river.
6. A direction for the clouds to indulge in a shower.

Then the following year some high joker sends in a

Poetical Answer to the Theatrical Ladies, by NOSNIBOR.

*W*hilst *Rainforth's* fine voice we admire, 6
And *Galby's* firm pirouettes prize, 4
Of *Keeley* we never can tire, 3
Nor even of *Clifford*—("them eyes!") 5

To all of the theatres I've been,
But this I can say, even now,
That very few charmers I've seen
Like *Woolgar* or *Bennett*, I vow. 2, 1.

Nosnibor (it was a joke to spell names backwards in 1768) gets a prize, and then the editor says:—"*Peckhamensis* makes No. 2, 'Trotterba,' but is right in the others; but *Robin Roughhead* makes No. 5 'Shorewandle,' but does not answer 1, 3 and 4 at all."

And this was the style in which our grandmothers took great delight.

A PROPER INQUIRY.

"MISTER PARK-KEEPER, does her Majesty mean to have her canals frozen over before Christmas?"

Lifts to Lazy Lawyers.

Q. How is a Draft usually settled?

A. If it proceeds from a broken window, by an old coat or newspaper.

Q. What is an Attachment with Proclamations?

A. When you pop the question to your intended and ask the mamma's consent.

Q. How do you serve a clerk in Court?

A. If he is impudent, kick him out of it.

THE BRIGHTISH ASSOCIATION.

Section F.—Statistics.

President.—Count de Trois.
Vice-Presidents.—Mr. Littel Witte and Dr. Addem.
"CONTRIBUTIONS TO ACADEMICAL STATISTICS.—By Mr. Boys.

The author found that the average length of slate pencils was 3.297 inches, although at first 5 or 6 inches long; they were broken in 9¼ cases out of 10, in 1 hour and 14 minutes after they had been in possession of the scholar. He had caused registers to be kept of the length of slate pencil given to each boy per year; and from the results of this, and the inspection of their cyphering-books, in which their progress was distinctly marked by discoloration of the leaves and dirty dog's-ears, he was enabled to form an approximate estimate of each boy's arithmetical powers; those who frequently had to "do their sums over again" having consumed many feet more pencil than others, who had advanced as far in knowledge (as shown by their books), but who had been more correct in their calculations.

The use of sponge for cleaning slates he found confined to 17½ per cent.; of whom 5½ used the sponge wet with water, and 11¾ with saliva; the remaining 82¾ made use of the latter liquid and the cuffs of their jackets instead of sponges, with an occasional recourse to the pocket-handkerchief.

The author found, in schools in which the Latin language was not taught, a lamentable deficiency in the knowledge of the meaning of "meum" and "tuum;" he pointed out how the great extent of juvenile crime might thus be accounted for, as being caused by the absence of all instruction in the Latin language, and hoped that teaching it would soon be made obligatory upon all schoolmasters.

PUNCH'S NAVAL SONGSTER.

No. 2.—"THE DAY WAS ROUGH."

The day was rough, the tide was low,
When Harry Steerwell cried "Let go,"
Aboard the teak-built Lily.
The funnel gave a frightful scream,
The chimney show'd of fire a gleam,
Then all again was stilly.

Now "Hard a port!" young Harry cries.
"A port it is!" the mate replies,
In accents gruff, dy'e see, sir;
When straight the vessel seems to near,
The gable of the wooden pier:
They cannot stop or ease her.

They give the wheel another turn,
And send her half a knot astern—
The truth there 's no concealing.
The compass Harry tries to box;
But by a series of shocks,
The Lily is sent reeling.

"Cheerly my lads!" is Harry's shout.
"What are the lubbers now about?
Keep the old craft in motion.
Let down her jib—the vessel's tight;
Take in the boom, boys; ha! all 's right.
I love! I love the ocean."

Ben Bunting, who was standing near,
Threw up his hat and gave a cheer,
Although his lip still quivers;
When, on a nail our topsail caught,
And in an instant, quick as thought,
It tore it all to shivers.

"Cut off the bowsprit!—ease the head!—
How many fathoms? heave the lead!—
Ho! quick there with the fender!"
Too late, too late, she strikes the side,
And in the Lily now we ride,
Where the last shock did send her.

All 's over now, and Harry dries
The tear that lately dimm'd his eyes,
From nought but pure vexation.
"Well, well," exclaimed the gallant tar,
"Somehow or other here we are."
By luck they'd reach'd the station.

THE AERIAL SHIP.

We find that another scheme is on foot for guiding balloons through the air by means of whirligigs, every difficulty in which is overcome, except the contrivances to work them. We have been favoured with a diagram, which gives a very clear idea of the subject, and is in unison with the popular opinion upon its merits. It is called the Aerial Walker.

The thumbs of each hand are to be applied to the *alæ*, or wings of the

nostrils, as shown in the above engraving, crossing each other, the right one being external. The back of the hands are then to form planes at a right angle with the horizon, the fingers being kept together, and pointing over the shoulders, the right over the left, and *vice versâ*. By giving motion to the hands, from the nose or centre, the fingers describing the arc shown by the dotted lines AB., a very correct notion will be obtained of the scheme.

PUNCH'S GENEALOGY OF ALDERMAN GIBBS.

Any account of Mr. Alderman Gibbs must at the present moment create considerable interest. The word Gibbs is obviously a corruption of Gib, which, when applied to horses, signifies to go backwards; and which, when applied to churchwardens, signifies a refusal to come forward. Gibbs has also evidently given rise to the word Gibberish, as synonymous with unmeaning nonsense—when addressed by an unaccounting trustee to his parishioners. Gibbs, of Sherehog, had for his crest a hand *clutchant*, on a plate of gold *couchant*, with an auditor *dormant* as a supporter. The Gibbs, of Sherehog, had for a motto, *Totus porcus* (the whole hog).

SHOW OF PRIZE CALVES.

We understand that great preparations are being made for the grand show of prize calves, which it is expected will come off behind the carriages on the day fixed for the opening of Parliament. Most of the great feeders, including the footmen of nearly all the aristocracy, will contribute a pair of calves to the show on the day in question. Considerable care has been taken this year in the fattening, and the calves are nearly every day taking gentle exercise in wrappers of silk or the finest cotton.

It is rumoured that the charity boys contemplate an opposition show of prize calves: but this seems to rest on too slender a foundation.

TOUCHING GEORGE THE FOURTH.

Athenæum Club House.

My Dear *Punch*,—I see by a letter in your universal journal, that the King's Cross is very anxious to ascertain the fate of the statue of George the Fourth. His Majesty, I am happy to say, is in my *atélier*. I am devoting my leisure seconds to retouching the royal nose, and trimming the royal whiskers, according to the last Parisian fashion; and as soon as I have turned his sceptre into a walking-stick, and fitted his head with an opera hat, I mean to yield to the solicitations of the Trafalgar-square Committee, to allow him to be erected to the left of the Nelson Column,—and I recommend the Hero of the Nile to look about him.

I remain, dear *Punch*, yours to command,

Adam Bell,
(Late "*the Literary Dustman.*")

The "Woman" Mania.

The Marquis of Ellenborough intends publishing a new work under the title of "The Old Women of England." It will detail his Lordship's experience of the House of Lords.

☞ *A mistake occurs in the paging of the present volume—the folios from* 184 *to* 195 *having been accidentally omitted.*

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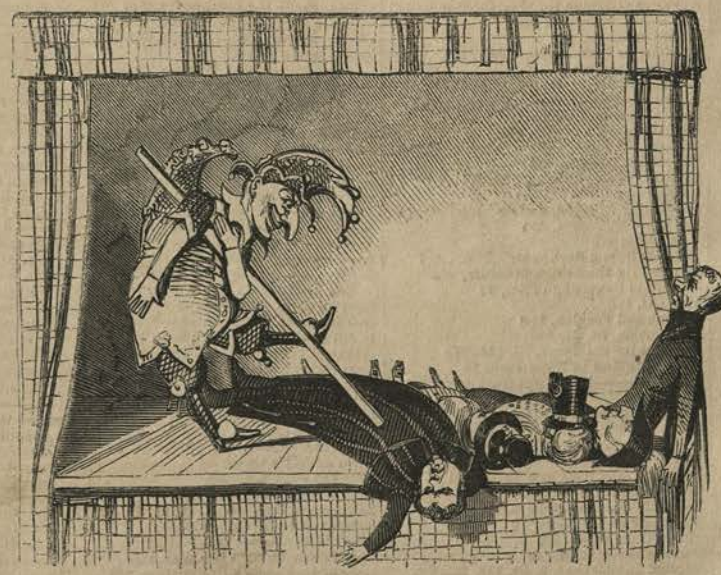

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